LE

Diable Boiteux:

OR, THE

DEVIL

UPON

TWO STICKS.

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THE

THE DEVIL UPON *TWO STICKS.*

CHAP. I.

Neceſſary to be read in order to the Underſtanding the reſt.

ONE Night in *October*, when thick Darkneſs had o'er-ſpread the famous City of *Madrid*, the People, being cloſe at their reſpective Homes, had left the Streets free to the Lovers inclin'd to ſing their Pains or Pleaſures under the Balconies of their Miſtreſſes; and accordingly the Guitars had already diſturb'd the Repoſe of the Fathers, and alarm'd the

jealous Husbands; in ſhort, it was almoſt Midnight, when *Don Cleofas Leandro Perez Zambullo*, a young Scholar of *Alcala*, very nimbly made his way out of the Garret Window of a Houſe, into which the indiſcreet Son of the *Cytherean* Goddeſs had drawn him. He endeavour'd to preſerve his Life and Honour, by eſcaping from three or four Bullies, which follow'd cloſe at his Heels, in order to kill or force him to marry a Lady, with whom they had juſt before ſurpriz'd him. Tho' alone, he yet bravely defended himſelf againſt all of them, and had not been put to flight, if they had not wreſted his Sword from him in the Fight: They follow'd him for ſome time along the Gutters; but, favour'd by the Darkneſs, he avoided their Purſuit, and ſtealing along from one * Houſe-top to another, made towards a Light which he perceiv'd a great diſtance off, and which, feeble as it was, yet ſerv'd him for a Lanthorn in this dangerous Conjuncture. After more than once running the Riſque of breaking his Neck, he reach'd the Garret whence its Rays proceeded, and enter'd it by a Window, as much tranſported with Joy as a Pilot at the Sight of his Veſſel ſafe at Anchor in the Port, which before was in danger of Shipwrack.

He

* *The Tops of the Houſes in* Spain *are flat.*

He immediately look'd around him, and was very much ſurpriz'd to find no Body in this Garret, which ſeem'd to him to be a very odd Apartment: He obſerv'd it with great Attention. He ſaw a Copper Lamp hung to the Cieling, Books and Papers in Confuſion on the Table, Spheres and Compaſſes on the one ſide, Phials and Quadrants on the other; which made him conclude, that under this Roof liv'd an Aſtrologer, which uſually retir'd hither to make his Obſervations.

He reflected on the Dangers he had eſcap'd, and was conſidering whether he ſhould here wait the Approach of Day, tho' very far off, or take another Courſe, when he heard a deep Sigh break forth next to him. He took it for a Nocturnal Illuſion, or imaginary Fantome, reſulting from his preſent diſturb'd Mind; wherefore without Interruption he continu'd his Reflection: But hearing a ſecond Sigh, he was put out of doubt of the reality of the former, and tho' he ſaw no Soul in the Room, could not help crying out, What Devil is it that ſighs here? 'Tis me, Siginor Scholar, anſwer'd a Voice which had ſomewhat very extraordinary in it; I have been a Year enclos'd in one of theſe Glaſs-Phials. In this Houſe lives a skilful Aſtrologer, which is a Magician, who by the Power

of his Art has kept me ſhut up in this cloſe Priſon. You are then a Spirit, ſaid *Cleofas*, ſomewhat confus'd at this uncommon Adventure. I am a *Dæmon*, reply'd the Voice, and you are come very opportunely to free me from a Slavery where I languiſh in Idleneſs; tho' I am the moſt active and indefatigable Devil in Hell.

Cleofas was ſomewhat affrighted at theſe Words; but being naturally Courageous, he recollected himſelf, and in a reſolute Tone thus addreſs'd himſelf to the Spirit. Signior *Dæmon*, pray inform me by what Character you are diſtinguiſh'd amongſt your Brethren; Are you a Devil of Quality, or an ordinary one? I am, reply'd the Voice, a very conſiderable Devil, and am more eſteem'd in this and the other World than any other. Perhaps, reply'd *Cleofas*, you may be the *Dæmon* which we call *Lucifer?* No, reply'd the Spirit, he is the Mountebanks Devil. Are you then *Uriel?* return'd the Scholar. Fie! (haſtily interrupted the Voice) he is the Patron of Traders, Tailors, Butchers, and other third-rate Thieves. It may be you are *Belzebub*, ſaid *Don Cleofas*. You deceive your ſelf, anſwer'd the Spirit, he is the *Dæmon* of Governantes, and Gentlemen-Uſhers, or Waiting-men. This ſurprizes me, ſaid the Scholar; I took

took *Belzebub* for one of the greateſt of your Number. He is one of the leaſt, reply'd the *Dæmon*; you have no true Notion of our Hell. You muſt then, reply'd *Don Cleofas*, be either *Leviathan*, *Belphegor*, or *Aſhtaroth*. Oh! as for thoſe three, ſaid the Voice, they are Devils of the firſt Rank; they are the Court Spirits: They enter into the Councils of Princes, animate their Miniſters, form Leagues, ſtir up Inſurrections in States, and light the Torches of War. Ah! tell me, I entreat you, ſaid the Scholar, what Poſt has *Flagel?* He is the Soul of the Law, and the Life of the Bar, reply'd the Devil: It is he which makes out the Attornies and Bailiff's Writs; he inſpires the Pleaders, poſſeſſeth the Council, and attends the Judges. But my Buſineſs lyes another Way: I make ridiculous Matches, and marry old Greybeards to raw Girls under Age, Maſters to their Maids, Virgins of low Fortunes to Lovers which have none. 'Tis I that have introduc'd into the World Luxury, Debauchery, hazardous Games, and Chymiſtry. I am the Inventer of *Carouſels*, Dancing, Muſick, Plays, and all the new *French* Faſhions. In a Word, I am the celebrated *Aſmodeo*, ſurnam'd the *Devil upon Two Sticks*.

Ah! cry'd *Don Cleofas*, you are then the famous *Aſmodeo*, ſo glorioufly celebrated by *Agrippa*, and the *Claviculd Salomonis?* Really you have not told me all your Amuſements; you have forgotten the beſt of them. I know that you ſometimes divert your ſelf with aſſwaging the Pains of unfortunate Lovers, deceiving jealous Huſbands, and tempting of Ladies; and it was by your Aſſiſtance that a young Gentleman, a Friend of mine, crept into the good Graces of a Corregidor's Lady. 'Tis true, ſaid the Spirit, I reſerv'd that 'till the laſt: I am the *Dæmon* of Luxury, or to expreſs it genteeler, the God *Cupid*; for the Poets have beſtow'd that fine Name on me, and indeed painted me in very advantageous Colours; they deſcribe me with gilded Wings, a Fillet bound over my Eyes, a Bow in my Hand, a Quiver of Arrows on my Shoulders, and a charming beautiful Face. Which what ſort of one it is you ſhall immediately ſee, if you pleaſe to ſet me at Liberty.

Signior *Aſmodeo*, reply'd *Don Cleofas*, you know that I have long been your ſincere Devotee; of the Truth of which the Dangers I juſt now run are ſufficient Evidences. I ſhould be very ambitious of an Opportunity of ſerving you; but the Veſſel in which you are hidden is undoubtedly

ly enchanted, and all my Endeavours to unſtop or break it will be vain; wherefore I can't very well tell which way to deliver you out of Priſon: I am not much us'd to theſe ſorts of Deliverances; and betwixt you and I, if ſuch a ſubtle Devil as you are cannot make your Way out, how can ſuch a wretched Mortal as I do it? Mankind is endu'd with that Power, anſwer'd the *Dæmon*; the Phial in which I am enclos'd is barely a plain Glaſs Bottle, which is very eaſie to break; you need only take and throw it to the Ground, and I ſhall immediately appear in Human Shape. If ſo, ſaid the Scholar, 'tis eaſier than I imagin'd; tell me then in which Phial you are, for I ſee ſo many like one another, that I cannot diſtinguiſh them. It is the fourth from the Window, reply'd the Spirit. 'Tis enough, Signior *Aſmodeo*, return'd *Don Cleofas*; there is now only one ſmall Difficulty which deters me: When I have done you this Service, won't you make me pay for the broken Pots? No Accident ſhall befall you, anſwer'd the *Dæmon*; but on the contrary you will be pleas'd with my Acquaintance. I will learn you whatever you are deſirous to know, inform you of all things which happen in the World, and diſcover to you all the Faults of Mankind. I will be your Tutelar *Dæmon*, you ſhall

find me much more Intelligent than that of *Socrates*, and I will make you far ſurpaſs that Philoſopher in Wiſdom. In a Word, I will beſtow my ſelf on you, with my good and ill Qualities; the latter of which ſhall not be leſs advantageous to you than the former. Theſe are fine Promiſes, reply'd the Scholar, but you Gentlemen Devils are accus'd of not being very religious Obſervers of what you promiſe to Men. That is a groundleſs Charge, reply'd *Aſmodeo:* Moſt of my Brethren make no Scruple of breaking their Word, but I am a Slave to mine; and I ſwear by all that renders our Oaths inviolable, that I won't deceive you. I promiſe, withal, that you ſhall revenge your ſelf of *Donna Thomaſa*, that perfidious Lady, which hid four Ruffians to ſurprize and force you to marry her.

Don Cleofas charm'd above all with this laſt Promiſe, to haſten its Accompliſhment, immediately took the Phial in which was the Spirit, and without concerning himſelf what might be the Event of it, he threw it hard againſt the Ground. It broke into a thouſand Pieces, and overflow'd the Floor with a blackiſh Liquor, which by little and little evaporated, and converted it ſelf into a thick Smoak, which diſſipating all at once, preſented the amaz'd Scholar

lar with the View of the Figure of a Man in a Cloak, about two Foot and a half high, reſting on two Crutches. This diminutive lame Monſter had Goats Legs, a long Viſage, ſharp Chin, a yellow and black Complexion, and a very flat Noſe; his Eyes, which ſeem'd very little, reſembled two lighted Coals; his Mouth was extreamly wide, above which were two wretched red Whiskers, edg'd with a pair of unparallel'd Lips.

This charming *Cupid*'s Head was wrapt up in a ſort of Turban of red Crape, turn'd up with a Plume of Cocks and Peacocks Feathers. About his Neck he wore a yellow Linnen Collar, on which were drawn ſeveral Models of Necklaces and Pendants. He was dreſs'd in a ſhort white Sattin Coat, and girt about with a Girdle of Virgin Parchment, mark'd with Taliſmanical Characters. On this Coat were painted ſeveral Pair of Womens Stays very advantageouſly fitted for the diſcovery of their Breaſts; Scarves, party-colour'd Aprons, new-faſhion Head-dreſſes of various Sorts, ſome more extravagant than the reſt.

But all theſe were nothing, compar'd with his Cloak, the bottom of which was alſo of white Sattin. On it, with *Indian* Ink, were drawn an infinite Number of Figures, with

with ſo much Freedom, and ſuch maſterly Strokes, that it was natural enough to think the Devil had a hand in it. On one ſide appear'd a *Spaniſh* Lady cover'd with her Vail, teazing a Stranger to walk with her; and on the other a *French* one practiſing new Airs in her Glaſs, in order to try them at a young patch'd and painted Abbot, which appear'd at her Chamber Door. Here a parcel of *Italian* Cavaliers were ſinging and playing on the Guitar under their Miſtreſſes Balconies; and there were a Company of *Germans* all in confuſion and unbutton'd, more intoxicated with Wine and begrim'd with Snuff than the conceited *French* young Abbots, ſurrounding a Table overflow'd with the filthy Remains of their Debauch. In one place was a great *Mahometan* Lord coming out of the Bath, and encompaſs'd by all the Women of his *Seraglio*, officiouſly crouding to tender him their Service. There the Gameſters were alſo wonderfully well repreſented; ſome of them, animated by a ſprightly Joy, heaping up Pieces of Gold and Silver in their Hats; and others, broken and reduc'd to play upon Honour, caſting up their Sacrilegious Eyes to Heav'n, and gnawing their Cards with Deſpair. To conclude, there were as many curious Things to be ſeen on it as on the admirable

admirable Buckler of the Son of *Peleus*, which exhauſted all *Vulcan*'s Art; with this difference betwixt the Performance of the two Cripples, that the Figures on the Buckler had no relation to the Exploits of *Achilles*, but on the contrary thoſe on the Cloak were ſo many lively Images of whatever was done in the World by the Suggeſtion of *Aſmodeo*.

CHAP. II.

In which the Story of Aſmodeo's *Deliverance is continu'd.*

THE *Dæmon* obſerving that the Sight of him did not very agreeably prepoſſeſs the Scholar in his Favour, ſmiling ſaid; Well, Signior *Don Cleofas Leandro Perez Zambullo*, you ſee the charming God of Love, the Sovereign Ruler of Hearts. What do you think of my Beauty and Air? Don't you take the Poets for excellent Painters? Why really, anſwer'd *Cleofas*, they do flatter a little. You did not, I ſuppoſe, appear in this Shape to *Pſyche?* Doubtleſs no, reply'd *Aſmodeo*; I borrow'd the Appearance of a beautiful young Swain, to make her doat on me.

me: Vice muſt always be cover'd with a fair Appearance, without which it will never pleaſe. I aſſume whatever Shape I will, and could have ſhew'd my ſelf to you cloath'd with a finer imaginary Body; but deſigning, without any Diſguiſe, to lay my ſelf open to you, I was willing that you ſhould ſee me in a Shape beſt ſuited to the Opinion which the World entertains of me and my Functions. I am not ſurpriz'd, ſaid the Scholar, that you are ſomewhat Ugly; pardon, if you pleaſe, the harſhneſs of the Term, the Converſation which we have had together requires freedom. Your Features are very well proportion'd to the Idea I have of you; but pray tell me why you are a Cripple. My Lameneſs, anſwer'd the Devil, is owing to a Quarrel which I formerly had in *France* with *Pilliardoe* the Devil of Intereſt, who ſhould poſſeſs one *Manceau*, a Man of Buſineſs, and one of the Farmers of the Revenues; which being a noble Booty, we very warmly conteſted the Poſſeſſion of it. We fought in the middle Region of the Air; *Pilliardoe* was the ſtrongeſt, and threw me down to the Earth, as the Poets tell us *Jupiter* did *Vulcan:* Whence from the Reſemblance of our Adventures, my Comrades call'd me the *Lame Devil*, or *the Devil upon*

Two

Two Sticks; and that Nick-Name, which they gave me in Raillery, has ſtuck with me ever ſince: But tho' a Cripple, I can yet go pretty nimbly; you ſhall be a Witneſs of my Agility. But, adds he, let us end this Diſcourſe, and make haſte out of this Garret. It will not be long before the Magician comes up to labour at the Immortality of a beautiful *Sylphe* which nightly viſits him; and if he ſhould ſurprize us, he would not fail to commit me to the Bottle from whence I came, and confine you to the ſame. Let's therefore, in the firſt place, throw away all the Pieces of the broken Phial, that the Enchanter may not diſcover my Enlargement. If he ſhould find it after our Departure, ſaid *Cleofas*, what would then be the Event? What would be the Event! anſwer'd the *Dæmon*; Alas! were I conceal'd at the fartheſt Part of the Earth, or hidden in the Region where the fiery *Salamanders* dwell; ſhould I deſcend to the Shades below, or the Bottom of the deepeſt Sea, I ſhould not be ſecur'd from his Reſentment. His Conjurations are ſo powerful that all Hell trembles at them. In ſhort, I cannot reſiſt his arbitrary Commands, but ſhall be forc'd, much againſt my Will, to appear before him, and ſubmit to whatever Pains he pleaſes to inflict on me. If ſo, reply'd the

the Scholar, I very much fear that our Converſation will be of no long Duration; this dreadful Negromancer will ſoon perceive our Flight. I don't know that, reply'd the Spirit, for we can't tell what may happen. What, ſaid *Don Cleofas*, are you not acquainted with Futurity? No indeed, reply'd the Devil, we know nothing of that Matter; but thoſe which depend upon our Aſſiſtance on that Head, are fine Bubbles; and indeed to this Opinion are to be aſcrib'd all the Fooleries which are impos'd on Women of Quality by Fortune-tellers of both Sexes, when they conſult them on future Events. I don't know therefore whether the Magician will ſoon diſcover my Abſence, but hope not, for here being ſeveral Phials very like that in which I was enclos'd, he may perhaps not miſs a ſingle one. I am much in the ſame Condition in his Laboratory as a Law-Book is in the Library of a Man of Buſineſs, he never thinks of me, and when he doth, he never doth me the Honour of converſing with me. He is the moſt inſolent Enchanter that I know; for during the whole Time that I was his Priſoner, he did not once vouchſafe to ſpeak to me. What ſort of a Fellow is this? reply'd *Don Cleofas*; or what have you done to draw down his Hatred upon you

I croſs'd one of his Deſigns, reply'd *Aſmodeo:* There was a Place in the Cuſtom-Houſe void, he was reſolv'd that one of his Friends ſhould have it, and I was determin'd to make it be given to another. The Magician prepar'd a *Taliſman*, compos'd of the moſt powerful Characters of the *Cabala*; but I influenc'd the Miſtreſs of a Clerk of the ſame Office to ſollicit it, and ſhe accordingly carry'd it from the *Taliſman.*

At theſe Words the *Dæmon* gather'd up all the Pieces of the broken Phial, and after having thrown them out of the Window, Come then, ſaid he to the Scholar, let us make the beſt of our way; take hold of the End of my Cloak, and fear nothing. However dangerous this Offer appear'd to *Don Cleofas*, he yet choſe rather to accept it, than expoſe himſelf to the Reſentment of the Magician; wherefore he took as good hold as he could of the Devil, who carry'd him out at the Window.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

Whither the Devil carry'd Don Cleofas, *and what Things he ſhew'd him.*

Asmodeo was not in the wrong when he boaſted his Agility; he cleft the Air with as much Rapidity as an Arrow from a Bow, and pearch'd on St. *Saviour*'s Steeple. When gotten on his Feet, he ſaid to *Don Cleofas*, Well, Signior *Leandro*, when Men are in a very uneaſie, hobling Coach, and cry out, *This is a Coach for the Devil!* do you now think they ſpeak Truth or not? I have juſt experienc'd the Falſity of that Saying, anſwer'd *Don Cleofas* very gallantly, and can affirm the Devil's to be not only a very eaſie Carriage, but alſo ſo expeditious that no body can be tir'd on the Road. Very well, reply'd the *Dæmon*; but you don't know why I brought you hither. I intend from this high Place to ſhew you whatever is at preſent done in *Madrid*. By my Diabolical Power I will lift off the Roofs of the Houſes, and notwithſtanding the Darkneſs of the Night, clearly expoſe to your View whatever is now under them. At theſe Words he only extended his right Arm,

Arm, and all the Roofs of the Houſes ſeem'd remov'd; and the Scholar ſaw the Inſides of 'em as plainly as it was poſſible at Noon-day.

This View was too ſurprizing not to employ all his Attention; his Eyes run thro' all Parts of the City, and the Variety which ſurrounded him, was ſufficient to engage his Curioſity for a long time. Signior Student, ſaid the *Dæmon*, this confuſion of Objects, which you ſurvey with ſo much Pleaſure, affords really a very charming Proſpect; but in order to furniſh you with a perfect Knowledge of Human Life, it is neceſſary to explain to you what all thoſe People, which you ſee, are doing. I will diſcloſe to you the Springs of their Actions, and their moſt ſecret Thoughts.

Prithee, ſaid the Scholar, ſince you are ſo kind a Devil, let me a little look about me from this mighty Precipice, whereon we ſit with ſo much Security. What a very agreeable mixture of Perſons and Things do theſe numberleſs Candles and Torches, round this great City, preſent to us? What pretty Arts Men have to extend their Lives, and double their Joys, by this Day of their own making? 'Tis, methinks, an Argument of the Greatneſs of Human Life, That the Wit of Man is

never at reſt, but always hurry'd on in ſearch of ſomething to give it ſelf a Satisfaction, which cannot be drawn from meer natural Occurrences, but muſt be rais'd from the Embeliſhments of Arts, the Entertainment of Inventions, and—— The Devil had not Patience, but immediately interrupted the Harangue *Cleofas* was going into, and told him; Sir, if you deſire our Converſation ſhall not be merely a Ramble, like the Labour of ſilly Travellers, who fill their Heads with Admiration, and neglect Knowledge, let me beſeech you to wait for my Opinion of what you ſee, before you commend it. The ſpacious Streets taken up with various Buſineſs and Hurry, the different Ways you ſee Equipages, laden Carriages, and Crouds of People moving by Candle-light, make you fall into Applauſes of the Induſtry of Man, when at the ſame time I muſt tell you, there is not one Perſon in all that Croud who had not better be faſt aſleep, than employ'd as you ſee him, if you knew what he was going about, and what is the Motive of Actions.

Dæmon, reply'd the Scholar, you and I are ſo new Acquaintance, and the Profeſſion you are of has ſo ill a Reputation for Sincerity, that I am at a Loſs, both as to what kind of things you really think laudable,

laudable, and as to your Veracity in ſpeaking your real Sentiments of what you applaud. Scholar, ſaid the *Dæmon*, we ſhall ſpeak of Things and Perſons, as they ſtand in the Order of Nature. A Man is to be commended for what that Man ought to do; and a Thing is valuable for the Uſe it is deſign'd for; by which plain way of thinking, Objects keep their Place in the Opinion, whether the Obſerver be a Devil, a Saint, a Philoſopher or a Peaſant. Before this Light it is, that grave Politicians of twenty, airy Girls of fifty, languiſhing Lovers of ſixty, and all Perſons who affect Characters unſeaſonable to their time of Day; I ſay, before this Light it is, that all Varniſh diſappears, and Youth is then only Graceful when it becomes its Pleaſures, and Age when it conſults its Eaſe.

The Scholar was ſtill entertaining his Eyes in the groſs, with the Variety of Objects before him, and enjoying the Pleaſure of looking into the Houſes which his Companion had until'd, when an Aſſembly very regularly diſpos'd in one of 'em had fix'd his Attention: He communicated his Satisfaction to his Familiar; who immediately aſſum'd a new Air and Mein, and told him, with an unuſual Chearfulneſs, that he was glad he lik'd an Ædifice

in which he had a particular Intereſt. That Structure, ſaid he, is a Theatre, the Maſter of which is ſo near a Relation of mine, that I may call it my own Houſe upon that Foundation, as well as that it is the conſtant Scene of Love-Adventures, of which I am Preſident. I ſee, quoth *Cleofas*, a pretty ſmug Gentleman ſtand behind the Scenes, with a Cane in his Hand, of a wrinkled Countenance, but an amorous briskiſh Eye; he looks, methinks, as if he had formerly been an old Man, and there is ſomething ſo particularly reſembling your ſelf in the Novelty of his Addreſs, that I preſume he is the Kinſman you boaſt of. Sir, anſwer'd *Aſmodeo*, your Conjecture is juſt; that is Signior *Divito:* You are to underſtand, continu'd he, the Figure you there obſerve is a Twin-Brother of mine, and lay with me in the ſame Cradle, when a certain Emiſſary of the Kingdom of Darkneſs came and ſurvey'd us both; me he obſerv'd to be the more phlegmatick, and conſequently thought I ſhould ſtand in need of continual Inſtigation to Evil, therefore he took me off to make a Devil, and left my Brother to be bred an Attorney, in which Way we are ſure of Mens Services all their Lives, and their Company at the End of 'em. But what has an Attorney to do with the Stage? inter-

terrupted *Cleofas*. Sir, reply'd *Aſmodeo*, an Attorney has hold of any Thing or Perſon with which he can join his Name in a Parchment: My Brother had theſe Premiſes for ever fix'd to him by an Inſtrument which Men call a Mortgage, with this peculiar Clauſe, That the Land is for ever paying, but is never to diſcharge it ſelf, which is a Prerogative they of the Faculty have above all other Men; for Lawyers, like Prieſts, can purchaſe but not alienate. This my Brother is the neweſt Character upon Earth, an hopeful old Man, and I doubt not before he is ſeventy he'll make Love with as good an Air as the beſt of 'em. He has wholly bid farewell to his duſty Parchments, and uſes his Arts as an Attorney but merely as the Pitfalls and Trap-doors on his Stage, which ſerve at once to make his own Eſcape, and catch his Purſuers. Well, quoth *Cleofas*, of all Men living give me the Life of Signior *Divito:* Such Company to viſit him! ſuch a Seraglio to attend him! I may ſay it without Vanity, quoth *Aſmodeo*, my Brother has as great an Influence on the Pains and Joys of Lovers as any Being below my ſelf in the Univerſe: But ſuch is the Ingratitude of Mankind, that all his Cares are neglected. Did you but ſee him in his Spectacles examining the tender Hams

of a young Dancer, the heaving Boſom of an Actreſs to be bred to Tragedy; in ſhort, the conſtant Correſpondences the painful Labourer is forc'd to keep with all the idle Part of Mankind, both Foreign and Domeſtick, you would own him to be the *Machiavil* for the State of Love. He can tell you, as ſoon as any Spirit of us all, how long ſuch a young Virgin will hold out againſt ſuch an importunate Lover, how ſoon that Lover will be weary of her, and conſequently ſhe fall under his Dominions, to Act and Propagate the Paſſion which Undid her. I am very glad, my dear Scholar, you fix'd your Eye there, for a Theatre is the trueſt Picture of Human Life; and the Men who make the great Figures in the World are no more what they ſeem, than that little diminutive Fellow you ſee taking off his Buskins and his Feathers in the Tyring-Room, is the Heroe you ſaw juſt now on the Stage. To make it yet more like the World, do you look on yonder Couch, and ſee how *Lucrece* and *Tarquin* agree behind the Scenes. Such is the Force of Diſtance, and well manag'd Impoſture, that the Pitch and Roſin that Fellow is mixing will appear to the Audience Lightning, and the rolling that Nine-pin Bowl makes him a Thunderer: In a Word, the Stage may repreſent to you

you in the moſt lively Colours the Diſtinctions and Manners among Men. This only muſt be ſaid for the Play-houſe, that it is much leſs a Cheat than the World: For the Actor muſt have the Mein, the Geſture, the Look, the Voice, and the whole Behaviour of the Heroe whom he perſonates; while the Mock-Worthy, which Fortune gives you very often, in every Step he makes is out of his Character, and ſhows you he either never knew, or has forgot what is really his Part. To give you then Inſtances of the Impoſture in each Place, turn from the Play-houſe, and look elſewhere.

Obſerve then firſt of all, in the Houſe on the right Hand, that old Wretch telling his Gold and Silver; he is a covetous Man: 'Tis ſurprizing to ſee with what Pleaſure that old Fool contemplates his Riches! he can never ſatiate himſelf. But at the ſame time ſee what his Heirs are doing in the next Chamber, they are conſulting a Witch to know when he ſhall die. In the next Houſe obſerve that ſuperannuated Coquet going to Bed, after leaving her Hair, Eye-brows and Teeth on her Toilet. Do you ſee, a little farther, that amorous Dotard of ſixty juſt come from making Love? He has already laid down his Eye, falſe Whiskers, and Periwig which

hid his bald Pate, and expects his Man to take off his wooden Arm and Leg, in order to go to Bed with the reſt.

Caſt your Eyes on that magnificent Palace, you will there ſee a great Lord laid in a ſplendid Apartment, with a Casket full of *Billet-doux*, which he continually reads to lull him aſleep the more pleaſantly: They come from the Lady which he adores, and who puts him to ſuch an Expence, that he will ſoon be reduc'd to ſollicit for a Vice-Royalty to ſupport himſelf. In the next Houſe on the left Hand is *Donna Fabula*, who has juſt ſent for a Widwife, and is going to preſent her Huſband *Don Torribio* with an Heir. Are not you charm'd with that Gentleman's good Nature? The Cries of his dear Half-ſelf pierce his Soul, he is wounded with Grief, and ſuffers as much as ſhe; with what Care and Earneſtneſs doth he labour to help her! Really, ſaid the Scholar, the Man is in a great Fatigue; but in Reward of all his Pains, I diſcern another which ſleeps very ſoundly in the ſame Houſe, without being at all concern'd at the Succeſs of this Affair. The Buſineſs yet relates to him, ſaid the Cripple, he is the Domeſtick that has occaſion'd all thoſe Pains his Lady endures. Beyond ſee that Hypocrite rubbing himſelf all over with Coach-wheel Greaſe,

Greaſe, in order to go to a Meeting of Sorcerers this Night betwixt St. *Sebaſtians* and *Fontarabia*. I would carry you thither this Minute, to oblige you with that pleaſant Diverſion, if I was not afraid of being known by the Devil which perſonates the *He-Goat* there. He is a Raſcal that would betray me, and would not fail to adviſe our Magician of my Flight. That Devil and you, ſaid the Scholar, are not then very good Friends. Far from it, reply'd *Aſmodeo*; for about two Years ſince we fell out at *Paris*, about a Gentleman's Son, to the Diſpoſal of whom we both pretended: He would have made him a Factor, and I would have had him a very fortunate Man; but our Comerades, to end the Diſpute, made a Monk of him. After this we were reconcil'd, and embrac'd, ever ſince which we have been mortal Enemies.

Let's leave this fine Aſſembly, ſaid *Don Cleofas*, and purſue our Examination of what is doing in this City. Content, reply'd the Devil; let's then laugh a little at that old Muſician ſinging a paſſionate Song to his young Wife. He would fain have her admire the Tune which he hath juſt compos'd; but ſhe likes the Words better, becauſe made, and given to her Husband to ſet, by a fine Gentleman that loves her.

her. Let us divert our ſelves with that.— Stay, I beſeech you, interrupted *Don Cleofas*, firſt pray tell me, what mean thoſe Sparks of Fire which iſſue out of that Cave? It is, reply'd the Cripple, one of the moſt fooliſh amongſt all the Works of Men. He that you ſee in that Cave, at the burning Furnace, is an *Alchimiſt*, whoſe rich Patrimony the Fire will conſume by ſlow degrees, and he will never find what he ſpends it in ſearch of; for, betwixt you and I, the *Philoſophers Stone* is no more than a *fine Chimera*, that I my ſelf forg'd, to divert my ſelf with Human Underſtanding, which would paſs the Bounds preſcrib'd to it. And who, reply'd the Scholar, are thoſe Women that I ſee at a Table in the next Houſe? They are two famous Curtiſans, return'd the Devil, and thoſe two Gentlemen who are committing a Debauch with them, are two of the greateſt Lords of the Court. Ah! how charming and engaging they ſeem, ſaid *Don Cleofas*. I don't wonder that Perſons of Quality follow them; how they embrace them? They muſt certainly be deeply in Love with them? Ah! how young and inexperienc'd you are? reply'd the Spirit; you don't know this ſort of Ladies, their Hearts are more painted than their Faces. Whatever Marks of Tender-

neſs

neſs they expreſs, they have not any Concern for thoſe Lords; they careſs them to obtain a Protection of one, and a Settlement of the other. All Coquets are the ſame, and tho' Men very fairly ruin themſelves for them, they are not the more lov'd by them; but on the contrary, whoever pays for Love is treated like a Husband; this is a Law in amorous Intrigues, which I my ſelf have eſtabliſh'd. But let's leave thoſe Noblemen to taſte the Pleaſures which they ſo dearly purchaſe, whilſt their Footmen, who wait for 'em in the Street, comfort themſelves with the pleaſing Expectation of enjoying them *gratis.*

Caſt your Eye a little farther on that *honeſt Apothecary,* his Wife and Man, who are all at work in their Shop at this late Hour. Do you know what they are doing? The Maſter is preparing a Prolifick Pill for an old Advocate that is to be marry'd to Morrow; the Man is making ready a laxative Barley Decoction, and the Woman beating aſtringent Drugs in the Mortar. In the oppoſite Houſe, ſaid the Scholar, I ſee a Man getting out of his Bed and dreſſing in great haſte. It is, anſwer'd the Spirit, a Phyſician riſing on a very preſſing Occaſion. He is ſent for to a Devotee, who cough'd twice or thrice

thrice within an Hour after he went to Bed.

Turn your Eyes a little farther on the Right, continu'd the Devil, and try whether, by the dull Lamp in that Garret, you can diſtinguiſh a Man ſtalking in his Shirt. Yes, yes, I am right, reply'd the Scholar; I ſee a Garret furniſh'd with a wretched ſorry Bed, Stool, Table, and the dirty Walls all over as black as Soot. The Perſon that is lodg'd ſo many Stories high is a *Poet*, reply'd *Aſmodeo*, and what ſeems to you to be the Foulneſs of his Walls, are Tragick Verſes of his own Compoſure, with which he has hung his Chamber; for the want of Paper forces him to write his Poems on the Walls. By the Hurry and buſie Air of his Gate, ſaid *Don Cleofas*, I ſhould conclude that he was compoſing ſome Piece of very great Importance. You are not in the wrong to think ſo, ſaid the Cripple, he yeſterday gave the finiſhing Stroke to a Tragedy, entitul'd, *The Univerſal Deluge*; in which the Criticks themſelves cannot blame him for not preſerving the Unity of Place, ſince all the Scenes are laid in *Noah*'s *Ark*. I aſſure you 'tis an excellent Piece, for all the Beaſts are there introduc'd talking as learnedly as Doctors themſelves. He deſigns to dedicate it, and has already ſpent

ſix

ſix Hours in working up the Epiſtle Dedicatory, and is at this moment gotten to the laſt Line. It may juſtly be call'd a Maſter-piece; for not one of the Moral and Political Virtues, nor one of the Topicks of Praiſe, which may excuſably be beſtow'd on a Man whoſe Anceſtors, or his own Merit, hath render'd Illuſtrious, are ſpar'd; never was Author ſo prodigally laviſh of his Flatteries. To whom does he intend to addreſs this Elogy, ſaid the Scholar? He knows nothing of that yet, anſwer'd the Devil, he has left a Blank for the Name. He is in queſt of ſome rich Lord, more generous than the Patrons to whom he has dedicated his former Books. But good Cuſtomers, which pay well for Dedicatory Epiſtles, are very ſcarce at preſent; the People of Quality have mended that Fault, and thereby done an acceptable Service to the Publick, which before was continually peſter'd with wretched Performances, by reaſon the greateſt part of the Books were written to make way for their reſpective Dedications.

Let's watch, continu'd *Aſmodeo*, thoſe Thieves that have broken into a rich Banker's Houſe by his Balcony; obſerve them coming out of the Compting-houſe, and returning perfectly empty. What is the Reaſon of that? ſaid the Scholar. The

Banker

Banker has prevented them, return'd the *Dæmon*; he Yeſterday made the beſt of his way to *Holland*, with all the Riches in his Coffers. If I am not miſtaken, ſaid *Don Cleofas*, there's another Thief on a Ladder getting into that Balcony. That is no Thief, reply'd the Lame Devil, 'tis a Marquis ſcaling the Chamber of a Virgin, who is very willing to be rid of that Name. He made her ſome ſuperficial Promiſes of Marriage, and ſhe not in the leaſt diſtruſting his Oaths, ſoon yielded; and no wonder, for on Love's Exchange the Marquis's are Merchants of very great Reputation.

I ſee ſomething very particular, ſaid the Scholar, it is a Man in a Night-cap and Night-gown that is writing very hard, whoſe Hand is guided by a little black Figure which ſtands at his Elbow. The Man that writes, anſwer'd the Cripple, is a Clerk of a Court or Regiſter, who, to oblige a Guardian, is altering a Sentence pronounc'd in favour of his Pupil, and the little black Figure is Beau *Grifael*, the Clerks Devil. But, reply'd *Don Cleofas*, this *Grifael*, I ſuppoſe, ſupplies this Place only as a Deputy, ſince *Flagel* being the Spirit of the Bar, the *Regiſters* ſeem directly ſubjected to his Direction. No, reply'd *Aſmodeo*, the *Regiſters* were thought a Body conſiderable enough to have a Devil

vil of their own, and I aſſure you he has more upon his Hands than he can compaſs.

Oh! oh! exclaim'd the Scholar, there is another Spectacle; every body is up in that great Houſe on the left. Some are making good Chear, others dancing; pray what's the meaning of all this? It is a Wedding, ſaid the *Dæmon*; but within leſs than three Days, that very Palace which you ſee is at preſent the Scene of ſo much Joy, was the Houſe of utmoſt Mourning. The Story is worth hearing, and I muſt tell it you. At the ſame time he thus began.

CHAP. IV.

The Hiſtory of the Count de Belflor, *and* Leonora de Ceſpides.

THE Count *de Belflor*, one of the moſt conſiderable Grandees of the Court, lov'd young *Leonora de Ceſped* to diſtraction, but never intended to marry her: The Daughter of an ordinary Gentleman did not ſeem a Match conſiderable enough for him, wherefore he only propos'd to make a Miſtreſs of her. 'Twas with

with this Deſign that he purſu'd her where-ever ſhe went, and loſt no Opportunity of diſcovering his Love, by the extraordinary Reſpects he paid her: But he could neither ſpeak nor write to her, ſhe being perpetually guarded by a ſevere and vigilant *Duenna*, whoſe Name was Madam *Marcella*. This drove him to Deſpair, and feeling his Deſires irritated by the Difficulty of attaining 'em, was continually projecting Ways to deceive the *Argus* which guarded his *Io*. On the other ſide, *Leonora* perceiving the Count's Regard for her, could not help being touch'd with the ſame Tenderneſs for him, which inſenſibly form'd it ſelf into ſuch a Paſſion in her Heart, as at laſt grew to be extremely violent. I did not indeed augment it by my common Temptations, becauſe the Magician which kept me Priſoner deny'd me the Uſe of all my Functions; but Nature, no leſs dangerous than my ſelf, engag'd in it, and that was enough; and indeed all the difference that there is betwixt it and me is, that Nature corrupts Hearts by ſlow degrees, whilſt I ſeduce them expeditiouſly.

Affairs were in this poſture, when *Leonora* and her perpetual Governante, going one Morning to Church, met an old Woman with one of the largeſt String of Beads

that

that ever Hypocriſie yet made: Accoſting them with a pleaſant ſmilling Air, ſhe thus addreſs'd her ſelf to the *Duenna*; The good God preſerve you! ſaid ſhe; The Holy Peace be with you! Give me leave to ask whether you are not Madam *Marcella*, the chaſt Widow of the late Signior *Martin Rozeta?* The Governante having anſwer'd, Yes: 'Tis very happy that I have met you, ſaid the old Woman, ſince I am to acquaint you, that I have at home an old Relation of mine, who is very deſirous to ſpeak with you. He is lately arriv'd from *Flanders*, was your Husband's moſt intimate Friend, and has ſome Particulars of the utmoſt Importance to communicate to you. He would have waited on you at home to have imparted them to you, had he not fall'n ſick; but the poor Man is at the Point of Death. I live not half a Stone's throw from hence, I beſeech you to take the trouble of following me.

The Governante, who wanted not Prudence and good Senſe, being afraid of a falſe Step, knew not what to reſolve on; but the old Woman gueſſing the Reaſon of her Uneaſineſs, ſaid to her; Dear Madam *Marcella*, you may ſecurely rely upon me, my Name is *la Chicona*; the Licentiate *Marcas de Figuerrea*, and the Batchelor *Mira de Meſqua* will anſwer for

me as ſoon as for their Grand-mothers. I don't deſire you to come to my Houſe for any thing but your own good. My Relation is willing to reſtore you a Sum of Mony, which he borrow'd of your Huſband. The very thoughts of Reſtitution engag'd *Marcella* on her ſide: Come Girl, ſaid ſhe to *Leonora*, let's go ſee this good Lady's Relation; to viſit the Sick is an Act of Charity.

They ſoon reach'd *la Chicona*'s Houſe; who led them into a lower Room, where they found a Man in Bed with a grey Beard, and if he was not very ſick, he at leaſt feign'd himſelf ſo. Couſin, ſaid the old Woman, preſenting to him the Governante, here is the Lady which you deſir'd to ſpeak with, Madam *Marcella*, the Widow of your Friend Signior *Martin Rozeta*. At theſe Words the old Man lifting up his Head a little, ſaluted the *Duenna*, and making Signs for her to come nearer the Bed-ſide, ſaid in a feeble Tone; I thank Heav'n, dear Madam *Marcella*, for prolonging my Life to this Moment, which was the only thing I deſir'd; I fear'd I ſhould die without having the Satisfaction of ſeeing you, and putting into your own Hands a hundred Ducats which my intimate Friend, your late Husband, lent me, to help me out of an honourable Quarrel that

that I was formerly engag'd in at *Bruges*. Did he never acquaint you with that Adventure? Alas no, anſwer'd Madam *Marcella*, he never mention'd it. God reſt his Soul! he was generous enough to forget the Services he did his Friends; and, very unlike thoſe Boaſters who brag of what they never did, he never told when he oblig'd any Perſon. He certainly had a very great Soul, reply'd the old Man; a Truth which I am more firmly engag'd to believe than any Man elſe; and to prove it to you, you muſt give me leave to relate the Affair out of which I was ſo happily extricated by his Aſſiſtance; but having ſomething to diſcloſe of the laſt Importance with regard to the Memory of the deceas'd, I ſhould be very glad of an Opportunity of revealing them to his diſcreet Widow alone.

Very well then, ſaid *la Chicona*, you need only tell it her in private; in the mean while this young Lady and I will retire to my Cloſet. At theſe Words ſhe left the *Duenna* with the ſick Man, and conducted *Leonora* into another Chamber, where without any Circumlocution ſhe ſaid, Fair *Leonora*, the Moments are too precious to be miſs-ſpent; you know the Count *de Belflor* by Sight, he has long'd lov'd you, and languiſhing dies for an Opportunity to

tell you ſo; but the Vigilance and Severity of your *Governante* have always hinder'd him from enjoying that Satisfaction. In this Deſpair he had Recourſe to my Induſtry, which I have made uſe for him. The old Man whom you have juſt now ſeen is the Count's young *Valet de Chambre*, and all that hath been done is only a Trick to deceive your *Governante*, and draw you hither.

Theſe Words were no ſooner ended, than the Count, who was conceal'd behind the Hangings, appear'd, and running threw himſelf at *Leonora*'s Feet: Madam, ſaid he, pardon the Stratagem of a Lover who could no longer live without ſpeaking to you; if this obliging Matron had not procur'd me this Opportunity, I ſhould have abandon'd my ſelf to Deſpair. Theſe Words, expreſs'd with a very moving Air by a Perſon not at all diſagreeable, diſturb'd *Leonora:* She continu'd ſome time doubtful what Anſwer ſhe ought to make; but at laſt recovering her ſelf, and looking diſpleas'd at the Count, ſaid: Perhaps you believe your ſelf very much oblig'd to this officious Lady, who has ſo well ſerv'd your Purpoſe; but know that you will reap little Advantage by the Service ſhe has done you. At theſe Words ſhe made ſeveral Steps to get out of the Room,

Room, but the Count ſtopp'd her; Stay, ſaid he, adorable *Leonora*, hear me one Moment; my Paſſion is ſo pure that it ought not to alarm you; I own you have ſome grounds to oppoſe the Artifice which I have made uſe of to converſe with you; but have I not hitherto in vain endeavour'd to ſpeak to you? I have follow'd you theſe ſix Months to the Churches, Walks, Play-houſes, and all publick Places. I have long in vain watch'd an Opportunity of telling you how you have charm'd me; your cruel, your mercileſs Governeſs has continually fruſtrated my Deſigns. Alas then, inſtead of turning the Stratagem which I have been forc'd to employ into a Crime, commiſerate, fair *Leonora*, my ſuffering all the Tortures of ſuch a tedious Expectation, and judge, by your Charms, the mortal Pangs they have occaſion'd.

Belflor did not forget to reinforce his Words with all the Airs of Perſuaſion which gallant Men are us'd to practiſe with Succeſs, accompanying his Words with ſome Tears; with which *Leonora* began to be touch'd, and in deſpight of her Reſolution, ſome tender compaſſionate Emotions began to ariſe in her Heart; but far from yielding to them, the more ſhe perceiv'd them to grow, the more ſhe preſs'd to be gone: Count, ſaid ſhe, all your Talk

is in vain, I will not hear you; don't detain me any longer, but let me go out of a Houſe in which my Virtue is alarm'd, or by my Cries I will call in all the Neighbourhood, and expoſe your Audaciouſneſs to the Publick. This ſhe utter'd in ſuch a reſolute Tone, that *la Chicona*, who was oblig'd to ſtand in Awe of the Magiſtracy, begg'd of the Count not to puſh things any farther: Upon which he forbore oppoſing *Leonora*'s Intention, who got out of his Hands, and (what had never before happen'd to any Virgin) quitted the Cloſet as good a Maid as ſhe enter'd it.

She immediately flew to her *Governante*; Come, good Matron, ſaid ſhe, leave off that fooliſh Dialogue; we are cheated, let's quit this dangerous Houſe. What's the Matter, Child! with Amazement anſwer'd Madam *Marcella:* What is the Reaſon of your ſo haſty Departure? I'll inform you, reply'd *Leonora*; but let's fly, for every Minute I ſtay here gives me freſh Uneaſineſs. However earneſt the *Duenna* was to know the Cauſe of this Haſte, ſhe could not then be ſatisfy'd, but was oblig'd to yield to the Inſtances of *Leonora*. They both went away in a hurry, leaving *la Chicona*, the Count, and his *Valet de Chambre* in as great Confuſion, as a parcel of Players

Players oblig'd to act a Piece which the Stage-Beaux have already hiſs'd.

When *Leonora* was gotten into the Street, with a great deal of inward Diſturbance ſhe began to tell her *Governante* what paſs'd in *la Chicona*'s Cloſet. Madam *Marcella* was very attentive, and when they had reach'd their own Houſe, I proteſt, my Daughter, ſaid ſhe, I am extreamly mortify'd at the Thoughts of what you have juſt inform'd me; how was it poſſible for me to be deluded by that old Woman? At firſt, I made a Difficulty of following her: Oh that I had continu'd in the ſame Opinion! I ought to have miſtruſted her flattering Wheedles. I have committed a Folly not to be forgiven in a Perſon of my Experience. Ah why did not you diſcover this Plot whilſt I was at *la Chicona*'s Houſe! I would have ſcratch'd out their Eyes, call'd the Count *de Belflor* by all the Names I could have thought on, and tore off the Beard of the counterfeit old Man, who told me ſo many Lies. But I will this Minute return thither, to carry back the Mony which I honeſtly receiv'd, as a real Reſtitution of what I ſuppos'd my Husband lent, and if I find them together they ſhall not loſe by ſtaying for me. Theſe Words ended, ſhe flew out, and made the beſt of her way to *la Chicona*'s Houſe.

The Count was yet there, and, by the ill Succeſs of his Stratagem, reduc'd almoſt to Deſpair. Another would have quitted the Purſuit; but he was not diſcourag'd: For, with a thouſand good Qualities, he had one which was very ill; it was the ſuffering himſelf to be too much hurry'd on by his amorous Inclinations. Whenever he lov'd a Lady he was too warm in the Purſuit of her Favours, and tho' naturally an honeſt Man, he made no Scruple of violating the moſt ſacred Laws to accompliſh his Deſires. Conſidering then that it was impoſſible for him to gain his End without the Aſſiſtance of Madam *Marcella*, he reſolv'd to leave no Means unattempted to engage her in his Intereſt. He concluded that this *Duenna*, how ſevere ſoever ſhe appear'd, was not Proof againſt a conſiderable Preſent; and indeed his Opinion was not unjuſt, for if there are any ſuch things as *Truſty Governantes*, the only Reaſon is that the *Gallants* are not rich enough to make ſufficient Preſents.

As ſoon as Madam *Marcella* arriv'd, and found all the three Perſons ſhe wiſh'd for there, ſhe open'd very outrageouſly, loaded the Count and *la Chicona* with a Million of hard Names, and made the Reſtitution-Sum fly at the Head of the *Valet de Chambre*. The Count attempted to appeaſe this

this Storm with Patience, threw himſelf at the *Duenna*'s Knees to render the Scene more moving; he preſs'd her to take the Purſe again, and offer'd her a thouſand Piſtoles beſides, conjuring her to have Pity on him. As her Compaſſion had never been ſo powerfully ſollicited, ſo ſhe did not prove inexorable. She ſoon left off her Invectives, and comparing the offer'd Sum with the mean Recompence ſhe expected of *Don Lewis*, ſhe eaſily found that it was more for her Intereſt to draw *Leonora* from her Duty, than preſerve her in it; which engag'd her, after a few complemental Refuſals, to take up the Purſe again, accept the Offer of the thouſand Piſtoles, promiſe to be ſubſervient to the Count's Paſſion, and immediately prepare to perform her Promiſe.

Knowing *Leonora* to be a virtuous young Lady, ſhe very carefully avoided giving her the leaſt Suſpicion of her Correſpondence with the Count, for fear ſhe ſhould diſcover it to *Don Lewis*, her Father; and being reſolv'd on more ſubtle Meaſures to ruin her, ſhe thus addreſs'd her ſelf at her Return: *Leonora*, I have juſt now ſatisfy'd my enrag'd Mind; I found the three villainous Deceivers confounded at our courageous Retreat. I threaten'd *la Chicona* with your Father's Reſentment, and the

the moſt rigorous Severity of the Law; I call'd the Count *de Belflor* all the ill Names which Rage could ſuggeſt, and hope that Lord will no more be guilty of any ſuch Attempts, and that his Intrigues will no more exerciſe my Vigilance. I thank Heav'n that by your Reſolution you have eſcaped the Net which was ſpread for you. I weep for Joy, I am raviſh'd to think he has not been able to gain any Advantage over you by his Stratagem; for great Lords make it their Diverſion to ſeduce young Ladies. Moſt of thoſe who value themſelves on preſerving the ſtricteſt degree of Probity are not ſcrupulous on this Head, as tho' the diſhonouring of Families was no ill Act. I don't abſolutely ſay that the Count is a Man of this Character, nor that he aims at deceiving you; we muſt not always judge ill of our Neighbours, perhaps his Deſigns are honourable: Tho' his Quality entitles him to the beſt Match at Court, your Beauty may yet have made him reſolve to marry you: I remember alſo, in the Anſwers he made to the hard Words I gave him, he hinted it to me. What do you ſay, good *Governante?* interrupted *Leonora*; if he had any ſuch Intention, he would before now have ask'd me of my Father, who would never have deny'd a Man of his Quality.

What

What you ſay is very juſt, reply'd the *Duenna*, I am of your Mind; the Courſe which the Count took is ſuſpicious, or rather his Intentions were ill: I am almoſt in the Mind to return to him, and ſcold at him afreſh. No, good Madam, reply'd *Leonora*, 'tis better to forget what is paſt, and revenge it by Contempt. 'Tis true, ſaid *Marcella*, I think that is the beſt way; you are wiſer than I. But on the other ſide, let us not judge amiſs of the Count's Sentiments: How do we know but he took that Courſe, as the moſt refin'd way of diſcovering his Paſſion? Before obtaining your Father's Conſent, perhaps he was fond of obtaining your Favour, and ſecuring your Heart by long Services, that your Union might thereby be render'd more charming If ſo, my Daughter, would it be a great Crime to hearken to him? Unboſom your ſelf, you know my tender Affection for you; Are you ſenſible of any Alteration in Favour of the Count? or would you, if it was put to you, refuſe to marry him?

At this malicious Queſtion the too ſincere *Leonora* caſt down her Eyes, and bluſhing own'd that ſhe had no Averſion for him; but Modeſty preventing her farther diſcovering her ſelf, the *Duenna* preſs'd her afreſh to hide nothing from her: She,

over-

over-power'd by the *Governante's* tender Profeſſions, went on: Good *Marcella*, ſaid ſhe, ſince you will have me talk to you as my Confident, know that I think *Belflor* deſerves to be lov'd: I lik'd his Mein ſo well, and withal have heard ſuch an advantageous Character of him, that I could not help being touch'd with his Addreſſes. The indefatigable Care which you always took to oppoſe them hath frequently given me great Uneaſineſs, and I own that I have ſometimes deplor'd, and in a ſort by my Tears repair'd the Pains your Vigilance has forc'd him to bear. I will farther own to you at this very moment, that inſtead of hating him after this raſh Action, my Heart againſt my Will excuſes him, and throws the Fault on your Severity. Daughter, reply'd the *Governante*, ſince you give me Leave to believe his Addreſſes will be agreeable to you, I will manage this Lover for you. I am very ſenſible, anſwer'd *Leonora* in a more moving Tone, of the Service you are willing to render me: If the Count was not one of the Grandees of the firſt Rank at Court, was he only a bare Gentleman, I ſhould prefer him to all Men; but let us not flatter our ſelves, *Belflor* is a great Lord, and doubtleſs is deſign'd for one of the richeſt Heireſſes in the Kingdom. Don't let us expect

expect that he will ever deſcend to *Don Lewis*'s Daughter, who has but a mean Fortune to offer him: No, no, adds ſhe, he has no ſuch favourable Thoughts of me; he does not think me worth bearing his Name, and purſues me only to diſhonour me.

Ah wherefore, ſaid the *Duenna*, will you think that he does not love you well enough to marry you? Love daily works greater Miracles than that. You ſeem to imagine that Heav'n hath ſet an infinite diſtance betwixt the Count and you; do your ſelf more Juſtice, *Leonora*; it would not be below him to join his Fortune to yours; you are of an ancient noble Family, and your Alliance could never put him to the Bluſh. Since you have ſome Inclinations towards him, continu'd ſhe, I muſt talk with him: I will examine his Intentions, and if I find them ſuch as they ought to be, I will encourage them with ſome Hopes. Be very careful, reply'd *Leonora*; I am of Opinion you ought not to go in ſearch of him; if he ſuſpects my having any hand in it, he will ceaſe to value me. Oh I am a Woman of more Addreſs than you imagine, reply'd *Marcella:* I will begin with accuſing him of a Deſign to ſeduce you, upon which he will not fail to juſtifie himſelf; I will hear him,

and

and ſhall ſee the Event. In ſhort, my Daughter, leave it to me, I'll manage your Honour as cautiouſly as if it were my own.

The *Duenna* took her Vail, and went out at the beginning of the Night: She found *Belflor* near *Don Lewis*'s Houſe, and gave him an account of her Diſcourſe with her Miſtreſs, not forgetting to value her ſelf on her Conduct in the Diſcovery of the Lady's Paſſion for him. Nothing could oblige the Count more than this News, wherefore he expreſs'd his Thanks to *Marcella* in the moſt ſenſible manner; that is, he promis'd to give her the thouſand Piſtoles on the next Day, aſſuring himſelf of the Succeſs of his Enterprize; very well knowing, that a Woman prepoſſeſs'd is half ſeduc'd. They then parted very well ſatisfy'd with each other, the *Duenna* returning home.

Leonora, who impatiently expected her, ask'd what News ſhe had brought: The beſt that you could ever hear, anſwer'd the *Governante*, all things ſucceed the beſt in the World. I have ſeen the Count; I can tell you that his Intentions are not ill, he has no other Deſign but that of marrying you. This he ſwore to me by all that is ſacred amongſt Men. You may, perhaps, imagine that I yielded to him upon

upon this, but I aſſure you I did not. If you are thus reſolv'd, ſaid I, why don't you make the uſual Applications to *Don Lewis?* Ah, dear *Marcella*, anſwer'd he, without appearing diſturb'd at this Queſtion, could you think it proper (ignorant as I am whether *Leonora* has any Regard for me) that, hurry'd on by the Tranſports of blind Love, I ſhould tyrannically endeavour to obtain her of her Father? No; her Eaſe is dearer to me than my own Deſires, and I am too honourable to diſcover my Paſſion, in order to render her unhappy.

All the time that he ſpent in expreſſing himſelf thus, continu'd the *Duenna*, I obſerv'd him with the utmoſt Attention, and employ'd all my Experience in diſcovering by his Eyes whether his Love was ſo ſincere as he repreſented it. He ſeem'd touch'd with a real Paſſion, and I with a Joy which without much difficulty I could not conceal. Being then ſatisfied of his Sincerity, I thought it not improper to glance at your Sentiments with regard to him, in order to ſecure you ſuch a conſiderable Lover. My Lord, ſaid I to him, *Leonora* hath no Averſion for you; and, as far as I can judge, your Addreſſes are not inſupportable to her. Great God, exclaim'd he then all in Rapture, what do I hear!

Is

Is it poſſible that the charming *Leonora* ſhould entertain any favourable Thoughts of me: What is it that I am not indebted to you, moſt obliging *Marcella*, for having rid me of ſuch a tedious Uncertainty? You, who by a continual Oppoſition have loaded me with ſo many Torments. But, dear *Marcella*, compleat my Bliſs, by obliging me with an Opportunity of ſpeaking with the Divine *Leonora*; I ſolemnly promiſe and ſwear before you, that I will never be any others but hers. To this, purſu'd the *Governante*, he added yet more moving Aſſeverations; in ſhort, Daughter, he entreated me in ſuch a preſſing manner to procure him a private Opportunity of ſpeaking to you, that I could not avoid promiſing to accompliſh it. Ah, why did you promiſe him that? reply'd *Leonora* ſomewhat diſturb'd. A wiſe Virgin, you have a hundred times inculcated to me, is abſolutely oblig'd to ſhun thoſe Converſations, which can only be dangerous. I agree to what you ſay, reply'd the *Duenna*, and it is a very good Maxim; but you may lawfully diſpence with it on this Occaſion, ſince you may look on the Count as your Husband. He is not ſo yet, reply'd *Leonora*, and I ought not to ſee him before my Father allows of his Suit.

Madam

Madam *Marcella* now began to repent the good Education which ſhe had beſtow'd on the young Lady, ſince ſhe found it ſo difficult to ſubdue her Virtue. But yet reſolv'd to compaſs her End, coſt what it would; My dear *Leonora*, ſaid ſhe, I applaud my ſelf, when I ſee you ſo reſerv'd. Oh happy Fruit of my Cares! You have profited by all the Rules I have given you. I am charm'd with my own Work! But, my Daughter, you exaggerate what I have taught, you ſtrain my Morals too ſeverely, and your Virtue is indeed a little too rude. Tho' I am fond of a ſtrict Severity, yet I cannot approve of a brutiſh ill-manner'd Caution, indiſtinguiſhably and indifferently levell'd againſt Guilt and Innocence. A Virgin doth not abandon her Virtue, by affording her Ear to a Lover, of the Purity of whoſe Deſires ſhe is ſatisfy'd; in which caſe it is not more criminal to anſwer his Paſſion, than be ſenſible of it. Depend upon me, *Leonora*, I have too much Experience, and am too deeply engag'd in your Intereſts, to draw you into any Meaſures which can be prejudicial to you.

Alas! where would you have me ſpeak with the Count? ſaid *Leonora*. In your own Apartment, reply'd the *Duenna*, for that is the ſafeſt Place; I will introduce

him to Morrow Night. Good *Marcella*, reply'd *Leonora*, ſhall I then admit a Man— Yes, you ſhall admit him, interrupted the *Duenna*; 'tis no ſuch extraordinary thing as you imagine, 'tis done every Day, and I ſend up my Wiſhes to Heav'n that the Maidens which receive ſuch Viſits were fortify'd with as good Intentions as yours! Beſides, what have you to fear? Shall not I be with you? If my Father ſhould ſurprize us? reply'd *Leonora*. Never diſturb your ſelf in the leaſt about that, return'd *Marcella*; your Father is perfectly ſatisfy'd with your Conduct, knows my Fidelity, and repoſes an entire Confidence in me. Upon this *Leonora*, being ſo violently puſh'd on by the *Duenna*, and internally preſs'd by her Love, was not able to hold out longer, but yielded to *Marcella*'s Propoſal.

The Count was immediately inform'd of it, and ſo joyfully receiv'd the News, that he inſtantly preſented his Female Agent with five hundred Piſtoles and a Ring of the like Value: And ſhe accordingly, finding him ſuch a ſtrict Obſerver of his Word, reſolv'd not to fail in the Performance of her Promiſe. Wherefore next Night, when ſhe concluded all of the Family were aſleep, ſhe faſten'd to the Balcony a ſilken Ladder which the Count had given

given her, and by that means introduc'd him into his Miſtreſs's Apartment.

In the mean while the young Lady was wholly taken up with a Series of melancholy Reflections, which very much diſturb'd her. Notwithſtanding her Inclination for the Count, and whatever her *Governante* could ſay, ſhe blam'd her eaſie Conſent to a Viſit that would violate her Duty. To receive a Man into her Chamber at Night, whoſe real Sentiments ſhe was ignorant of, and withal without her Father's Knowledge, ſeem'd to her not only criminal, but alſo what might render her contemptible in her Lover's Eyes. 'Twas this laſt Reflection which moſt tormented her, and ſhe was extream full of it when the Count enter'd.

He immediately fell on his Knees to thank her for the Favour ſhe did him. He appear'd throughly touch'd with Love and Acknowledgment, and aſſur'd her of his Intentions to marry her; but not expreſſing himſelf ſo ſatisfactory on that Head as ſhe deſir'd: Count, ſaid ſhe, I am willing to believe that you have no other Deſign than what you have told me; but whatever Aſſurances you can give me, I ſhall always ſuſpect them 'till they are authoriſed and confirm'd by my Father's Conſent. Madam, anſwer'd *Belflor*, I had

long ſince ask'd that, if I had not fear'd the obtaining it at the Expence of your Repoſe. I don't blame you for having not yet done it, reply'd *Leonora*, but even approve theſe more refin'd Punctilio's of your Love; but nothing at preſent hinders you, and you muſt ſpeak to my Father as ſoon as poſſible, or reſolve never to ſee me more.

Ah! why never ſee you more, charming *Leonora!* reply'd the Count. How little ſenſible are you of the Pleaſures of Love! If you knew what it was to love, as well as I, you would be pleas'd with my diſcloſing my Pains in ſecret, and at leaſt conceal them for ſome time from your Father's Knowledge. Oh how great are the Charms of ſuch a private Correſpondence betwixt two Hearts firmly united! They may prove ſo to you, ſaid *Leonora*, but they would be no other than Torments to me. Such ſubtle Diſtinctions of Tenderneſs very ill become a virtuous Maiden: Boaſt therefore no more of the Delights of a guilty Commerce, which if you valu'd me you would not have offer'd; and if your Intentions are really ſuch as you would perſuade me they are, you ought from the Bottom of your Soul to blame my hearing ſuch Offers ſo patiently. But alas, adds ſhe, letting fall ſome Tears, 'tis

to

to my Weakneſs alone that this Crime ought to be imputed; I have indeed deſerv'd it, by doing what I have done for you.

Adorable *Leonora*, cry'd the Count, you wrong me extreamly; your too ſcrupulous Virtue takes falſe Alarms. Why ſhould you fear, becauſe I have been ſo happy as to prevail on you to favour my Love, that I ſhould ceaſe to value you? How unjuſt is this? No, Madam, I am ſenſible of the full Value of your Favours; they can never deprive you of my Eſteem; I am therefore ready to do what you exact of me, and will ſpeak to Signior *Don Lewis* to Morrow. I will uſe my utmoſt Endeavour to obtain his Conſent to my Happineſs; but I muſt not omit telling you, that I ſee but ſmall Hopes of it. How! reply'd *Leonora*, can my Father poſſibly refuſe his Conſent to a Man of your Quality and Character at Court? 'Tis that very Character and Quality which makes me fear a Denial. You are ſurpriz'd at what I ſay; but will ceaſe to be ſo, when I acquaint you that ſome Days paſt the King declar'd he was reſolv'd to marry me. He hath not yet nam'd the Lady he deſigns me for, but has only given me to underſtand that ſhe is one of the beſt Matches at Court, and that he is firmly bent upon it.

Not knowing at that time what Sentiments you might have with regard to me, (for you very well know that your rigorous Severity never before allow'd me an Opportunity of diſcovering them) I did not ſhew any Averſeneſs to obey his Will. After this, judge, Madam, whether *Don Lewis* would run the riſque of the King's Diſpleaſure, by accepting me for his Son-in-Law.

No, doubtleſs, ſaid *Leonora*; I know my Father, how great ſoever the Advantages of your Alliance might prove, would chuſe rather to renounce it, than expoſe himſelf to the King's Diſpleaſure. But if my Father ſhould not oppoſe our Union, we ſhould not yet be the happier; for in ſhort, Count, how can you give me a Hand which the King has engag'd elſewhere? Madam, anſwer'd *Belflor*, I own ſincerely that I at preſent labour under a very great Difficulty on that ſide; but yet hope, that by an even and very prudent Conduct with regard to his Majeſty, I ſhall ſo well manage his Favours and Friendſhip for me, as to invent a way to avoid that threaten'd Misfortune. You your ſelf, beautiful *Leonora*, may aſſiſt me herein, if you think me worth joining to you. Ah! in what manner, ſaid ſhe, can I contribute to the breaking off the Match which the King has

has propos'd to you? Ah Madam, reply'd he with a paſſionate Air, if you pleaſe to receive my Troth, which I offer to plight to you, I can preſerve my ſelf for you, without incurring the King's Diſpleaſure. Permit, adorable *Leonora*, adds he kneeling, that I eſpouſe you in the Preſence of Madam *Marcella*, and let her be Witneſs of the Sanctity of our Engagement; by this means I ſhall eaſily eſcape thoſe miſerable Knots with which the World would bind me: For after that, whenever the King preſſes me to accept the Lady he deſigns me, I have nothing to do but proſtrate my ſelf at the Feet of my Prince, and inform him that I have long lov'd and ſecretly marry'd you. However deſirous he may be to marry me to another, he is yet too gracious to ſnatch me from her whom I adore, and too juſt to offer this Affront to your Family. What do you think, diſcreet *Marcella*, adds he turning to the *Governante*, what's your Opinion of this Project with which Love has this Minute inſpir'd me? I am charm'd with it, ſaid the *Duenna*; it muſt indeed be own'd that Love is very ingenious! And you, charming *Leonora*, reply'd the Count, what do you ſay to it? Can your Heart, tho' arm'd with Diſtruſt, refuſe its Approbation? No, return'd *Leonora*, provided

you will admit my Father into the Secret, who, I doubt not, will ſubſcribe to what you will have him.

We ought to be very careful how we intruſt this Affair with him, here interrupted the *Duenna:* You don't know *Don Lewis;* he is too nice in Punctilio's of Honour to be aſſiſting to ſecret Amours: The very Propoſal of a private Marriage will offend him. Beſides, his Prudence will not fail to make him afraid of the Conſequences of an Union which ſeems to ſhock the King's Deſigns. By this indiſcreet Step you will fill him with Suſpicions, his Eyes will be continually upon you in all your Actions, and he will deprive you of all Opportunities. Ah! I ſhall then die with Grief, cry'd our Courtier. But, Madam *Marcella*, purſu'd he, affecting a melancholy Tone, do you really believe that *Don Lewis* would reject the Offer of a private Marriage? I don't doubt it in the leaſt, anſwer'd the *Governante;* but grant that he ſhould accept it, he is ſo ſcrupulouſly religious that he would never yield to the Omiſſion of any of the Ceremonies of the Church, and if they are all performed in your Marriage it will ſoon be publiſh'd.

Ah my dear *Leonora*, then ſaid the Count, tenderly locking his Miſtreſs's Hand betwixt

betwixt his own, muſt we, to ſatisfie a vain Notion of Decorum, expoſe our ſelves to the terrible Danger of being ſeparated for ever? The Conſent of a Father would perhaps ſpare you ſome uneaſie Thoughts; but ſince Madam *Marcella* has ſhew'd us the Impoſſibility of obtaining it, yield your ſelf to my innocent Deſires; receive my Heart and Hand, and when it ſhall be a proper time to inform *Don Lewis* of our Engagement, we will acquaint him alſo why we conceal'd it. Well, Count, ſaid *Leonora*, I conſent then that you do not ſo ſoon ſpeak to my Father; but firſt ſound the King's Mind. Before I receive your Hand in private, ſpeak to our Prince, tell him you have privately marry'd me; let's endeavour by this falſe Confidence——Oh no, Madam, reply'd *Belflor*, I am too great a Hater of a Lie, to dare to maintain this Feint; I cannot thus diſſemble. Beſides, I know the King, if he ſhould diſcover that I had deceiv'd him, would not pardon it during his whole Life.

I ſhould never have done, Signior *Cleofas*, continu'd the Devil, if I ſhould repeat *verbatim* all the Expreſſions which *Belflor* made uſe of to ſeduce this young Lady. Wherefore I ſhall only tell you that he employ'd all the paſſionate Lauguage which I ſuggeſt

ſuggeſt to Men on the like Occaſions: But he had ſcarce ſworn that he would as ſoon as poſſible publickly confirm the Promiſe which he had made in ſecret; he had ſcarce call'd Heav'n to witneſs his Oaths, but he found he could not triumph over *Leonora*'s Virtue, and that the Day being ready to appear forc'd him againſt his Will to depart.

The next Day the *Duenna*, believing her Honour, or rather her Intereſt engag'd not to abandon her Enterpriſe, ſaid to *Don Lewis*'s Daughter; *Leonora*, I don't know what to ſay further to you; I find you oppoſe the Count's Paſſion, as tho' it had no other Aim but that of a bare Gallantry: Have you not obſerv'd ſomething in his Perſon that diſguſts you? No, good *Marcella*, anſwer'd *Leonora*; on the contrary, he never appear'd ſo amiable, and his Diſcourſe diſcover'd new Charms to me. If ſo, reply'd the *Governante*, I don't comprehend you: You are prepoſſeſs'd with a violent Inclination for him, and yet refuſe to yield to a thing, the Neceſſity of which has already been repreſented to you. My good Madam, reply'd *Don Lewis*'s Daughter, you have more Prudence and Experience than I; but have you conſider'd throughly the Conſequences which may reſult from a Marriage contracted

tracted without my Father's Knowledge? Yes, yes, anſwer'd the *Duenna*, I have made all neceſſary Reflection on that, and am very ſorry to ſee you ſo obſtinately reſiſt the glorious Settlement which his Fortune preſents you. Have a Care that your Obduracy does not weary and diſguſt your Lover, and be afraid leſt he ſhould caſt his Eyes on the Intereſt of his Fortune, which the Violence of his Paſſion has made him neglect. Since he offers to give you his Faith, accept it without farther Deliberation. His Word binds him; than which nothing is more ſacred to a Honour. Beſides, I am a Witneſs that he acknowledges you for his Wife. Don't you know that ſuch important Evidence as mine is ſufficient to condemn, in a Court of Juſtice, that Lover which ſhould dare to perjure himſelf?

It was by ſuch Language as this that the perfidious *Marcella* ſhock'd *Leonora*, who ſuffering all Reflections of the Danger that threaten'd her to wear off, in all Simplicity a few Days after abandon'd her ſelf to the Count's wicked Intentions.

The *Duenna* introduc'd him every Night by the Balcony into his Miſtreſs's Apartment, and let him out before Day. One Night having warn'd him to depart ſomewhat later than ordinary, and *Aurora* beginning

ginning to break through the Darkneſs, he haſtily endeavour'd to ſlide into the Street, but by Miſchance ſucceeded ſo ill that he got a very ſevere Fall. *Don Lewis de Ceſpedes*, whoſe Bed-chamber was under that of his Daughter, happening that Morning to riſe very early for the Diſpatch of ſome preſſing Affairs, heard the Count's Fall, and opening his Window to ſee what was the Occaſion of the Noiſe, perceiv'd a Man juſt riſen from the Ground with great Difficulty, and *Marcella* in his Daughter's Balcony; ſhe having drawn up the ſilken Ladder, which the Count had not made ſo good uſe of in his deſcending as in his Aſcent. *Don Lewis* rubb'd his Eyes, and at firſt took this Spectacle for an Illuſion; but after having conſider'd it, concluded that nothing was more real, and that the Day-Light, imperfect as it yet was, did but too much diſcover his Diſgrace. Confus'd at the fatal Sight, and tranſported by a juſt Rage, he haſted in his Night-Gown to *Leonora's* Apartment, with a Sword in one Hand, and a Wax-Candle in the other. He went in queſt of her and her *Governante*, in order to ſacrifice them both to his Reſentment. He knock'd at their Chamber-door, and commanded them to open it; they knew his Voice, and trembling obey'd. He enter'd with

with a furious Air, and diſcovering his naked Sword to their amaz'd Eyes; I come, ſaid he, to waſh away with her Blood the infamous Affront that Wretch has thrown upon her Father, and at the ſame time puniſh the villainous *Governante* which has betray'd the Truſt I repos'd in her.

They both fell upon their Knees, and the *Duenna* began; Signior, ſaid ſhe, before we receive the Chaſtiſement which you have prepar'd, vouchſafe to hear us one Moment. Well, Wretch, reply'd the old Gentleman, I conſent to ſuſpend my Vengeance for a Minute: Speak, inform me of all the Circumſtances of my Misfortunes. But what do I talk of all the Circumſtances? I know them all but one, and that is the Name of that raſh Man which has diſhonour'd my Family. Signior, reply'd Madam *Marcella*, the Count *de Belflor* is the Gentleman that hath done it. The Count *de Belflor!* ſaid *Don Lewis;* where has he ſeen my Daughter? by what Means has he ſeduc'd her? conceal nothing from me. Signior, reply'd the *Governante*, I will relate the whole Story to you with all the Sincerity I am capable of.

She then, with an infinite deal of Art, recited all the Expreſſions which ſhe had made *Leonora* believe the Count had ut-

ter'd

ter'd with regard to her: She painted him in the moſt lively Colours of a tender, ſcrupulous, and ſincere Lover. But not being able to elude the Diſcovery of the whole Truth, ſhe was oblig'd to tell it; but enlarg'd on the Reaſons that prevail'd with them to conceal from him the ſecret Marriage, and gave them ſuch an acceptable Turn, as appeas'd *Don Lewis*'s Rage. Which ſhe perfectly diſcerning, in order to compleatly ſoften the old Man, Signior, ſaid ſhe, this is what you deſir'd to know: Puniſh us this Minute; plunge your Sword in *Leonora*'s Breaſt. But what do I ſay? *Leonora* is innocent; ſhe has only follow'd the Counſels of a Woman which you intruſted with her Conduct, wherefore 'tis me alone againſt whom your Sword ſhould point. 'Tis I that have introduc'd the Count into your Daughter's Apartment, and alone have ty'd the Knot wherewith ſhe is bound. 'Tis I who have wink'd at all Irregularities in a Contract that was not back'd by your Authority, in order to ſecure you a Son-in-Law whoſe Intereſt you know is the Channel thro' which all Court Favours at preſent paſs. I had no other Aim than *Leonora*'s Happineſs, and the Advantage your Family may reap by ſuch an important Alliance; and indeed 'tis the Exceſs of Zeal to ſerve your Houſe

which

which alone has drawn me into this betraying of my Truſt.

While the ſubtle *Marcella* was thus cajoling the old Gentleman, her Miſtreſs ſpar'd no Tears, but diſcover'd ſuch a ſenſible Grief as he could not reſiſt. He grew tender, his Rage turn'd into Compaſſion, he dropt his Sword, and quitting the Air of an angry Father; Ah my Daughter! ſaid he with Tears in his Eyes, what a fatal Paſſion is Love! Alas, you are not ſenſible of all the Reaſons you have to afflict your ſelf. The Shame alone that muſt reſult from the Preſence of a Father who has ſurpriz'd you, muſt unavoidably draw Tears from you; beſides which, you don't yet foreſee all the Anxieties your Lover may perhaps prepare for you. And you, imprudent *Marcella*, to what a Precipice has your indiſcreet Zeal for my Family brought you? I acknowledge that ſuch a conſiderable Alliance as that of the Count might dazle your Eyes, and it is that alone which excuſes you to me: But, Wretch that you are, ought you not to have diſtruſted a Lover of his high Quality? The more Intereſt and Favour he can pretend to, the more you ought to have on your Guard againſt him. If he ſhould make no Scruple of breaking his Faith with *Leonora*, what Courſe ſhould I take? Should I implore

implore the Aſſiſtance of the Laws of the Land? a Perſon of his Character would eaſily be able to ſhelter himſelf from their Severity: And I wiſh that, continuing juſt to his Oaths, he prove willing to keep his Word with my Daughter; for if the King, as you ſay, deſigns to oblige him to marry another Lady, 'tis very much to be fear'd that his Majeſty will force him to it by the Vertue of his Prerogative.

Oh Sir, interrupted *Leonora*, that ought not to alarm you; the Count has very well aſſur'd us, that the King will not commit ſuch a great Violence on his Paſſion. I am perſuaded, ſaid *Marcella*, his Majeſty is too fond of his Favourite to exerciſe ſuch a Tyranny over him, and alſo that he is too generous to plung into a fatal Grief *Don Lewis de Ceſpides*, who has ſpent all his beſt Days in the Service of the Publick. Pray Heav'n it prove ſo, reply'd the old Gentleman weeping, and that my Fears prove vain! I will go to the Count, and deſire him to explain this Affair. A Father's Eyes are piercing, and I ſhall diſcover the deepeſt Receſſes of his Soul. If I find him in the Diſpoſition which I wiſh, I will pardon what is paſt; but, adds he in a more reſolute Tone, if by his Diſcourſe I diſcover a perfidious Heart, you ſhall both with Tears bewail your Imprudence in

in a melancholy Retirement the Remainder of your Days. At theſe Words he took up his Sword, and leaving them to the frightful Thoughts he had rais'd in them, return'd to his Apartment to dreſs.

Signior *Aſmodeo*, ſaid *Don Cleofas* in this Place, before you relate the Sequel of this Story, tell me, I beſeech you, what is doing in that Apartment hung with Musk-colour'd Cloth? I ſee five or ſix Women crouding and preſſing one another to thruſt Glaſs-Bottles into the Hands of a ſort of Servant. That is ſomewhat worth your Obſervation, anſwer'd the Devil. In that Apartment an *Inquiſitor* lyes ſick; he is lodg'd in the Chamber where you ſee two Women watching with him: They are two of his Penitents; one is employ'd in making Broths for him, and the other at his Boulſter is keeping his Head warm. Pray what is his Diſtemper? ſaid the Scholar. A little Cold in his Head, reply'd the *Dæmon*; and 'tis to be fear'd the Rheum may fall on his Breaſt. The other Women which you ſee in his Anti-Chamber are alſo devout Ladies, who, on the News of his Indiſpoſition, run thither in all haſte with their Medicines. One of them has brought him for his Cough *Syrups* of *Jujubes*, *Marſh-mallows*, *Coral*, and *Colts-foot*; another, to preſerve his

Reverence's Lungs, is laden with *Syrups* of *Long-life*, *Veronica*, *Immortality*, and *Elixir Proprietatis*; another, to fortifie his Brain and Stomach, has brought *Baum*, *Cinamon*, and *Treacle-Water*, beſides the *Divine Water*, and *Eſſences* of *Nutmegs* and *Amber-griſe*; this comes to offer him *Anacardine* and *Bezoartick Confections*; and that, *Tinctures* of *Clove-July-Flowers*, *Coral*, *Mille-florum*, *the Sun*, and *Emeralds*. All theſe Women are boaſting the Efficacy of their Remedies to the Inquiſitor's Footman; they take him aſide one after another, and each of them clapping a Ducat in his Hand, thus whiſpers him in the Ear: *Lawrence*, dear *Lawrence*, I entreat you not to fail preferring my Medicines to all the reſt. This is what you deſir'd, continu'd the Devil, and I will now continue the Thread of my Story.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

The Continuation and Concluſion of the Hiſtory of the Count and Leonora.

DON Lewis went early to the Count, who not ſuſpecting he was diſcover'd, was ſurpriz'd with this Viſit. He ſtept forward to meet him at his Entrance, and after having tir'd him with Embraces, How great is my Joy, ſaid he, to ſee *Don Lewis* here! doth he come to offer me any Opportunity of ſerving him? My Lord, anſwer'd *Don Lewis*, order, if you pleaſe, that we be alone; which *Belflor* accordingly did, and they both ſate down, when the old Man thus began: My Lord, ſaid he, my Honour and Repoſe require an Explanation, which I come to ask of you: I ſaw you this Morning go out of *Leonora*'s Apartment; ſhe has confeſs'd all, ſhe has told me —— She has told you that I love her, interrupted the Count, to avoid a Diſcourſe which he was not fond of hearing: But ſhe has but feebly expreſs'd all that I feel for her. I am enchanted; ſhe is a Lady all over adorable; ſhe has Wit, Beauty, Virtue; no Perfection is wanting. I have been told that you have a Son at

the Univerſity of *Alcala*; is he like his Siſter? If he hath her Beauty, and reſemble you in other Excellencies, he muſt be a compleat Gentleman. I die with Deſire to ſee him, and offer you all my Intereſt to ſerve him.

I am indebted to you for that Offer, ſaid *Don Lewis* gravely; but to come to —— He ought to be enter'd in the Service immediately, interrupted the Count again; I charge my ſelf with the Care of his Fortune; I aſſure you that he ſhall not wade amongſt the Croud of Officers. Anſwer me, Count, reply'd the old Gentleman haſtily, and leave off your Interruption. Do you deſign to keep your Promiſe ——Yes, without doubt, interrupted *Belflor* the third time; I will keep my Word which I have given you to ſtand by your Son with all my Intereſt; depend upon me, I am a ſincere Man. 'Tis too much, cry'd *Ceſpides*, riſing up, after having ſeduc'd my Daughter, that you dare inſult me; but know, I am a Gentleman, and the Injury you have done me ſhall not remain unpuniſh'd. At the end of theſe Words he return'd home with a Heart full of Reſentment, and contriving a hundred Projects to compaſs his Revenge.

He told *Leonora* and *Marcella* very angrily, It was not without ground that I ſuſpected

ſuſpected the Count; he is a Traitor, on whom I will be reveng'd: And as for you two, you ſhall to Morrow be enter'd in a Convent; you have nothing to do but prepare your ſelves, and thank Heav'n my Rage contents it ſelf with that Chaſtiſement. He then went and lock'd himſelf up in his Cloſet, to deliberate what Courſe to take in ſuch a nice Conjuncture.

How great was *Leonora*'s Grief when ſhe heard *Belflor* was perfidious! She remain'd ſome Time without Motion; a mortal Paleneſs cover'd her Face, her Spirits fled, and motionleſs ſhe fell into the Arms of her *Governante*; who fearing ſhe would then die, us'd all her Endeavours to get her out of this Fit: They ſucceeded, and *Leonora* reaſſuming the Uſe of her Senſes, and ſeeing her *Governante* very officiouſly helping her, How barbarous are you! ſaid ſhe with a deep Sigh; why did you force me out of the happy State in which I was? I was not then ſenſible of the Horror of my Fate. Why did you not let me die? You, who well know all the tormenting Griefs which muſt diſturb the Repoſe of my Life, wherefore did you keep me alive?

Marcella endeavour'd to comfort her; but that only encreas'd her Torment. All your Talk is ſuperfluous, cry'd *Don Lewis*'s

Daughter; I will hear nothing. Don't loſe your time in attempting to abate my Deſpair, you ought rather to raiſe it. You, who have plung'd me into the Abyſs of Miſery in which I now am? 'Tis you who vouch'd for the Count's Sincerity; without you I had never yielded my ſelf to my Inclinations for him, which I ſhould inſenſibly have conquer'd, or however at leaſt he would never have been able to have gain'd the leaſt Advantage over me. But I will not, continu'd ſhe, charge my Miſery on you, I accuſe no body but my ſelf. I ought not to have follow'd your Advice in the Acceptation of a Man's Faith, without conſulting my Father. How dazling ſoever the Count's Addreſs might appear to me, I ought to have deſpis'd rather than complimented it at the expence of my Honour: In ſhort, I ought to have diſtruſted him, you and my ſelf. Since I have been ſo weak as to yield to his perfidious Oaths, after the Affliction which I have brought to *Don Lewis*, and the Diſhonour I have done my Family, I hate my ſelf; and am ſo far from fearing the Retirement with which I am threaten'd, that I am fond of hiding my Shame in the moſt diſmal Retreat in the World. Theſe paſſionate Words were not only accompany'd with abundance of Tears, but ſhe withal

withal tore her Cloaths in Pieces, and reveng'd the Injuſtice of her Lover on her beautiful Hair.

The *Duenna*, to ſuit her ſelf to her Miſtreſs's Grief, did not ſpare for Grimaces and diſtorted Faces. She dropp'd ſome of thoſe Tears ſhe had always at command; ſhe imprecated a thouſand Curſes on Mankind in general, and the Count in particular. Is it poſſible, exclaim'd ſhe, that *Belflor*, who ſeem'd ſo full of Juſtice and Probity, ſhould prove ſuch a Villain as to deceive us both! I cannot extricate my ſelf out of this Surprize, or rather, I cannot yet perſuade my ſelf that it is ſo.

When I fanſie him at my Knees, ſaid *Leonora*, what Maiden would not have truſted his tender engaging Air, and depended on thoſe Oaths which he ſo audaciouſly invok'd Heav'n to witneſs, and thoſe Tranſports which he inceſſantly repeated? Beſides, his Eyes diſcover'd more Love than his Mouth expreſs'd, and the very Sight of me ſeem'd to charm him. No, he did not deceive me; I can't think it. My Father muſt not have talk'd with him ſo diſcreetly as he ought; they both grew warm, and the Count anſwer'd leſs like a Lover than a great Lord. But alſo perhaps I flatter my ſelf! I muſt extricate my ſelf out of this Uncertainty. I will then write

to *Belflor*, and tell him that I expect him here this Night: I desire that he should secure my alarm'd Heart, or confirm his Treachery. *Marcella* applauded the Design, and was not her self without hope that the Count, ambitious as he was, yet touch'd by *Leonora*'s Tears, might fall from his Resolution in this Interview, and determine to marry her.

In the mean while, *Belflor* having rid himself of honest *Don Lewis*, continu'd in his Apartment, reflecting on the Consequences which might result from the Reception he had just given him. He firmly concluded that the whole Family of the *Cespides*, enrag'd at the Injury done to their House, would study Revenge; but that did not much disturb him: The Interest of his Love much more employ'd his Thoughts. He imagin'd that *Leonora* would be put into a Convent, or at least that she would be kept so strictly watch'd, that in all probability he should never see her more. This Thought afflicted him, and his Mind was wholly taken up with the Search after some Way to escape this Misfortune, when his *Valet de Chambre* brought him a Letter which *Marcella* had just put into his Hands. It was a Billet from *Leonora*, whose Contents ran thus: *I am to Morrow to quit the World, and bury my*

my ſelf in a ſolitary Retirement, where I ſhall have the Horror of ſeeing my ſelf diſhonour'd, odious to my Family and my ſelf; this is the deplorable Condition to which I am reduc'd by believing you. I expect you once more this Night. In my Deſpair I hunt after new Torments: Come and own to me that your Heart had no part in any of the Oaths which your Mouth ſwore to me, or juſtifie their Sincerity by a Conduct which alone can ſoften the Rigour of my Fate. Perhaps this Meeting may be attended with ſome Danger, after what has paſs'd betwixt you and my Father; take care therefore that you be accompany'd by a Friend. Tho' you have occaſion'd all the Miſeries of my Life, I yet feel my ſelf concern'd for yours.

The Count read this Letter twice or thrice over, and repreſenting *Leonora* in the Condition in which ſhe deſcrib'd, he melted into Compaſſion. He ſeriouſly reflected on what he had done; Juſtice, Probity and Honour, all the Laws of which his Paſſion had hurried him on to the Violation of, began to reſume their Empire over him. He ſuddenly found his Blindneſs diſſipated, and like a Man juſt got out of a violent Fever, bluſh'd at the extravagant Words and Actions which had eſcap'd him; he was aſham'd of all the baſe

Artifices

Artifices he had us'd to ſatisfie his Deſires. Wretch that I am, cry'd he, what have I done? What Devil poſſeſs'd me? I promis'd to marry *Leonora*; I call'd Heav'n to witneſs it; I feign'd that the King propoſs'd a Match to me; I have made uſe of Lies, Perfidiouſneſs and Sacrilege to corrupt her Innocence; what Madneſs had ſeiz'd me? Had I not much better employ'd my utmoſt Efforts in the ſuppreſſion of my Love, than by ſatisfying it in ſuch criminal ways? But here is a Gentlewoman ſeduc'd; I abandon her to the Anger of her Relations, who, with her, I have alſo diſhonour'd, and render her miſerable in Reward of her making me happy. Ah, how barbarous is that Ingratitude! Ought I not rather to repair the Diſgrace and Infamy I have done her? Yes, I ought; and I will, by marrying her, diſcharge the Promiſe I made her. Who is there can oppoſe ſo juſt an Intention? Ought her Tenderneſs to prejudice me againſt her Virtue? No: I know how much her Reſiſtance coſt me to conquer it; and ſhe rather yielded to my ſworn Faith, than my amorous Tranſports.——But on the other ſide, if I confine my ſelf to this Choice I ſhall be a conſiderable Sufferer. I, who may pretend to the nobleſt and richeſt Heireſſes in the Kingdom, ſhall I content my ſelf with

with a private Gentleman's Daughter of a moderate Fortune? What will the Court think of me? They will ſay I have marry'd very ridiculouſly.

Belflor thus divided betwixt Love and Ambition, did not know to which to incline: But tho' he was not yet reſolv'd whether he ſhould marry *Leonora* or not, he yet determin'd to go to her that Evening.

Don Lewis, on the other ſide, paſs'd the Day in contriving the Reſtoration of his Honour. The Conjuncture was very nice; to have recourſe to the Laws was to publiſh his Diſhonour; beſides, he very much fear'd that Juſtice might be on one ſide, and the Judges declare on the other. He durſt not throw himſelf at the King's Feet, for believing that Prince deſign'd to marry the Count, he was afraid it would be in vain. No Satisfaction was then left beſides that of Arms, and it was this he concluded on. In the heat of his Reſentment he was tempted to ſend a Challenge; but beginning to conſider that he was too old and feeble to rely on his own Arm, he choſe rather to put it into the Hands of his Son, whoſe Puſhes would be more ſecure than his. He then ſent a Footman to *Alcala*, with a Letter for his Son; by which he commanded him to come immediately

mediately to *Madrid*, to revenge an Injury done to the Family of the *Ceſpides*.

Don Pedro, his Son, was a Gentleman of eighteen Years old, perfectly handſome, and ſo brave that he paſs'd in the City of *Alcala* for the moſt terrible of all the Scholars of the Univerſity; but you know him, adds the Devil, wherefore 'tis needleſs for me to enlarge farther on his Character. It is true, ſaid *Cleofas*, he has all the Valour and Merit which is poſſible to centre in ſuch a young Man. He was not then at *Alcala*, as his Father ſuppos'd, reply'd *Aſmodeo*; but the Deſire of ſeeing a Lady which he lov'd had brought him to *Madrid*. The laſt time he had been there to ſee his Relations, he made this Conqueſt. He did not yet know her Name; for ſhe had oblig'd him not to uſe any means to inform himſelf; to which cruel Neceſſity he ſubmitted, tho' with great difficulty. It was a Woman of Quality, who had conceiv'd a Paſſion for him, and believing ſhe ought to diſtruſt the Diſcretion and Conſtancy of a Scholar, ſhe thought fit to try him before ſhe diſcover'd her ſelf. This unknown Fair One took up more of his Thoughts than *Ariſtotle*'s Philoſophy; and *Alcala* being ſituate ſo near this City, he, as you have done, often plaid truant; with this only dif-

difference, that it was for the ſake of an Object which deſerv'd much better than your *Donna Thomaſa*. To conceal the Knowledge of his amorous Journey from *Don Lewis*, his Father, he us'd to lodge at an Inn in the Out-part of the City, where he carefully ſhelter'd himſelf under a borrow'd Name. He never went out but at a certain Hour in the Morning, when he was oblig'd to go to a Houſe where the Lady, which occaſion'd this neglect of his Studies, was ſo kind as to come, accompany'd by a Chamber-maid. He then liv'd lock'd up in his Inn the reſt of the Day; but in requital, at Night he walk'd all over the City.

It happen'd one Night as he croſs'd a By-ſtreet, he heard the Sound of ſeveral Voices and Inſtruments which ſeem'd worth his Attention; whereupon he ſtopp'd, and found it to be a Serenade given by a Gentleman that was drunk, and naturally very brutiſhly rude. He had no ſooner diſcern'd our Scholar, than he immediately came to him, and without any other Compliment; Friend, ſaid he, in a haſty Tone, go about your Buſineſs, I don't love inquiſitive People. I might have withdrawn, anſwer'd *Don Pedro* ſhock'd at theſe Words, if you had deſir'd me in a civiller manner; but I will ſtay to learn you

you how to ſpeak. We ſhall ſee then, ſaid the Maſter of the Conſort, drawing his Sword, which of us two ſhall yield the Place to the other. *Don Pedro* alſo pull'd out his Sword, and they began to engage. Tho' the Maſter of the Serenade acquitted himſelf with great dexterity, he could not yet parry a mortal Thruſt, upon the Receipt of which he fell dead on the Spot. All the Actors of the Conſort, who had by this time quitted their Muſick, and were drawing their Swords to aſſiſt him, now came on to revenge his Death. They all at once fell upon *Don Pedro*, who on this occaſion ſhew'd his utmoſt Skill; for beſides parrying with a ſurprizing Dexterity all the Paſſes made at him, he himſelf made very vigorous ones, and at once kept all his Enemies employ'd. But they ſo obſtinately perſiſting, and their Number being too great, as able a Fencer as he was, he could not have eſcap'd alive, if the Count *de Belflor*, who then paſs'd by, had not taken his part.

The Count wanting neither Courage nor a large ſhare of Generoſity, could not ſee ſo many Swords drawn upon one Man, without engaging himſelf on his ſide. He drew, and joining with *Don Pedro*, he puſh'd ſo briskly at the Serenaders that they all fled, ſome wounded, and others for fear of

of being ſo. After their Retreat the Scholar began to thank the Count for his Aſſiſtance; but *Belflor* interrupting him: No more of that, ſaid he, are you not wounded? No, reply'd *Don Pedro.* Let's get from this Place, reply'd the Count, I ſee you have kill'd a Man; 'tis dangerous to ſtay longer in this Street; you may perhaps be ſeiz'd. Upon which they immediately making the beſt of their way, got into another Street; and when they were advanc'd a good diſtance from the Place where they fought, they ſtopp'd.

Don Pedro, very ſenſibly influenc'd by juſt and grateful Sentiments, entreated the Count not to conceal from him the Name of a Gentleman to whom he was ſo much oblig'd. *Belflor* made no ſcruple of telling it, and alſo deſir'd to know his. But the Scholar, unwilling to diſcover himſelf, ſaid his Name was *Don Juan de Matos*, and aſſur'd the Count that he would never forget what he had done for him. I would willingly, ſaid the Count, preſent you with an Opportunity of diſcharging your Obligation to me this very Night. I am engag'd to a Meeting not wholly free from Danger, and was going in ſearch of a Friend to go with me. I am ſenſible of your Valour, and therefore, *Don Juan*, I deſire your Company. Your ſeeming

to

to doubt it renders me ſomewhat uneaſie, reply'd the Scholar; I don't know how to imploy the Life which you have ſav'd, better than to expoſe it for you. Let's make haſte; I am ready to follow you. *Belflor* then conducted *Don Pedro* to *Don Lewis*'s Houſe, and by the Balcony they both enter'd *Leonora*'s Apartment.

Here *Don Cleofas* interrupted the Devil; Signior *Aſmodeo*, how was it poſſible *Don Pedro* ſhould not know his Father's Houſe? That was impoſſible, reply'd the *Dæmon*, for *Don Lewis* had not remov'd to this Houſe above eight Days; which I deſign'd to have told you, had not you interrupted me. You are too haſty, and have gotten an ill Cuſtom of breaking the Thread of other Peoples Diſcourſe. Pray correct that Fault in your ſelf.

Don Pedro, continu'd the Devil, did not ſo much as ſuſpect that he was at his Father's Houſe, nor thought ſhe who introduc'd him was Madam *Marcella*, by reaſon ſhe receiv'd him in the Dark in an Anti-Chamber, where *Belflor* entreated his Companion to ſtay as long as he ſhould remain with the Lady: To which the Scholar conſented, and ſate down with his naked Sword in his Hand for fear of a Surprize. His Thoughts were taken up with the Favours which he concluded Love was

ſhowering

ſhowering on *Belflor*, and wiſh'd himſelf as happy as he; for tho' he was not ill-treated by his unknown Miſtreſs, ſhe had not yet all the Tenderneſs for him which *Leonora* had for the Count. Whilſt he was making all the Reflections on this Adventure that could poſſibly occur to the Mind of a paſſionate Lover, he heard a Perſon ſoftly endeavouring to open another Door beſides that of the Lovers, and diſcern'd a glimmering Light thro' the Key-hole. He haſtily aroſe, made towards the Door that open'd, and preſented the Point of his naked Sword to the Breaſt of his Father, who was going to *Leonora*'s Apartment, to ſee whether the Count was not there. The good old Gentleman did not believe, after what had paſs'd, that his Daughter and *Marcella* would again venture to admit him, which alone prevented his lodging them in another Apartment. But yet he was apt to think, that before their Entrance into the Convent on the Morrow, they might be willing to take their laſt Leave of ſpeaking with him. Whoever thou art, ſaid the Scholar, don't enter this Room, on peril of thy Life. At theſe Words *Don Lewis* look'd at *Don Pedro*, whoſe Eyes were fix'd on him with equal Attention; ſo that they ſoon knew each other. Ah my Son, ſaid the old Gentle-

man, with what Impatience have I expected you! why did not you advertiſe me of your Arrival? were you afraid of breaking my Reſt? Alas! I am incapable of any Repoſe in the miſerable Condition in which I at preſent am. Oh my Father, ſaid *Don Pedro* all in Confuſion, is it you that I ſee? are not my Eyes deceiv'd by a falſe Apparition? Whence proceeds this Surprize? reply'd *Don Lewis:* Are you not at your Father's Houſe? Did I not acquaint you by my Letter, that eight Days ſince I remov'd hither? Juſt Heav'n, reply'd the Scholar, what do I hear? I am then at preſent in my Siſter's Apartment.

At theſe Words, the Count, who had heard the Noiſe, and ſuppos'd that his Guard was attack'd, came out of *Leonora*'s Chamber with his Sword in his Hand. The old Gentleman, diſtracted at this Sight, and ſhewing him to his Son, cry'd out, That is the audacious Villain which has robb'd me of my Reſt, and caſt a fatal Stain upon the Honour of our Houſe; let us then revenge our ſelves, let us inſtantly puniſh the Traitor. Theſe Words were no ſooner out of his Mouth than he drew the Sword he had under his Night-Gown, and began to attack the Count; but *Don Pedro* reſtrain'd him. Stay, Father, ſaid he, I beg you to moderate the Tranſports of

of your Rage. What do you mean, my Son? anſwer'd the old Man: Why do you hold my Arm? You doubtleſs think 'tis too weak to revenge us. Well then, take Satisfaction your ſelf for the Affront given to our Family, which is the only Reaſon why I ſent for you to *Madrid*. If you fall, I will ſecond you: The Count muſt periſh by our Hands, or take away both our Lives, after having robb'd us of our Honour.

Father, reply'd *Don Pedro*, I cannot yield to what your Impatience expects of me. I am ſo very far from attempting the Count's Life, that I came hither to defend it; my Word is paſs'd for it, and my Honour demands it. Let's then retire, my Lord, continu'd he, addreſſing himſelf to *Belflor*. Hah! baſe Wretch, interrupted *Don Lewis*, looking on *Don Pedro* with a very angry Air, doſt thou thy ſelf oppoſe the Execution of a Vengeance wherein all thy Force ought to have been employ'd? My Son, my own Son, correſponds with the perfidious Wretch that has ſeduc'd my Daughter: But don't think to eſcape my Reſentment; I will call up all my Domeſticks, who ſhall revenge me of your Treachery and baſe Cowardice. Sir, reply'd *Don Pedro*, be juſter to your Son, and don't call him Coward, for he

never deſerv'd that hateful Name. The Count has ſav'd my Life this Night. He propos'd my going with him, whither I did not know, but on a certain Appointment: I offer'd to ſhare the Dangers he might encounter, without ever ſuſpecting that my Gratitude would imprudently engage my Arm againſt the Honour of my Family. My Word then obliges me to defend his Life here; and in ſo doing I ſhall diſcharge it: Not that I am leſs ſenſibly touch'd with the Injury he has done our Family; and to Morrow you ſhall ſee me as eager to ſhed his Blood, as you now ſee me zealous in the Preſervation of his Life.

The Count, who had hitherto remain'd ſilent, being throughly ſtruck with the amazing Circumſtances of this Adventure, now ſpoke. Perhaps, ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to *Don Pedro*, you may meet with but indifferent Succeſs, in revenging this Injury by Force of Arms: I will offer you a ſurer way of re-eſtabliſhing your Honour. I freely own to you, that to this Day I never deſign'd to marry *Leonora*; but I this Morning receiv'd a Letter from her, wherewith I was ſenſibly touch'd; her Tears have juſt compleated the Work, and the Happineſs of being her Husband is at preſent the utmoſt of my Deſires. If the King deſigns you another Wife, ſaid

Don

Don Lewis, how will you diſpence with— The King never propos'd any Match to me, interrupted *Belflor* bluſhing: Pray pardon that Fiction in a Man, whoſe Reaſon Love had diſturb'd. 'Tis a Crime which the Violence of my Paſſion hurry'd me on to commit, and which I expiate by confeſſing it. My Lord, reply'd the old Gentleman, after an Acknowledgment ſo ſutable to a great Mind, I no longer doubt your Sincerity: I ſee you are reſolv'd effectually to repair the Injury we have receiv'd, and my Anger yields to the Aſſurances you have given me; permit me then to forget my Reſentment in your Arms. At theſe Words he ran to the Count, who flew to prevent him: They mutually embrac'd ſeveral times; and *Belflor* turning himſelf to *Don Pedro*, And you, you, the counterfeit *Don Juan*, ſaid he, you who have gain'd my Eſteem by an unparallel'd Valour and a noble Mind, allow me to vow a ſincere fraternal Friendſhip to you. At theſe Words he embrac'd *Don Pedro*, who receiving his Careſſes with a ſubmiſſive and reſpectful Air, thus anſwer'd him: My Lord, in promiſing me ſuch a valuable Friendſhip, you engage mine; and I entreat that you would always conclude me one who will continue devoted to you to the End of my Life.

In the mean while *Leonora*, who was liſtening all the time at the Chamber-door, did not loſe one Word of whatever they ſaid. She was at firſt tempted to throw her ſelf in the middle of the Swords, without knowing why; but *Marcella* prevented her: And when that dextrous *Duenna* perceiv'd all things likely to end ſo amiably, ſhe concluded that her Preſence and that of her Miſtreſs would not prejudice the Accommodation; whereupon they both appear'd with their Handkerchiefs in their Hands, and weeping ran to proſtrate themſelves at *Don Lewis*'s Feet. They fear'd, and not without Reaſon, after their being ſurpriz'd laſt Night, that the old Gentleman's Anger might return: But raiſing *Leonora*, he ſaid, Daughter, dry up your Tears, I will not blame you any more; ſince your Lover is reſolv'd to keep the Faith which he has ſworn to you, I yield to forget what is paſt.

Yes, *Don Lewis*, ſaid the Count, I will marry *Leonora*; and yet better to repair the Injury I have done you, to give you an entire Satisfaction, and your Son a Pledge of my Friendſhip for him, I offer him my Siſter *Eugenia*. Ah, my Lord, cry'd *Don Lewis* in a Rapture, how ſenſible am I of the Honour you do my Son! What Father was ever happier? You now

ſhower

ſhower as much Joy on me, as before you loaded me with Sorrow.

Tho' the old Man was charm'd with the Count's Offer, yet *Don Pedro* was not: Being wholly taken up with the Thoughts of his unknown Lady, he was ſo diſturb'd and confus'd that he could not ſay one Word. But *Belflor*, without regarding his Trouble, departed; telling them he would order all the neceſſary Preparations to be made for this double Union, and aſſuring them that he was impatient 'till he was fix'd to them by theſe ſtrict Bonds.

After his Departure *Don Lewis* left *Leonora* in her Apartment, and went into his own with *Don Pedro*; who with all the Frankneſs of a young Scholar ſaid, Sir, I beg you would diſpence with my marrying the Count's Siſter: 'Tis enough that he marry *Leonora*; that will be ſufficient to retrieve the Honour of our Family. What, Son! reply'd the old Man; can you refuſe to marry the Count's Siſter? Yes, Father, reply'd *Don Pedro*; that Union, I own, would prove a cruel Torment to me, the Cauſe of which I will not conceal. I love, or rather adore a charming Lady; ſhe admits me, and ſhe alone can render my Life happy. How miſerable is the State of a Father! ſaid *Don Lewis*; he ſcarce ever finds his Children diſpos'd to do what he

deſires. But who then is this Lady which has made ſuch violent Impreſſions on you? I don't yet know, anſwer'd *Don Pedro*; ſhe has promis'd to inform me, when ſhe ſhall be fully ſatisfy'd of my Diſcretion and Conſtancy, nor do I doubt but ſhe is one of the moſt conſiderable Families at Court. And do you fancy, reply'd the old Man, changing his Tone, that I will be ſo complaiſant as to approve your Romantick Love? That I ſhall ſuffer you to quit the moſt glorious Eſtabliſhment that Fortune can ever offer you, to keep you conſtant to a Perſon of whom you don't know ſo much as her Name? Stifle rather theſe Sentiments for an Object, which perhaps may be unworthy of them, and think of nothing but deſerving the Honour which the Count is doing you. All theſe Diſcourſes are in vain, Father, reply'd the Scholar; I feel it impoſſible for me ever to forget my unknown Fair; nothing can diſengage me from her: Should the *Infanta* be offer'd me—— Hold, cry'd the Father haſtily; 'tis too inſolent to boaſt a Conſtancy which raiſes my Anger. Be gone, and never let me ſee you again, before you are reſolv'd to obey me.

Don Pedro durſt not reply to theſe Words, for fear of drawing on more ſevere ones. He retir'd to his Chamber, where

where he paſs'd the reſt of the Night in making Reflections equally melancholy and agreeable. He conſider'd with Grief that he was going to break with all his Family, by refuſing to marry the Count's Siſter. But he was perfectly comforted when he repreſented to himſelf how his unknown Lady muſt value him for ſuch a Sacrifice. He flatter'd himſelf, that after ſuch a ſhining Proof of his Fidelity, ſhe would not fail to diſcover her Quality, which he imagin'd little inferior to that of *Eugenia*. With theſe Hopes, as ſoon as it was Day, he went to take a Walk on the *Prado*, expecting the appointed Hour to go to the Apartment of *Donna Juana*; for that was the Name of the Lady in whoſe Lodgings he us'd to meet his Miſtreſs every Morning. He waited the happy Moment with great Impatience, and when it was come, flew to the Place of Rendezvous.

He found his unknown Charmer come thither ſooner than ordinary; but touch'd with ſuch a ſenſible Grief, as expreſs'd it ſelf to *Donna Juana* in ſhowers of Tears. A diſmal Spectacle for her Love! All in Confuſion he approach'd her, and flinging himſelf at her Knees: Madam, ſaid he, what muſt I think of the Condition in which I ſee you? Doubtleſs, anſwer'd ſhe,

you

you don't expect the fatal Blow which I bring you. Cruel Fortune is ſeparating us for ever, and we are never to ſee each other more.

She accompany'd theſe Words with ſo many Sighs, that I don't know whether *Don Pedro* was more touch'd with what ſhe ſaid, or the Grief ſhe diſcover'd in the Utterance of it. Juſt Heav'n, cry'd he, with an exceſs of Rage which he could not reſtrain, is it poſſible for you to ſuffer the breaking of an Union, the Innocence of which you know! But, Madam, adds he, perhaps you have taken a falſe Alarm. Is it certainly true that you will be torn from the moſt faithful Lover that ever was? Muſt I really be the moſt miſerable of all Men? Our ill Fate is but too ſure, anſwer'd the unknown Fair. My Brother, on whom I depend, will marry me this Day, as he has juſt this Minute declar'd to me. Ah! who is that happy Bridegroom? very haſtily reply'd *Don Pedro*; name him to me, Madam: I will, in my Deſpair—— I don't yet know his Name, interrupted the Lady; my Brother would not acquaint me with it. He told me that he deſir'd I ſhould firſt ſee the Gentleman. But, Madam, ſaid *Don Pedro*, did you ſubmit to a Brother's Will without Reſiſtance? Did you ſuffer your ſelf to be dragg'd

dragg'd to the Altar, without complaining on the Cruelty of the Sacrifice? Did you make no Attempts in my Favour? Alas, I was not afraid of expoſing my ſelf to my Father's Rage, to reſerve my ſelf entirely yours! His Threats could not ſhock my Fidelity; and with what Rigour ſoever he may treat me, I will not marry the Lady he propoſes, tho' the Match is very advantageous. And who is this Lady? ſaid the unknown Beauty. 'Tis the Count *de Belflor*'s Siſter, reply'd the Scholar. Ah, *Don Pedro*, reply'd ſhe, diſcovering an extream Surprize, you doubtleſs miſtake; you are not ſure of what you ſay! Is it really *Eugenia de Belflor* which is propos'd to you? Yes, Madam, reply'd *Don Pedro*, the Count himſelf made the Offer. How, cry'd ſhe, is it poſſible that you ſhould be the Cavalier for who my Brother deſigns me? What do I hear, cry'd *Don Pedro* in his turn, is my unknown Angel then *Eugenia de Belflor?* Yes, *Don Pedro*, reply'd ſhe, but I ſcarce believe my ſelf this Moment to be any longer ſo; ſo hard is it for me to perſuade my ſelf of the Reality of the Happineſs of which you aſſure me.

At theſe Words *Don Pedro* embrac'd her Knees, ſeiz'd one of her Hands with all the Raptures that a Lover ſuddenly remov'd from the Extremities of Pain to an

Exceſs

Exceſs of Joy could poſſibly feel. Whilſt he thus abandon'd himſelf to the Motions of his Love, *Eugenia* on her Part gave him a thouſand Proofs of her Affection, which ſhe accompany'd with tender engaging Expreſſions: What racking Pains, ſaid ſhe, would my Brother have ſpar'd me, had he but nam'd the Husband he deſign'd me? What Averſion had I already conceiv'd for my Spouſe? Ah, my dear *Don Pedro*, how much did I hate you? Bright *Eugenia*, anſwer'd he, how charming is that Hatred to me? I will deſerve it by adoring you all my Life.

After theſe two Lovers had given each other all the moſt moving Signs of their mutual Tenderneſſes, *Eugenia*, deſir'd to know how the Scholar could gain her Brother's Friendſhip. *Don Pedro* did not conceal from her the Amours of the Count and his Siſter, but related to her all that paſs'd the laſt Night. She was infinitely pleas'd to hear that her Brother was to marry her Lover's Siſter; and *Donna Juana* had too great a ſhare in her Friends Fate, not to be touch'd with this happy Event. She teſtify'd her Joy as well *Don Pedro*, who at laſt left *Eugenia*, after their having mutually reſolv'd not to ſeem to know one another when they appear'd before the Count.

Don

Don Pedro return'd to his Father, who finding him perfectly diſpos'd to Obedience, was the better pleas'd, becauſe he aſcrib'd it to his reſolute manner of deporting himſelf towards his Son the laſt Night. They expected News from the Count the very Minute they receiv'd a Letter from him, which advis'd them that he had juſt obtain'd the King's Conſent to his Marriage, and that of his Siſter, with the Addition of a conſiderable Poſt for *Don Pedro*; that on the Morrow both Nuptials might be celebrated, his Orders having been ſo diligently executed, that all the Preparations were already far advanc'd. He came in the Afternoon to confirm what he had written, and to preſent *Eugenia* to them.

Don Lewis ſhew'd that Lady all imaginable Civilities, and *Leonora* did not neglect tenderly embracing her. As for *Don Pedro*, by whatſoever Motions of Love and Joy agitated, he yet ſufficiently reſtrain'd himſelf, to avoid the Count's having any Suſpicion of their former Correſpondence. *Belflor* particularly applying himſelf to obſerve his Siſter, thought he diſcover'd, notwithſtanding the Conſtraint ſhe impos'd on her ſelf, that ſhe did not diſlike *Don Pedro*. But the better to aſſure himſelf of the Truth of his Conjecture,

ſture, he took her aſide for a Moment, and made her own that ſhe was extreamly well pleas'd with her Cavalier. He then told her his Name and Family, which he before conceal'd, leſt the Indifference of their Quality ſhould have prejudic'd her againſt him; all this ſhe pretended to hear, as tho' utterly ignorant of it before.

At laſt, after the exchange of a multitude of Civilities on both ſides, it was reſolv'd that the Weddings ſhould be kept at the Count *de Belflor's* Houſe; and the Nuptial Feſtivities are this Night acting, but not finiſh'd; and that is the Reaſon of the ſo great rejoycing in that Houſe, in which all the Company unanimouſly joins, except *Marcella*, who has no ſhare in it. She cries whilſt the reſt laugh; for the Count *de Belflor*, after his Marriage, confeſs'd the whole Story to *Don Lewis*, who has order'd her to be ſent to the * *Monaſterio de Arrepentidas*, where the thouſand Piſtoles which ſhe receiv'd to betray *Leonora* will ſerve her to do Penance the Remainder of her Life.

CHAP.

* *A Monaſtery in which lewd Women are ſhut up.*

CHAP. VI.

Other Particulars which the Scholar ſaw.

LET's turn to the other ſide, continu'd the *Dæmon*, and run over ſome new Objects. Caſt your Eyes on the firſt Houſe directly under us, where you will ſee ſomething extraordinary; 'tis a Man conſiderably in Debt in a profound Sleep. He muſt then be ſome great Lord, ſaid the Scholar. You have gueſs'd right, reply'd the Devil. Obſerve in the next Houſe an Author very buſie in his Cloſet; he is ſurrounded by a thouſand Volumes, and is compiling one, in which there will not be a Line of his own. He pilfers from all the Books in his Study, and tho' he only methodizes and connects his Plagiaries, doth not want a larger Share of Vanity than a real Author.

Oh what a diverting Spectacle is that! ſaid *Don Cleofas:* I ſee a very fine Woman betwixt a young and an old Man; and whilſt the fond Dotard is embracing her, ſhe ſlips her Hand behind him into that of a young Cavalier, who is doubtleſs her Spark. Quite contrary, anſwer'd *Aſmodeo*, that is her Husband, and the other

other her Lover. The old Man is a Perſon of Quality, and ruining himſelf for that Lady, who careſſes him for Intereſt, and is by Inclination falſe for her Husband's Advantage: A very fine Picture really, ſaid *Don Cleofas*. That which you ſee in the adjoining Houſe, reply'd the Devil, does not leſs deſerve your Attention. The Baſhfulneſs of that young Widow deſerves your Admiration; ſhe ſcruples receiving her Shift before her Uncle, but retires into her Cloſet to have it put on by her Gallant, whom ſhe has hidden there.

Let me preſent you with ſome more melancholy Images, continu'd *Aſmodeo*: Look on the other ſide of the Street, into that ſeparate Apartment: You ſee that corpulent Man, that unfortunate Canon, who juſt now fell into an Apoplexy; his Niece and Domeſticks, inſtead of affording him any Aſſiſtance, have ſuffer'd him to die for want of it, and are ſeizing his beſt Effects, and conveying them to a Receiver of ſtoln Goods to hide them; after which they will be wholly at leiſure to mourn and lament his Death. Obſerve thoſe two Men who are now burying: They are two Brothers that were both ſick of the ſame Diſeaſe, but took different Meaſures; one of them rely'd, with an intire Confidence, upon his Phyſician; the other

other let Nature take her Courſe, yet they both dy'd; the former by taking all the Phyſick the Doctor order'd, and the latter by taking nothing. This is a very perplexing *Dilemma*, ſaid *Don Cleofas*: Alas, what then muſt a poor ſick Man do? That's more than I can tell you, reply'd the Devil; I very well know that there are ſuch things as good Remedies, but cannot ſay whether there are any good Phyſicians.

Do you diſcern, about two Paces farther, a Man in his Shirt ſtalking in a Stable? Yes, anſwer'd the Scholar; he ſeems to have a Curry-Comb in his Hand. So he has, reply'd the Devil; 'tis a Groom, who every Night, as you ſee him now, walks and curries his Horſes in his Sleep; after which he is aſtoniſh'd, in the Morning, to find them all dreſs'd. The People of the Houſe fancy 'tis done by ſome whimſical Spirit, and the Groom is of their Mind.

Who are thoſe Ladies juſt going to Bed? They are two coquetting Siſters which lodge together; from ſeven in the Morning, to this very Minute, they have been talking of nothing but Dreſſes for themſelves, and Furniture for their Chamber, which they have a Mind to buy; and they have been ſo infinitely pleas'd with this Converſation, that to avoid all manner of

Interruption, they have deny'd themſelves even the Sight of their Lovers. Obſerve their Neighbour, that Lady, juſt come home: She is a great Lover of Scandal; ſhe is juſt come from ſupping with an old Female Devotee, one of her Friends, with whoſe Converſation ſhe has been infinitely pleas'd. Ah, how perfectly well ſhap'd ſhe is, and what a charming Air ſhe has! ſaid the Scholar. Very well, reply'd *Aſmodeo*, but that dapper Beauty can, I aſſure you, give you an exact Hiſtory of the greateſt Part of the laſt Century as an Eye-witneſs. Her Shape, which you admire, is a very Machine, in the adjuſting of which all the Art of the ableſt Mechanicks was exhauſted; her Breaſt and her Hips are Artificial; and not long ſince ſhe dropp'd her Rump at Church, in the midſt of the Sermon.

I hear ſuch a diſmal Noiſe, ſaid the Scholar, that I cannot help asking you the Cauſe of it. 'Tis a Conſort of Kitchen-Furniture, occaſion'd by a Widow of ſixty, having this Morning marry'd one of her Domeſticks not yet twenty; upon which all the merry Fellows in that Quarter are met together to celebrate the Wedding, with the ringing of Pots, Frying-pans and Kettles. You told me, reply'd *Don Cleofas*, that the making ridiculous Matches

was

was your Province; yet you had no Hand in this. No, return'd the Devil; had I been at Liberty, I would not have meddled in't: This Widow had a ſcrupulous Conſcience, and therefore marry'd this young Fellow only in order to enjoy her darling Pleaſures without Remorſe. I never make ſuch Marriages; I have a much greater Pleaſure in troubling Conſciences, than ſetting them at reſt.

Notwithſtanding the hideous Din of this Serenade, ſaid *Don Cleofas*, I fancy I hear another Noiſe. Yes, ſaid the Devil, it comes from a Coffee-houſe, where ſeveral Wits have been diſputing this five Hours, and the Coffee-man cannot get them out of Doors. The whole Controverſie is turn'd on a Comedy which firſt appear'd on the Stage this Day, the Action of which was interrupted by the Clamours and Hiſſes of the Audience. Some of them maintain that it is a good Piece, and others as obſtinately aver the contrary. They are juſt going to Fiſticuffs, the ordinary End of theſe Squabbles. If you are deſirous to ſee the Fray I will remove you—— No, no, interrupted the Scholar, rather inform me what that Man is thinking of which ſits in his Night-gown in an Elbow-chair. 'Tis an old Officer of the Council of the *Indies*, whoſe Head is taken up with an

important Project. His Eſtate is worth about four Millions; but his Conſcience ſuggeſting ſome uneaſie Reflections on the manner of his acquiring it, he is contriving the Building of a Monaſtery; by which he flatters himſelf he ſhall ſooth his troubled Mind. He has already obtain'd Leave to found a Convent; but being firmly reſolv'd not to place any Monks in it in whom the Virtues of Chaſtity, Sobriety and Humility don't eminently ſhine, he is very much puzled in the Choice.

Do you ſee a little farther, ſaid the Devil, that Printer at work in his Printing-houſe? He has ſent his Servants to bed, and is privately printing a Book. What is it? ſaid *Don Cleofas*. 'Tis a Libel, anſwer'd *Aſmodeo*; it proves that Religion is preferable to Point of Honour; and that it is better to forgive than revenge an Affront. Ah Raſcal, cry'd the Scholar; he does well to print ſuch infamous Books in private; nor would I adviſe the Author to own it, for I ſhould be one of the firſt to ſtone him: Does Religion forbid the Preſervation of our Honour? Don't let us enter upon that Diſpute, interrupted the Devil ſmiling. Say what you pleaſe, reply'd *Don Cleofas*, for the Author; tell me that his Reaſoning is the cleareſt in the World, I ſhall yet laugh at him: Nothing in

in the World is ſo ſweet to me as Revenge; and ſince you have promis'd to do me Juſtice on my perfidious Miſtreſs, I demand that you keep your Word. I yield with Pleaſure to the Rage which inſpires you, ſaid the Devil; oh how I love thoſe bold Tempers which purſue all their Inclinations without Scruple! Come, I will this Moment ſatisfie you, the Time of your Vengeance being now come. *Don Cleofas* then took hold of the End of *Aſmodeo*'s Cloak, and that Spirit cleft the Air with him, and ſate him down on *Donna Thomaſa*'s Houſe.

CHAP. VII.

How Don Cleofas *was reveng'd on his Miſtreſs.*

THAT Lady was at the Table with the four Bullies which had purſu'd the Scholar on the Gutters; he trembled with outrageous Reſentment to ſee them eat a Turky, and empty ſeveral Bottles of Wine, for which he had pay'd and ſent thither. Ah Raſcals, ſaid he, how deliciouſly they feaſt at my Expence, and a fine Mortification to me! I confeſs, ſaid the Devil, 'tis no very pleaſant Sight; but they who will frequent ſuch looſe Ladies, muſt expect Adventures of this kind: They happen every Day in *France* to Abbots, Men of the long Robe, and the rich Farmers of the Revenue. If I had a Sword, reply'd *Don Cleofas*, I would break in amongſt thoſe Villains, and ſpoil their Entertainment. You would be over-match'd, interrupted *Aſmodeo*; leave your Revenge to me, I will compaſs it a better way; I will immediately ſet them together by the Ears, by inſpiring them with a laſcivious Flame.

At

At theſe Words he blew, and out of his Mouth iſſu'd a Violet-colour'd Vapour, that deſcended like a ſmall Cloud, and ſpread it ſelf over *Donna Thomaſa*'s Table. One of the Gueſts immediately feeling the Effect of this Blaſt, drew nearer the Dame, and paſſionately embrac'd her; but the others, puſh'd on by the Force of the ſame Vapour, would tear her from him. Each pretended to the Preference, which they now began to diſpute, and a jealous Rage poſſeſs'd all their Minds; they came to Blows, drew their Swords, and began to engage very warmly. In the mean while *Donna Thomaſa* ſhriek'd in a horrible manner, and the Neighbourhood was immediately in an Uproar; they cry'd out for the Officers of Juſtice to come, which they accordingly did, broke open the Curtiſan's Door, found two of the Ruffians dead on the Spot, ſeiz'd the reſt and carry'd them to Priſon with *Donna Thomaſa*, who crying and tearing her Hair, loſt all Patience, whilſt her Guards were not a jot more touch'd than *Don Cleofas*, who laugh'd very heartily with *Aſmodeo*.

CHAP. VIII.

Of the Priſoners.

THE Devil and the Scholar in a Moment reach'd the Priſon, where they ſoon ſaw the two Bullies enter, and clapp'd into a Dungeon. As for *Donna Thomaſa*, ſhe was lodg'd on the Straw with three or four looſe Women which had been taken up that Day, and who on the Morrow were to be tranſported to the Place appointed for that kind of Cattle.

Now I am ſatisfy'd, ſaid *Don Cleofas*; I have had the Pleaſure of a full Revenge. Whenever you pleaſe we will depart, and continue our Obſervation of what paſſes in this City. Stay, anſwer'd the *Dæmon*, I muſt firſt ſhew you ſome Priſoners, and acquaint you why they are confin'd here.

Firſt of all, in that large Chamber on the Right, are three Men aſleep on thoſe three wretched Beds which you ſee. One is a Vintner accus'd of poiſoning a Stranger, which t'other Day fell down dead at the Table in his Tavern. 'Tis pretended that the Quality of the Wine kill'd him; but the Vintner alledges that it was the Quantity, and indeed ought in Juſtice to be

be believ'd, for the Deceas'd was a *German.* The ſecond is a Citizen, who is in for being Bound for a *Licenciado* that borrow'd two hundred Piſtoles to patch up a haſty Marriage with his Maid; and the third is a Dancing-Maſter, that taught one of his Female Scholars a falſe Step.

The two at Cards in the little Chamber next them, are two young Gentlemen of good Families, who were clapp'd up for their Amours. The youngeſt of them was diſcover'd in Girls Cloaths in a Nunnery, and the other was catch'd, by the Watch, ſcaling the Balcony of a Woman of his Acquaintance, whoſe Husband was abſent. 'Tis his own Fault that he does not get out, by declaring his Deſign was purely Amorous; but he chuſes rather to paſs for a Thief, and run the Riſque of his Life, than expoſe the Lady's Honour. A very diſcreet Lover indeed, ſaid *Don Cleofas*, it muſt be own'd that our Nation out-does others in Gallantry. I dare venture a Wager, that there is not a *Frenchman* in the World that would ſuffer himſelf to be hang'd, like us, by his Diſcretion. No, I aſſure you, ſaid the Devil, a *Frenchman* would rather clamber up to a Woman's Balcony to publiſh her Diſgrace.

Caſt

Caſt your Eye, continu'd *Aſmodeo*, directly under thoſe two Priſoners, and obſerve that Man in the Dungeon. He was ſeiz'd Yeſterday, and is claim'd by the Inquiſition: I'll relate you his Caſe.

An old Soldier by his Courage, or rather Patience, having mounted to the Poſt of a Serjeant in his Company, came to raiſe Recruits in this City. He enquir'd for a Lodging at an Inn, where he was anſwer'd, That they had empty Rooms, but that they could not recommend any of them to him, becauſe the Houſe was haunted every Night by a Spirit, which treated all Strangers very ill that were raſh enough to lodge there. This did not at all baulk our Serjeant: Put me in what Chamber you pleaſe, ſaid he, do but give me a Candle, Wine, Pipes and Tobacco, and as for the Spirit never trouble your ſelf about it.

He was accordingly ſhewn into a Chamber, where all that he deſir'd was brought to him. He fell to drinking and ſmoaking 'till Midnight, and no Spirit had yet diſturb'd the profound Silence that reign'd in the Houſe; but betwixt one and two the Serjeant, all of a ſudden, heard a terrible Noiſe, like the ratling of old Iron, and immediately ſaw entering his Chamber an Apparition, cloath'd in black, and laden

all

all round with Iron Chains. Not in the leaſt affrighted at this Sight, he drew his Sword, advanc'd towards the Spirit, and with the flat Side of it gave him a very ſevere Blow on the Head.

The Apparition, not much us'd to meet with ſuch bold Gueſts, cry'd out, and perceiving the Soldier going to begin again with him, he moſt humbly proſtrated himſelf at his Feet, Mr. Serjeant, ſaid he, for God's ſake don't give me any more; but have Mercy on a poor Devil, which caſts himſelf at your Feet. I conjure you by St. *James*, who, as you are, was a great Soldier. If you are willing to ſave your Life, anſwer'd the Soldier, you muſt tell me who you are, and ſpeak without the leaſt Prevarication. I am the principal Servant of this Inn, reply'd the Spirit: I am in love with my Maſter's Daughter, and ſhe does not diſlike me; but the Father and Mother having a better Match in view than me, in order to prevent their making him their Son-in-Law, the Girl and I have concluded that I ſhall, every Night, act the Part which I now do. I wrap my ſelf up in a long black Cloak, and hang the Jack-Chain about my Neck; thus equipt I run up and down the Houſe, from the Cellar to the Garret, and make all the Noiſe which

you

you have heard. When I am at my Maſter and Miſtreſs's Chamber-Door, I ſtop, and cry out; Don't hope that I'll ever let you reſt, 'till you marry *Juanna* to *Guillermo* your upper Drawer. After having pronounc'd theſe Words with a hoarſe broken Voice, I continue my Noiſe, and at a Window enter the Cloſet, where *Juanna* lyes alone, to give her an Account of what I have done.

Mr. Serjeant, continu'd *Guillermo*, you ſee I have told you the whole; I know that after this Confeſſion you may ruin me by diſcovering it to my Maſter; but if you pleaſe to ſerve, inſtead of undoing me, I ſwear that my Acknowledgments——Alas, what Service can I do thee? interrupted the Soldier. You need do no more, return'd *Guillermo*, than to ſay to Morrow that you have ſeen the Spirit, that it ſo terribly affrighted you——How! terribly affrighted! interrupted the Soldier; would you have Serjeant *Antonio Quebrantador* own ſuch a thing as Fear? You may ſay what you pleaſe, anſwer'd the young Man; 'tis no matter, provided you ſecond my Deſign. And when I have marry'd *Juanna* and am ſettled, I promiſe to treat you and all your Friends nobly for nothing every Day. You are a very tempting Perſon, Mr. *Guillermo*,

me, ſaid the Soldier. You propoſe to me to ſupport a Trick: 'Tis a ſerious Affair which requires mature Deliberation; but the Conſequences hurry me on. Go, continue your Noiſe, give your Account to *Juanna*, and I'll take care of the reſt.

Accordingly next Morning he ſaid to his Landlord and Landlady: I have ſeen the Spirit, I have talk'd with it. 'Tis a very honeſt Fellow, I have concluded a Treaty of Peace betwixt you and him. He has promis'd to leave you at quiet, on Condition that you will marry your Daughter to one *Guillermo* which he talk'd of. On my part, I took it upon me to oblige you to conſent to this Marriage, and with your leave it muſt be ſo, for I don't love my Promiſes ſhould turn to Air. Tho' the Hoſt was a very ſimple Fellow, he refus'd to ratifie this Treaty. Have a care, then, ſaid the Soldier; the Spirit has cry'd out to you every Night to diſpoſe of your Daugher to *Guillermo*, and you have feign'd not to hear it. You don't know what ſort of Gentlemen theſe Spirits are; after they have ſeveral times declar'd their Intentions, if they are not follow'd, take notice I warn you againſt what they will do.

The Hoſteſs, yet more ſilly than her Husband, terrify'd at this Diſcourſe, and fancy-

fancying that the Spirit was always behind her, ſo earneſtly preſs'd her Husband to conſent to the Match, that he yielded to her Entreaties, and *Guillermo* marry'd *Juanna* the next Day, and ſet up in another part of the Town.

Serjeant *Quebrantador* did not fail to viſit him often, and he, in Acknowledgment of the Service he had done him, gave him as much Wine as he car'd for. This ſo pleas'd the Soldier, that he brought thither not only all his Friends, but liſted his Men there, and made all his Recruits drunk. But at laſt *Guillermo*, grown weary of ſatiating ſuch a Crew of greedy Throats, told the Soldier his Mind; who, without ever thinking that he had exceeded the Agreement, was ſo unjuſt as to call *Guillermo* little ungrateful Raſcal. The Hoſt anſwer'd, the Serjeant reply'd, and the Dialogue ended with ſeveral Strokes with the flat Side of the Sword, which *Guillermo* receiv'd: Several Perſons paſſing by took the Vintner's Part; the Serjeant wounded three or four, but was ſuddenly fallen on by a Croud of *Alguazils*, who ſeiz'd him as a Diſturber of the publick Peace, and carry'd him to Priſon. He there declar'd all that I have told you, and upon his Depoſition the Officers have alſo

ſeiz'd

ſeiz'd *Guillermo*; the Father-in-law requires the annulling of the Marriage, and the holy Office, inform'd of the Affair, have thought fit to take Cognizance of it.

In the next Hole, continu'd the Devil, are four Wretches who will ſoon end their Days. One of them is a young *Valet de Chambre* which his Maſter's Wife admitted her Lover. One Day the Husband caught them in the Act; the Woman immediately cry'd out for Help, and caught the *Valet de Chambre* at forcing her: The miſerable unfortunate Fellow was ſeiz'd, and will be ſacrific'd to his Miſtreſs's Reputation.

The ſecond is a Chirurgeon, convicted of having ſent his Wife out of the World the ſame way that *Seneca* went. He was this Day tortur'd, and after confeſſing the Crime he was charg'd with, own'd, beſides, that he had made uſe of a new way to create Practice; he wounded the Paſſengers in the Street with a Bayonet, and nimbly eſcap'd out of a Back-Door. The wounded Perſon, in the mean while, by his Groans had drawn the Neighbours to his Aſſiſtance. He ran in alſo with the Croud, and finding a wounded Man wallowing in his Blood, he caus'd him to be carry'd into his Shop, where he dreſs'd him with the ſame

ſame Hand which had given the Wound.

The third is by Profeſſion an Aſſaſſinator, one of thoſe which for four or five Piſtols, are very ready to oblige all thoſe with the uſe of their Arm, who want to be privately rid of an Enemy. The fourth is a young Marquiſs's Gentleman, whoſe Maſter being robb'd of a thouſand Ducats, he is accus'd of the Crime: He will to Morrow be put to the Torture, and tho' innocent will be tormented 'till he confeſs that which was committed by an old Waiting-Woman, who monopolizes the Marchioneſs's, Ear, and no body dare ſuſpect her.

Signior *Aſmodeo*, ſaid *Don Cleofas*, pray let me entreat you to help this young Gentleman. Keep off, by your Power, the cruel Tortures deſign'd him; his Innocence deſerves it — You don't conſider what you ask, *Don Cleofas*, interrupted the Devil. Can you deſire me to oppoſe an unjuſt Action, and hinder the Deſtruction of an innocent Man. You had as good beg of an Attorney not to ruin a Widow or Orphan. Pray, if you pleaſe, be thankful that I don't deal with your ſelf like an evil Spirit: And leave me to the free Exerciſe of my Hatred and Malice on other Men. Beſides, if I would deliver that honeſt Man out of Priſon, do you think 'tis in my Power?

Power? How, ſaid the Scholar, have not you Power to fetch a Man out of Priſon? No, really, reply'd *Aſmodeo*; if you had read *Albertus Magnus*'s *Enchyridion*, you would have known that I cannot, any more than my Brethren, ſet a Priſoner at Liberty. If even I my ſelf ſhould have the Misfortune to fall into the Clutches of a Juſtice, I could not extricate my ſelf any other way than by Mony.

I think, ſaid *Don Cleofas*, I ſee a Woman in that little Room above the Dungeon. Yes, anſwer'd *Aſmodeo*, it is a famous Witch, who has the Character of being able to do Impoſſibilities. By her Art, 'tis reported, old widow'd Ladies find out Gallants that love them on the Square; Husbands become juſt to their Wives, and Coquets really enamour'd on thoſe rich Men which keep them. But nothing is more falſe than this: She is not Miſtreſs of any other Secret, than that of perſuading the World ſhe is ſo, and living handſomely on that Opinion.

Obſerve in the next Room thoſe two Priſoners, who are talking inſtead of taking their Reſt: They can't ſleep, their Circumſtances diſturb them, and really they are nice enough. The firſt is a Jeweller, accus'd of having conceal'd ſtollen Jewels.

The other is in for Polygamy. He ſix Months ſince marry'd an old Widow in the Kingdom of *Valencia* for her Mony, and a little while after eſpouſed a young Woman at *Madrid* to gratifie his Inclination, and gave her all the Riches he had with his *Valencian* Wife. Theſe two Marriages coming out, both his Wives proſecute him. She that he marry'd out of Inclination purſues his Life for Intereſt, and ſhe that he marry'd for Intereſt demands it out of Inclination.

Follow my Eyes to that low Hall, where you will ſee thirty or forty Priſoners lying on Straw; they are Pick-pockets, Shop-lifters, and all the very worſt ſort of Felons; I'll particularize the Cauſe of the Commitment of every one of them.—— I beg you not, interrupted *Don Cleofas*; let's leave theſe Rogues, for I am not fond of hearing the Adventures of the Dregs of Mankind. Pray let's remove from this unpleaſant Place; go on, and fix our Obſervation on more diverting Objects. Very willingly, reply'd the *Dæmon*, for I have a great many other Things to ſhew you.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

Which contains ſeveral ſhort Stories.

LEaving the Priſoners, they flew towards the *Caſa* * *de los Locos*; but before they reach'd it, *Aſmodeo* ſtopping at a great Houſe, ſaid to *Don Cleofas*, Shall I tell you what all thoſe People which you ſee have this Day done? You will very much oblige me, anſwer'd the Scholar; but I conjure you to begin with thoſe two Ladies who laugh ſo loud; they ſeem to me to be very merry. They are, anſwer'd the Devil, a Couple of young Ladies that have this Day bury'd their Father, who was a whimſical Humoriſt, that had ſuch an Averſion for Matrimony that he would never marry them, how advantageous Matches ſoever were offer'd them. The Character of their deceas'd Father was the perpetual Subject of their Diſcourſe. He is dead at laſt, ſaid the eldeſt, our unnatural Father, who took a barbarous Pleaſure in preventing our Marriage! He will now no more

* *The Mad-Houſe, or* Bedlam.

croſs our Deſires. For my part, ſaid the youngeſt, I am for a rich Husband, and *Don Bourvalas* ſhall be my Man. Hold, Siſter, reply'd the eldeſt, don't let us be ſo very haſty in the Choice of Husbands; let's marry thoſe which the Powers above have deſtin'd for us; for our Marriages are regiſter'd in Heaven's Book. So much the worſe, dear Siſter, return'd the youngeſt, for I'm afraid my Father will tear out the Leaf. At this the eldeſt could not hold from an extravagant Fit of Laughter, in which the youngeſt, equally tickl'd, as heartily joins.

Ah ha, ſaid *Don Cleofas*, in the Houſe over-againſt that I diſcern a young Lady looking into a Glaſs. 'Tis, anſwer'd the *Dæmon*, a young Gentlewoman, who lodges in a furniſh'd Chamber, and is complimenting her Charms on the important Conqueſt they have made this Day. She is likewiſe contriving new Airs, and has already hit on two which will to Morrow give a good Stroke towards the gaining of a new Lover, who is ſuch a very promiſing Spark that ſhe can't be too ſedulous in the Conqueſt of him: And one of her Creditors coming to dun her, Honeſt Friend, ſaid ſhe, come within a few Days and you ſhall be paid, I am juſt upon

Terms

Terms of Agreement with a conſiderable Officer of the Treaſury.

Let's turn our Eyes, continu'd the Devil, towards that Captain which is drawing on his Boots; he is going out of *Madrid*, his Horſes wait for him at the Gate, and he is commanded to *Portugal*, in order to join his Regiment. Having no Mony to make the Campaign, he Yeſterday apply'd himſelf to an Uſurer: Can't you, ſaid he, lend me a thouſand Pieces of Eight? Captain, anſwer'd the Uſurer in very obliging Terms, I have not ſo much by me, but I will do my beſt to find a Man that ſhall lend you that Sum; that is, ſhall give you four hundred down, provided you give your Note for a thouſand; and out of that four hundred, pleaſe to take Notice that I expect ſixty for Procuration. Mony is ſo very ſcarce at this time —— What a helliſh Extortion is this, interrupted the Officer haſtily, to ask ſix hundred and ſixty Patacoons for the Uſe of three hundred and forty! What a horrid Cheat is this! No Paſſion, Captain, reply'd the Uſurer with a cool Air; try at another Place. What do you complain of? Do I force you to take the three hundred and forty Patacoons? You are at your Liberty to take or let 'em alone.

The Captain went away, without returning any Anſwer: But after conſidering that he muſt go to his Regiment, his Time was ſhort, and that he could do nothing without Mony, he returns the next Morning to the Uſurer, whom he met at his Door in a black Cloak, Collar Band and ſhort Hair, with his Beads in his Hand. Signior *Sanguijela*, ſays he, 'I am content to accept your three hundred and forty Patacoons; my extream want of Mony has forc'd me to it. I will but go to Maſs, anſwer'd the Uſurer very gravely, and at my Return come again, and you ſhall have that Sum. No, no, reply'd the Captain, go in again; this Affair won't take you up two Minutes, pray diſpatch me immediately, for I am in utmoſt Haſte. I cannot really, reply'd the Uſurer, I every Day hear Maſs before I do any manner of Buſineſs; 'tis my conſtant Rule, which I am reſolv'd to obſerve moſt religiouſly for the Remainder of my Life.

However impatient the Captain was to receive his Mony, he was forc'd to ſubmit to pious *Sanguijela's* ſtrict Rules; and as if he had been afraid he ſhould miſs the Patacoons, he follow'd the Uſurer to the Church, and ſtaid the Maſs out with him; immediately after which he prepar'd to go

out

out of the Church, when *Sanguijela* whiſper'd in his Ear, that one of the ableſt Preachers in *Madrid* was juſt going to aſcend the Pulpit; and I will not not on any account, ſaid he, loſe the Sermon. The Officer, who thought the Maſs inſupportably tedious, was almoſt diſtracted at this freſh Delay; but yet waited the Sermon out. The Preacher appear'd, and preach'd againſt Uſury; at which the Captain was infinitely pleas'd, and obſerving *Sanguijela*'s Looks, he ſaid to himſelf, If this *Jew* ſhould be touch'd with this Diſcourſe! Should he now give me ſix hundred Patacoons, how happy 'twould be! After the Sermon the Uſurer went out of the Church: Well, Signior *Sanguijela*, ſaid the Captain joining him, what do you think of this Preacher? was not the Sermon very pathetick? for my part, I own it ſenſibly mov'd me. I am perfectly of your Opinion, with regard to the Sermon, anſwer'd the Extortioner: He has handled his Subject perfectly well; he is a learned Man, and has diſcharg'd the Duty of his Calling; let us do the ſame in ours.

Caſt your Eye, continu'd the Devil, on that great Houſe beyond the Officer's. Do you ſee that young Lady in the Roſe-colour'd Satin Bed embroider'd with Silver?

Yes, anſwer'd *Don Cleofas*, I diſcern a fine Woman in a profound Sleep, and I think alſo a Book on her Boulſter. You are right, reply'd *Aſmodeo*, that Lady is a very gay, witty, young Marchioneſs, which being indiſpos'd, and not able to ſleep for three Weeks, ſhe this Day reſolv'd to ſend for a Phyſician. He came; ſhe conſulted him, and he order'd a Remedy mention'd in *Hippocrates*. The Lady began to railly his Preſcription; but the Phyſician being a peeviſh Animal, was diſguſted at her Jeſt: *Hippocrates*, Madam, ſaid he, very gravely, is not a proper Man to be ridicul'd. God forbid, Signior *Carquette*, anſwer'd the Marchioneſs with the moſt ſerious Air that it was poſſible for her to put on; God forbid that I ſhould laugh at ſuch a famous and learned Author! I have ſuch a high Value for him, that I am fully perſuaded the reading of ſome of his Tracts only, would cure my waking Diſtemper. I have his Works of the laſt Edition, which is the beſt Tranſlation extant: She accordingly try'd the Experiment, and at the third Page fell aſleep.

Pray inform me, ſaid the Scholar, what that tall, meagre Piece of Skin and Bones, which ſtalks about that little Room, is; I believe his Head is ſomewhat diſturb'd.

You

You are not miſtaken, anſwer'd the Devil, 'tis a Drammatick Poet that underſtands *French*; he has taken the pains to tranſlate the *Miſantrope*, one of the beſt Comedies of *Moliere*, that famous *French* Author. He has this Day got it acted on the Threatre of *Madrid*, and it has been very ill receiv'd. The *Spaniards* have damn'd it, as dull and tedious: 'Twas about this Play that you heard ſuch a noiſie Diſpute at the Coffee-houſe.

Why, reply'd *Don Cleofas*, had this Comedy ſuch an unhappy Fate? Becauſe, return'd the Devil, the *Spaniards* like no Plays that are not full of Intrigue, and the *French* only thoſe which abound with Humour. On this Foot then, ſaid the Scholar, if our fineſt Drammatick Pieces were to be play'd in *France*, they would not ſucceed. You are undoubtedly in the right, ſaid *Aſmodeo*; as the *Spaniards* are ſteady, and capable of a fix'd Attention, they are fond of being caſt into an agreeable Perplexity, and eaſily follow the moſt complicated Action. The *French*, on the other ſide, don't care to be buſied that way, they love to be diſingag'd, and are pleas'd to ſee their Neighbours ridicul'd, becauſe it tickles their own Satyrical Humour: To conclude, the Taſte of Nations differs.

But

But which ſort of Comedy is the beſt, anſwer'd *Don Cleofas*, that of Intrigue, or that of Humour? 'Tis very diſputable, reply'd the Devil; but neither *Spaniards* nor *French* are to be credited on this Subject, they are Parties too much prejudiced to be Judges; and I muſt not determine this Diſpute, becauſe, as the *Dæmon* of Luxury, I equally protect all Theatres.

I ſee, continu'd he, not far from that Author, a Banker in whoſe Apartment has lately paſs'd a Scene worth your hearing. 'Tis not two Months ſince he return'd from *Peru* laden with great Riches, and is now ſet up a Banker in this City: His Father is a Cobler in a ſmall Village about twelve Leagues from hence, where he lives throughly contented with his Condition and his Wife, who is much about the ſame Age with himſelf, that is ſixty.

'Tis a long time ſince this Banker left his Parents, to go in queſt of a better Fortune than what they could propoſe to leave him; for within the Compaſs of of twenty rolling Years they had not ſeen him. They frequently talk'd of him, and continually pray'd that Heav'n would pleaſe not to forſake him; and the Parſon being their Friend, they never fail'd to obtain the publick Prayers of the Congrega-

tion

tion for him. As for the Banker, he had not forgotten them; but as ſoon as he was ſettled, reſolv'd to inform himſelf of their Condition. To this purpoſe, after having order'd his Domeſticks not to expect him, he mounted on Horſe-back, and went alone to the Village.

'Twas ten at Night before he got thither, and the honeſt Cobler was a-bed with his Wife, in a ſound Sleep, when he knock'd at the Door: They then wak'd, and ask'd who was there? Open the Door, ſaid the Banker, 'tis your Son *Francillo*. Make others believe that if you can, cry'd the old Man, you thieving Rogues go about your Buſineſs, for here is nothing for you; *Francillo*, if not dead, is now in the *Indies*. He is no longer there, he is return'd home from *Peru*, reply'd the Banker, and it is he that now ſpeaks to you; open your Door, and receive him. *Jacobo*, let's riſe then, ſaid the Woman, for I really believe 'tis *Francillo*; I think I know his Voice.

They both roſe immediately; the Father lighted a Candle, and the Mother, after getting her Cloaths on with utmoſt haſte, open'd the Door. She earneſtly look'd on *Francillo*, and could not longer doubt his being her Son; ſhe flung her Arms about his Neck, and claſp'd him cloſe

cloſe to her. *Jacobo*, alſo touch'd by the ſame Sentiments as his Wife, did not fail to embrace his Son in his turn; and all three of them, tranſported with the Sight of one another, after ſuch a long Abſence, could not ſatisfie themſelves without expreſſing the Marks of the utmoſt Tenderneſs. After theſe pleaſing Tranſports, the Banker unſadled and unbridled his Horſe, and put him into the Stable, where he found an old milch Cow, the Nurſe to the whole Family; he then gave the old Folks an Account of his Voyage, and all the Riches that he had brought from *Peru*. The Particular was long, and would tire any diſintereſted Auditors; but a Son that unboſom'd himſelf in the Relation of all his Adventures, could not fail of the Attention of Father and Mother. They greedily heard him, and the very leaſt Particulars which he related made in them a ſenſible Impreſſion of Grief or Joy.

As ſoon as he had ended the Story of his Fortunes, he told them that he came to offer them Part of his Eſtate, and begg'd of his Father not to work any longer. No, my Son, ſaid Mr. *Jacobo*, I love my Trade, and will not quit it. Why, reply'd the Banker, is it not now high time for you to to give it over, and take your Eaſe? I don't pro-

propoſe your coming to live with me at *Madrid*; I know very well that a City Life would not pleaſe you. I would not diſturb your quiet way of living; but at leaſt give over your hard Labour, and paſs your Days as eaſily as you can. The Mother ſeconded her Son, and Maſter *Jacobo* yielded. Very well, *Francillo*, ſaid he, to pleaſe you, I will not work any more for the Publick; but will only mend my own Shoes, and thoſe of my good Friend, the Vicar of the Pariſh. After this Agreement, the Banker, fatigu'd with his Day's Journey, went into his Father and Mother's Bed, and ſlept betwixt them both, with a Pleaſure which only the moſt dutiful and beſt natur'd Children to their Parents can imagine.

The next Morning, the Banker, leaving them a Purſe of three hundred Ducats, return'd to *Madrid*; but Yeſterday was very much ſurpriz'd to ſee Mr. *Jocobo* unexpectedly at his Houſe: My Father, ſaid he, what brought you hither? *Francillo*, anſwer'd the honeſt Man, I have brought your Purſe, take your Mony again, I deſire to live by my Trade, I have been ready to die with Uneaſineſs ever ſince I left off working. Well then, my Father, reply'd the Banker, return to your Village,

work

work at your Trade enough to divert your ſelf, but no more. Carry back your Purſe with you, and don't ſpare mine. Alas, what would you have me to do with ſo much Mony? reply'd Mr. *Jacobo*. Comfort the Poor with it, return'd *Francillo*, beſtow it as your Vicar ſhall adviſe you. The Cobler, ſatisfy'd with this Anſwer, return'd that Morning to his Village.

I need not, ſaid *Don Cleofas*, ask you what that Gentleman, which I ſee, has been doing for this whole Day; he muſt of neceſſity have ſpent it in writing of Letters. What a prodigious Quantity do I ſee on his Table! What is moſt Comical, anſwer'd the Devil, is, that all theſe Letters are Verbatim the ſame. This Cavalier has written to all his abſent Friends the Relation of an Adventure which happen'd to him this Day after Dinner, and is as follows: He loves a beautiful, diſcreet Widow of thirty; he makes Addreſſes to her, ſhe does not ſlight him, he propoſes to marry her, and ſhe accepts the Offer. While the nuptial Preparations are making, he has free leave to viſit her at her own Houſe, which he accordingly doth daily. He has been there to Day, and happening to meet with none of the Family to ask where ſhe was, he enter'd the Lady's Apartment,

ment, where he ſurpriz'd her aſleep on a Couch in an amorous Undreſs. He approach'd her ſoftly, and ſtole a Kiſs; at which ſhe wak'd, and ſighing ſaid: Ah, pray, *Ambroſio*, let me ſleep! The Cavalier, like a well-bred Man, very civilly took his leave at that Inſtant, and quitted her Apartment; he met *Ambroſio* at the Door, *Ambroſio*, ſaid he, your Miſtreſs begs that you would not wake her.

I ſhall now ask your freſh Attention, continu'd the Devil. Three Houſes beyond that of this Cavalier lives *la Chichona*, whom I have already mention'd in the Story of the Count *de Belflor*. Ah, how I am raviſh'd to ſee her! ſaid the Scholar. That good Woman, ſo very ſerviceable to young Perſons, is doubtleſs one of thoſe two old Women which I ſee in that low Hall. The one is leaning with her Elbows on the Table, earneſtly looking on the other, who is telling Mony: Which of the two is *la Chichona?* She, anſwer'd the *Dæmon*, which leans on her Elbows. The Name of the other is *la Pebrada*; ſhe is a Lady of the ſame Occaſion; they are Partners, and at this Moment dividing the Profits of an Adventure, which they have this Day brought to bear.

La

La Pebrada has the beſt Trade, and deals with ſeveral rich Widows, to whom ſhe carries her Liſt to read every Day. What do you mean by her Liſt? interrupted *Don Cleofas*. It is, reply'd *Aſmodeo*, the Catalogue of all the handſom Strangers which come to *Madrid:* As ſoon as ever *la Pebrada* hears that any freſh ones are arriv'd in the City, ſhe runs to their Inns, and informs her ſelf exactly of their Country, Birth, Shape, Air and Humour: She then makes her Report to the Widows, who conſider of it, and if they are ſo inclin'd, *la Pebrada* brings them to the Speech of the Strangers.

This is not only very convenient, ſaid *Don Cleofas*, but in a ſort lawful: For without theſe good Ladies and their Agents, the young Strangers, who have no Acquaintance here, would be oblig'd to the Expence of an infinite deal of time to create ſome. But pray tell me whether there are alſo Widows in other Countries? Whether there are? reply'd the Devil: Yes, there are in all Countries, and eſpecially in *France*; but an eſtabliſh'd Reputation is abſolutely neceſſary in order to find them. To this purpoſe give me leave to tell you, that ſome Days paſt, a very induſtrious Spark, talking on this Head with one

one of his Acquaintance, ſaid: My dear, I muſt needs be very unhappy! I have ſpent fifteen whole Days in queſt of a yielding Female. I have gone to *Matins* at all the Churches; I have ſurvey'd all the Beauties of the *Tuilleries*; I have ſhew'd my ſelf on the *Opera*, appear'd all unbutton'd at the Play-houſe, where I have ſometimes lay along on the Benches, at others ſtood upright behind the Actors, and yet all this avail'd nothing, I have not ſo much as met with any the leaſt Favour from even any one of ſixty; whilſt the youngeſt and moſt beautiful Women of *Paris* are Victims to the Chevalier *de Tiremailles*, who, without Vanity, I may ſay, has neither my Shape nor Youth. Oh, don't miſtake, interrupted his Friend, the Chevalier *de Tiremailles*, is a known Rover, he has already ruin'd two Women. His Actions loudly proclaim his Merit, he has the beſt Reputation in the World.

What's that I hear? cry'd the Scholar: What confus'd Noiſe ſtrikes the Air? Thoſe are Mad-men, anſwer'd the Devil, which are tearing their Throats with ſinging and roaring; we are not far from the Place where they are ſhut up. Ah, ſaid *Don Cleofas*, pray do me the Favour to

ſhew me them, and give me an Account wherefore they ran Mad. I will immediately give you that Diverſion, anſwer'd the Devil; as there are melancholy Mad-men, ſo there are alſo merry ones; you ſhall ſee all ſorts of them. Theſe Words were ſcarce ended, before the Scholar was tranſported to the Top of the *Caſa de los Locos*.

CHAP

CHAP. X.

Of the confin'd mad People.

DON *Cleofas* caſt his Eye into all the Rooms, and after having obſerv'd all thoſe within them, ſaid the *Dæmon* to him, Let's examine all theſe one after another, taking them in a Row as their Chambers are ſituate; and beginning with the Men, I will tell you by what Misfortune they loſt their Senſes.

In the firſt Room is a News-Monger, run diſtracted with Melancholy, by reading in the *Gazette*, that a Party of fifty *Portugueſe* beat thirty *Spaniards*. His Neighbour is a *Licenciado*, which has plaid the Hypocrite at Court for theſe ten Years only to obtain a Benefice, and ſeeing himſelf continually forgotten in the Promotions, Deſpair has at laſt turn'd his Head.

The next is an Orphan, whom his Guardian made to paſs for diſtracted, that he might ſeize his Eſtate; and the poor Youth is really become ſo at laſt, out of pure Grief to ſee himſelf ſhut up here. Next to him is a School-Maſter, who

loſt his Wits in ſearch of the *paulo poſt futurum* of a *Greek* Verb.

He which you ſee beyond him, is old Captain *Zanubio*, a *Neapolitan* Gentleman, who came to ſettle at *Madrid*, and ran mad with Jealouſie. His Story runs thus: He had a young Wife, whoſe Name was *Aurora*; he kept her out of Sight; his Houſe was inacceſſible to all Men. *Aurora* never went out but to Maſs, and then was always accompany'd by her old *Tithon*, who ſometimes carry'd her to an Eſtate which he had near *Alcantara*. Notwithſtanding all his vigilant Care, a certain Gentleman, whoſe Name was *Don Garçia Sacheco*, having ſeen her at Church, had conceiv'd a violent Paſſion for her. He was a bold young Spark, and worth the Regard of a handſom Woman ill marry'd. The Difficulty of introducing himſelf to *Zanubio* did not remove his Hopes; but his Beard not being yet grown, and being a very beautiful Youth, he dreſs'd himſelf in Girls Cloaths, took a Purſe of a hundred Piſtoles, and went to *Zanubio*'s Eſtate, whither he had been inform'd, by good Hands, that the Captain and his Wife would very ſoon come.

He

He addreſs'd himſelf to the Gard'ner's Wife, and in a Romantick Heroick Strain, ſaid to her, I come to throw my ſelf into your Arms, take pity on me; I am of *Toledo*, born of a good Family, and to a good Fortune: My Parents reſolve to marry me to a Man which I hate, and I have this Night eſcap'd their Tyranny, and at preſent want a Shelter from their Rage. They will never come to look for me here; permit me to ſtay here 'till my Relations come to more tender Sentiments for me. Here is my Purſe, adds he, giving it to her, take it; 'tis all I can at preſent offer you. But, I hope, I ſhall one Day be able to acknowledge any Service you ſhall do me.

The Gard'ner's Wife, touch'd with this Diſcourſe, but more eſpecially with the Concluſion: My Daughter, ſaid ſhe, I will ſerve you; I know ſeveral young Women which are ſacrific'd to old Men, and withal know that they are not very well contented with them; alas, I feel part of their Griefs. You could not have addreſs'd your ſelf to a more proper Perſon than my ſelf, I will place you in a little private Chamber, where you ſhall be ſecure. *Don Garçia* paſs'd ſeveral Days here very impatiently, expecting the

Arrival of *Aurora*, who at laſt came, accompany'd by her Husband; who, according to his Cuſtom, ſearch'd all the Apartments, Cloſets, Cellars and Garrets, to ſee if he could not diſcover any Man hidden there. The Gard'ner's Wife, knowing him throughly, prevented his ſearching *Don Garçia*'s Chamber, by telling in what manner the pretended Lady had deſir'd a Refuge there.

Zanubio, tho' extream diſtruſtful, had not the leaſt Suſpicion of the Deceit. He was willing to ſee the unknown Lady, who deſir'd to be excus'd from the Diſcovery of her Name, pretending ſhe ow'd that Concealment to her Family, whom ſhe diſgrac'd by this ſort of Flight. She then told her Romantick Tale ſo advantageouſly, that the Captain was charm'd with it, and began to find a growing Inclination for the fair Unknown. He offer'd her his Services, and flattering himſelf that this might prove a lucky Adventure, plac'd her with his Wife.

As ſoon as *Aurora* ſaw *Don Garçia* ſhe bluſh'd, and grew diſturb'd; he perceiv'd it, and believ'd that ſhe had obſerv'd him in the Church where he had ſeen her: Wherefore to ſatisfie himſelf, as ſoon as he could ſpeak to her alone, he ſaid, Madam,

dam, I have a Brother which has often mention'd you to me; he ſaw you for a Moment in a Church; ever ſince that time he has call'd upon your Name a thouſand times a Day, and is in a Condition which indeed deſerves your Pity. At theſe Words *Aurora* look'd on *Don Garçia* more intently than ſhe had yet done, and anſwer'd, You too much reſemble that Brother for me to be any longer deluded by your Artifice; I ſee clearly enough that you are a Cavalier in Petticoats: I remember that one Day, when I was hearing Maſs, my Veil ſuddenly flew open, and you ſaw me. I obſerv'd you out of Curioſity, and found your Eyes always fix'd on me. When I went away I believe you did not fail to follow me, to diſcover in what Street I liv'd, and who I was. I believe, I ſay, becauſe I durſt not turn my Head to obſerve you, becauſe my Husband, who was with me, would have been alarm'd, and made a great Crime of it. The next, and the following Days, I went to the ſame Church, where I ſaw you again, and took ſo much notice of your Face, that I know it again, notwithſtanding your Diſguiſe. Madam, then, reply'd *Don Graçia*, I muſt unmask: Yes, I am a Man enſnar'd

by your Charms: 'Tis *Don Garçia Pucheco*, whom Love has introduc'd here in this Dreſs. And you hope, without doubt, ſaid ſhe, that approving your Paſſion, I ſhould favour this Stratagem, and contribute my Part to keep my Husband in the Error he now lyes under; but there you are deceiv'd. I will immediately diſcover the whole to him; I am glad of ſuch a handſome Opportunity of convincing him that his Vigilance is leſs ſecure than my Virtue, and that as jealous and diſtruſtful as he is, 'tis more difficult to ſurprize me than him.

She had ſcarce ended theſe Words before the Captain appear'd; What are you talking of Ladies? ſaid he. To which *Aurora* immediately anſwer'd: We were ſpeaking of thoſe young Cavaliers that attempt to get into the Affections of thoſe young Women who have old Husbands; and I was ſaying, that if any of thoſe Sparks ſhould be ſo raſh as to preſume to introduce themſelves to you, under any Diſguiſe, I would very ſeverely puniſh their Impudence. And you, Madam, ſaid *Zanubio*, turning towards *Don Garçia*, how would you treat a young Cavalier on the ſame Occaſion? *Don Garçia* was ſo diſturb'd and confus'd, that he

was

was utterly at a Loſs what Anſwer to return to the Captain, who would have perceiv'd the Perplexity he was in, if a Footman had not come to tell him that a Perſon was come from *Madrid* to ſpeak with him. He went to ſee what his Buſineſs was; when *Don Garçia* threw himſelf at *Aurora*'s Feet: Ah, Madam! ſaid he, what Pleaſure do you take in tormenting me? Will you really be ſo barbarous as to deliver me over to the Reſentment of an enrag'd Husband. No, *Pucheco*, anſwer'd ſhe ſmiling; young Women, who have old jealous Husbands, are not ſo cruel. Reaſſume your Courage; I was willing to divert my ſelf, by putting you into a little Fright: You ſhall be acquitted by it; 'tis not making you pay too dear for my Complaiſance in ſuffering you to ſtay here. At theſe comforting Words *Don Garçia* found all his Fears vaniſh, and conceiv'd Hopes that *Aurora* would not deny him.

One Day when they were mutually exchanging ſome Marks of their good Underſtanding in *Zanubio*'s Apartment, the Captain ſurpriz'd 'em. Had he not been the moſt jealous Man in the World, he ſaw enough to engage him to believe, with good Reaſon, that his Fair Unknown was

a Cavalier diſguis'd: Enrag'd to the higheſt degree at this Sight, he runs to his Cloſet to fetch his Piſtols; but in the mean while the Lovers eſcap'd, double locking all the Doors after them, and carrying off the Keys. They got to an neighbouring Village, where *Don Garçia* had left his *Valet de Chambre* and two Horſes. There he quitted his Petticoats, took *Aurora* behind him, and conducted her to a Convent, where he deſir'd her to enter, and aſſur'd her of a Refuge there, the Abbeſs being his Aunt. This done, he return'd to *Madrid* to wait the Iſſue of this Adventure.

In the Interim, *Zanubio* finding himſelf lock'd in, loudly call'd all the Family. A Footman hearing his Voice, ran towards him; but the Doors being lock'd, he could not open them. The Captain endeavour'd to break them open, but not being able to get out that way quick enough, yielding to his Rage, he haſtily flung himſelf out at Window with the Piſtols in his Hand: He fell upon his Back, hurt his Head, and remain'd ſenſeleſs on the Ground. His Domeſticks came and carry'd him into the Hall on a Couch; they threw Water in his Face, and by tormenting him, fetch'd him out of his faint-

fainting Fit; but with his Senſes his Rage return'd: He ask'd for his Wife. The Servants anſwer'd him, that they ſaw her and the ſtrange Lady go out at the little Garden Door. He commanded them to give him his Piſtols immediately, and they were forc'd to obey him. He caus'd a Horſe to be ſadled, mounting it without thinking of his Wounds; but happen'd to take a different Road than that which the Lovers went. He paſs'd the whole Day in a vain Chaſe, and at Night ſtopping at an Inn in a Village to repoſe himſelf, his Fatigue, and the Blood which he had loſt, threw him into a Fever and *Delirium*, which almoſt carry'd him off.

To tell you the reſt in two Words; he lay fifteen Days ſick in that Village, after which he return'd to his Eſtate, where continually poſſeſs'd by his Misfortune, he by degrees loſt his Wits. *Aurora*'s Friends were no ſooner inform'd of this, than they brought him to *Madrid*, and ſhut him up in the Mad-houſe; and his Wife is yet at the Nunnery, where they reſolve ſhe ſhall ſtay ſome Years, as a Puniſhment for her Indiſcretion.

The very next to *Zamubio*, continu'd the Devil, is a Merchant who run mad at the News of the Loſs of a Ship. In the

next

next Room is a Soldier, who could not bear the Loſs of his Grand-mother. And the young Man next to the honeſt Soldier, ſaid *Don Cleofas*, what ſort of Diſtraction is his? Oh! as for him, anſwer'd *Aſmodeo*, 'tis a poor Wretch born ſimple, he is the Son of a *Dutch* Woman and a fat Officer of the Cuſtom-houſe.

Let's remove to that great Man who plays upon the Guitar, and ſings to it himſelf. He is a melancholy Mad-man, a Lover whom the Severities of his Miſtreſs have reduc'd to this Condition. Ah, how I pity him! cry'd the Scholar, allow me to deplore his Misfortune; it may be every honeſt Gentleman's Caſe. If I ſhould be ſeiz'd by a cruel Beauty, I don't my ſelf know whether I ſhould not loſe my Wits. By this Sentiment you ſhew your ſelf to be a true *Caſtilian*; one muſt be born in the very middle of *Caſtile* to be capable of ever running melancholy Mad for being unable to pleaſe. The *French* are not ſo tender, and if you will know the Difference betwixt a *Frenchman* and a *Spaniard* on this Head, I need only repeat the Song which that Mad-man ſings, and has juſt this Minute compos'd.

A *Spaniſh* Song.

Ardo y lloro Sin Soſſiego:
Llorando y ardiendo tanto,
Que ni el llanto apaga el fuego;
Ni el fuego conſume el llanto.

In Proſe thus:

I burn and weep inceſſantly, without my Tears ever quenching my Flames, or my Flames drying up my Tears.

Thus ſings the *Spaniſh* Cavalier, when his Miſtreſs has us'd him ill; and on the ſame Occaſion a *Frenchman*, a few Days ſince, expreſs'd himſelf thus:

A *French* Song.

Th' ungrateful Object of my Love
Is deaf to all my Pray'rs:
Her cruel Heart no Sighs can move,
Nor is ſhe ſoften'd by my Tears.
Was ever Mortal curſ'd like me!
The Light, and ever glorious Sun,
Henceforth abandon'd will I ſhun,
And in the Grave with Payen *lye.*

Payen

Payen is probably a Vintner, ſaid *Don Cleofas*. You've gueſs'd right, anſwer'd the Devil. Let's now come to the Women. How comes it, ſaid the Scholar, that I ſee but five or ſix! there are leſs mad Women than I thought. All of 'em are not here, reply'd the *Damon*, but in another Part of the City there is a Place that is quite full of 'em. I'll carry you thither this Minute, if you pleaſe. No, no, interrupted *Don Cleofas*, I will content my ſelf with ſeeing theſe here; pray inform me of the Cauſes of their Diſtraction.

The firſt, reply'd *Aſmodeo*, is an old Marchioneſs, who lov'd a young Officer that ſerv'd in *Flanders*. She gave him a large Sum to defray the Charges of his Campaign, and in his Abſence conſulted a Female Fortune-teller, to know what her Lover did abroad; the Witch ſhews him to the Marchioneſs at the Feet of a *Flanders* Lady, in a Glaſs, at which the old Lady loſt her Wits.

The next is a Corregidor's Wife, whoſe Reaſon was turn'd by the outrageous Paſſion ſhe fell into at being call'd a Citizen's Wife by a Court-Lady. The next is a Proctor's Wife, who preſs'd her Huſband very hard to buy her a Croſs of Diamonds,

amonds, worth ten thouſand Ducats; he abſolutely refus'd it, whereupon ſhe ran mad. The next is a Coquet, whoſe Head is turn'd with Spight for having loſt a great Lord, whoſe Ruin ſhe had contriv'd. In the two little Lodges below thoſe Ladies are two Servant Wenches, who have loſt their Wits; one of them for Grief, for being left out of the Will of an old Batchelor, whom ſhe ſerved; and the other for Joy, at the News of the Death of a rich Treaſurer, whoſe Heireſs ſhe was.

After having ſhewn you the mad People which are confin'd, continu'd the Devil, I muſt ſhew you thoſe who ought to be treated ſo.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

Which ſhould be longer than the preceding.

LET's turn our Eyes on the Side of the City, and as I ſhall diſcover to you ſome Subjects which very well deſerve to be plac'd amongſt thoſe that are here, I will give you their reſpective Characters. I ſee one already which I will not ſuffer to eſcape. 'Tis a new-marry'd Man, who eight Days ſince was told of the coquetting Tricks of a Jilt that he lov'd; enrag'd he goes to her, breaks one Part of her Furniture, throws another out of the Window, and the next Day marries her. Such a Man as this, ſaid *Don Cleofas*, certainly deſerves the firſt Vacancy in this Houſe. He has a Neighbour not much wiſer than himſelf, reply'd *Aſmodeo*; 'tis a Batchelor of forty five, who has ſufficient to live on, and yet would enter himſelf in a Nobleman's Service.

I ſee a Lawyer's Widow, a good Woman who is above ſixty; her Husband is juſt dead, and ſhe has enter'd her ſelf into

to a Nunnery to ſecure her Reputation, as ſhe ſays, from Scandal. I diſcern a couple of Virgins of above fifty, each making Vows to Heav'n to take their Father, who keeps them up as cloſe as tho' they were under Age. They hope, after the old Gentleman's Death, they ſhall find handſome Men that will marry them for Love. And why not? ſaid the Scholar: There are Men in the World of as whimſical a Taſte as that. I grant it, reply'd the Devil, 'tis not impoſſible they ſhould find Husbands, but they ought not to flatter themſelves with ſuch Hopes; 'tis therein conſiſts their Folly.

There is no Country in the World where the Women tell their Age truly. About a Month ſince, a Maid of forty eight, and a Wife of ſixty nine, went before a Commiſſary to teſtifie for a Widow of their Acquaintance whoſe Virtue was queſtion'd. The Commiſſary firſt interrogated the marry'd Woman on her Age, and tho' it was as plainly expreſs'd in her Forehead as in the Church Regiſter, ſhe yet boldly ventur'd to ſay ſhe was but forty. He next interrogated the Maiden: And you, Madam, ſaid he, how old are you? Let's paſs on to the other Queſtions, Sir, anſwer'd ſhe, for this is

an improper one to be put to us. You don't conſider what you ſay, Madam, reply'd the Commiſſary; don't you know that in Juridical Caſes the Truth ought always to be told? No Law obliges us to it, anſwer'd the Maiden haſtily. But then I cannot take your Depoſition, ſaid he, if your Age be not to it, for 'tis a material Circumſtance. If 'tis abſolutely neceſſary, reply'd ſhe, look upon me intently, and put my Age down according to your Conſcience, The Commiſſary, without much Examination, put her down twenty eight. He then ask'd whether ſhe had long known the Widow: Before her Marriage, ſaid ſhe. Then I have miſtaken your Age, reply'd he, in ſetting you down but twenty eight, for it is twenty nine Years ſince the Widow was marry'd. Well, Sir, return'd the Maiden, write me down thirty then; I might at a Year old know the Widow. That will not be regular, reply'd he, let us add a dozen. No indeed, interrupted ſhe; all that I can poſſibly afford to add is one Year more, and I would not put a Month more if it were to ſave my Honour. When theſe two Ladies were gone from the Commiſſary's, the marry'd Woman ſaid to the other, I wonder that impertinent

pertinent Fellow ſhould take us for ſuch Fools as to tell our Ages truly: 'Tis not enough indeed that they are regiſter'd in our Pariſh Books, but the rude Fellow would have them upon his Papers, that all the World may know 'em. Well, I banter'd him ſufficiently; I ſunk a good round twenty Years upon him, and you have done very well in ſuppreſſing ſo many. What do you call ſo many? anſwer'd the Maiden very ſmartly: You rally me, I am at moſt but five and thirty. Hah! reply'd the other with an angry Air, who do you tell ſo? I ſaw you born; 'tis a long time ſince indeed: I remember I ſaw your Father die; he was not young, and he hath been dead about forty Years. Oh my Father, my Father, haſtily interrupted the Virgin, enrag'd at the other's Freedom; betwixt you and I, when my Father marry'd my Mother he was ſo old he was not able to get Children.

I obſerve in the ſame Houſe, continu'd *Aſmodeo*, two Men who are not over wiſe. One of them is a Puſher of his Fortune, that goes every Day to the *Levées* of great Lords, and is Fool enough to believe they remember what he ſays to them a quarter of an Hour afterwards. The other is a foreign Painter, who draws

Women by the Life: He is a great Artiſt, he paints well, draws correctly, and hits a Likeneſs extraordinary well, but does not flatter; and yet is ſo vain as to think he ſhall be crouded with Buſineſs. *Inter Stultos referatur.* How, ſaid the Scholar, you ſpeak *Latin* to a Miracle! Ought you to wonder at that, ſaid the Devil; I ſpeak all Languages in Perfection, even not excepting that of *Athens*, which I ſpeak a hundred times better than a certain Set of Men who at preſent value themſelves on ſpeaking it well, and yet I am neither the greater Fool, nor the vainer for it.

Caſt your Eye into that great Houſe on the left Hand, on a melancholy Lady, ſurrounded by ſeveral Women who watch with her. 'Tis the Widow of an Officer of the Treaſury, who is over-run with an Affectation of Nobility: She has this Day made her Will, by which ſhe bequeaths her immenſe Riches wholly to Perſons of the firſt Quality; not that ſhe ſo much as knows any one of them, but only for the ſake of their great Titles. She was ask'd whether ſhe would not leave ſomething to a certain Perſon who had done her conſiderable Services: Alas, no, anſwer'd ſhe, and I am concern'd at it: I

am

am not ſo ungrateful as not to own that I have Obligations to him; but he is but a Yeoman, and his Name would diſgrace my Will.

Signior *Aſmodeo*, interrupted, *Don Cleofas*, I beg you would inform me whether that old Man which I ſee reading ſo hard in a Cloſet, may not perhaps deſerve to be plac'd here? He deſerves it beyond diſpute, anſwer'd the *Dæmon*. He is an old *Licenciado* in Divinity, he is reading a Proof of a Book which he has under the Preſs. The Subject muſt certainly be moral or divine, ſaid the Scholar: No reply'd the Devil, 'tis a Miſcellany of lewd Poems which he has written; inſtead of burning them, or at leaſt ſuffering them to die with their Author, he prints them in his Life-time, for fear his Heirs ſhould not be inclin'd to publiſh them after his Death; or out of regard to his Character, ſhould deprive them of all their Salt and Spirit.

In the Neighbourhood of that *Licenciate*, I ſee one of the beſt Authors which you have. He has an excellent Genius; his Works abound with the *Attick* Salt; they are ſprinkled all over with noble and ſhining Thoughts: He does not want New Turns; his Expreſſions are bold, and always happy. Let's paſs on to

his Neighbour. 'Tis a Man —— Oh, not ſo faſt, precipitately interrupted *Don Cleofas*; you have ſaid nothing but what is excellent of this Author, and yet have ſhewn him to me amongſt the Fools. That is indeed true, reply'd the Devil; I forgot his Fault. When he reads his Performances, he ſtops at all thoſe Places which ſeem to him to deſerve Applauſe, to leave his Auditors time to give it him, and withal have the Pleaſure himſelf of taſting all their Excellencies.

Obſerve in that Houſe on the right, three Perſons drinking Chocolate: One of them is a Count which ſets up for a Lover of Polite Learning: The other is his Brother, a *Licenciado*; and the third is a Wit, which hangs on 'em. They are always inſeparable, and never viſit aſunder. The Count's ſole Buſineſs is to praiſe himſelf; that of the *Licenciado*, or young Divine, to praiſe his elder Brother and himſelf: But the Wit's Buſineſs is of a larger Extent, he praiſes both of 'em, intermixing his own Commendations with theirs.

I was going to paſs by a ſimple Woman, which I diſcover in a little Houſe. She is ſo much poſſeſs'd with her very little Merit, that ſhe is drawing up a Liſt of her

her Lovers, in which ſhe inſerts all Men in general who ever ſpoke to her. About two Paces farther I diſcern a rich Batchelor, tainted with a very particular Folly. He lives frugally, tho' 'tis neither for Mortification, nor Sobriety: But to amaſs Riches. For what? To diſtribute in Alms? No. He buys Pictures, rich Furniture, Jewels, China and Bawbles; not to enjoy the uſe of 'em during his Life, but only to make a Figure in his Inventory. What you tell me is unnatural and forc'd, interrupted *Don Cleofas*. Is there really a Man in the World of this Character? Yes, I tell you, reply'd the Devil, he is one of that ſort of Madmen. Does he, for Inſtance, buy a very fine *Scrutore*; he cauſes it to be pack'd up neatly, and lock'd up in his Garret, that it may appear perfectly new to the Brokers who ſhall buy it after his Death. In ſhort, he pleaſes himſelf with the Thoughts that the Inventory of his Goods will be admir'd,

With this Batchelor lives an Author, which ſucceeds very well in a grave way of Writing; and is only fit for what he now does: Yet he believes himſelf capable of every thing; and will not write Plays, Becauſe, ſays he, my

Comedy would be too ſublime to pleaſe the Pit. If he ſaid too cool, I ſhould take a ſpecial Care how I rank'd ſuch a ſenſible Man amongſt the Fools and Madmen.

Should I, *Don Cleofas*, attempt to ſhew you all thoſe which deſerve to be ſhut up, I ſhould never have done. Wherefore, to vary the Pleaſures I intend you, I will carry you to another Place, and divert you with different Objects. But before we quit where we are, I muſt hint to you a certain Author, which I have juſt now found. He is a perfect Maſter of the *Greek* and *Roman* Authors, from whom he borrows all the Thoughts which he puts in his Works; and yet he believes himſelf to be an Original, and allows none to be Plagiaries, but thoſe who ſteal from *Lope de Vega Carpio*, or *Pedro Calderon*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

The LOVERS.

I Muſt confeſs, ſays *Cleofas*, the Obſervations you have made are very Inſtructive, but tend to things for which a Man of my Age and Complexion has but little Reliſh. You are to remember 'twas a Love-Adventure brought me into the Honour of your Converſation; and, dear *Cupid*, ſince you preſide over that Paſſion, confine your Diſcourſe to what you are Maſter of. Shew me then the Joys and Anxieties, the Politicks and Follies of Lovers, if you would improve me in a real uſeful Knowledge. I ſhould be ſhy, ſaid the *Dæmon*, of giving you that Information, for fear of loſing a Votary, did not I know it is an inſeparable Quality in Lovers to ſee and yet indulge their Miſery and Weakneſs, for which Reaſon I am under no Apprehenſion of your growing Wiſer from the Folly of others. But prethee, quoth the Scholar, before you go any further, let me know what that Gentleman is, who is ſtriking Fire at his Tinderbox; do you obſerve yonder,

yonder, how he appears and vaniſhes as the Sparks fly about him. That vigilant Perſon, reply'd *Aſmodeo*, is a Lover, who has been this Evening in his Miſtreſs's Company. She, in her Diſcourſe on indifferent Things, began two or three Cenſures with acuſtomary Phraſe of hers, *There are ſome People in the World.* This he took no notice of at the Time ſhe ſpoke it; but upon ſecond Thoughts in his own Lodgings, very wiſely diſcover'd that ſhe meant him by that ambiguous Expreſſion. After taking ſeveral Turns in his Chamber, he call'd for Pen, Ink and Paper, kick'd his Footman down Stairs, and reſolv'd to tell his Miſtreſs plainly he knew whom ſhe aim'd at in her late Reflections. He had not gone thro' the firſt Line of his Letter, before he was interrupted by a ſudden Thought which ſet all things right again, convinc'd him that his Suſpicions were groundleſs, and that he was ſtill in her good Graces. He immediately grew the moſt ſatisfy'd Man in the World, went to Bed in the Height of good Humour, gave his Man a Crown, and bid him good Night. What Diſaſter, ſays *Cleofas*, can have befall'n him ſince? He ſeems to blow his Tinder in an unuſual hurry; how his Cheeks ſwell, and his Eyes

Eyes glare! 'Tis the moſt dreadful Night-piece I ever ſaw. You muſt know, ſays the *Dæmon*, he had compos'd himſelf with great Tranquillity for half an Hour, and was juſt falling aſleep, when he ſtartled on a ſudden, and bethought himſelf *if ſhe did not mean him, whom could ſhe mean.* This threw him into ſo great a Ferment, that he jump'd out of his Bed, with a Reſolution to do ſomething which yet neither he nor I know any thing of. I heartily pity the poor Fellow, ſaid *Cleofas*, for I find he loves in earneſt. Had he not, reply'd the *Dæmon*, ſhe had been his own before now; but 'tis the Frailty of that weak Sex to prefer an acted Paſſion to a real one. That is a Frailty, ſays the Scholar, into which they may naturally fall. A perſonated Lover can aſſume all the Graces, and avoid all the Imperfections of the Paſſion. Diſquietudes, Jealouſies and Expoſtulations always accompany, but very ill recommend a Heart throughly enamour'd. But look, the Man has lighted his Candle, and blown it out again. Ay, ſays the *Dæmon*, he was quieted the very Moment he had litt it, by calling to mind that he had one Day heard his Miſtreſs ſay, Nothing was ſo graceful in a Man as an high Fore-

head,

head, which you may obſerve he has, to the apparent Detriment of his Chin, Cheeks and Eyes. On how ſlight a Foundation is rais'd the good and evil of Lovers! cry'd *Cleofas*. Perhaps ſhe who creates all this Diſorder is in perfect Tranquillity. That you ſhall ſee immediately, ſaid *Aſmodeo*: Caſt your Eyes on the great Houſe in the Corner of the ſame Street; does not a Watch-light diſcover to you a Lady lying half out of her Bed, and talking to a Servant, who ſits by her ſide? You are to underſtand, by the way, that the Woman of a Lady in Love never goes to Bed 'till four in the Morning. As ſoon as ſhe has undreſs'd her, and laid her on her Pillow, her Buſineſs of putting her to Reſt is but begun; for ſhe is then to ſit down by her, hear her Sentiments of the humble Servant, and confute all her Suſpicions of his Infidelity or want of Love; and by that time the good Lady is ten times throughly convinc'd, and her Maid as often perjur'd, in hopes to be diſmiſs'd, the Story is to begin again. The preſent Anguiſh of our wakeful Veſtal is occaſion'd by a merry Tale that the Gentleman in his Shirt told her in their laſt Converſation, which diverted her ſo much that ſhe is afraid he has not Grief at Heart, who could talk with ſo much Hu-

Humour: This gives her a thouſand Fears, that he has broke his Fetters; but ſhe now receives Comfort, the Wench having almoſt perſuaded her that the Perſon for whom her Ladyſhip has ſo much Tenderneſs went away in very great Diſorder, and in all probability is at this Moment upon the Rack.

I know, by Experience, ſays the Scholar, there is nothing ſo diſagreeable to one in her Ladyſhip's Condition as a State of Indifference; your true Lover muſt be always giving either Pleaſure or Pain. But who is that pretty Creature ſighing before her Glaſs at this time of Night? Why does ſhe bite her Lips, glance her Eyes, and examine her Face in ſo many different Views? You know, ſaid *Aſmodeo*, the Cuſtom among you young Fellows, of publiſhing a Liſt every Winter of the Beauties who are to be the Tyrants of the Year, and have their Healths drank by Crouds of ſecond-hand Lovers, that never ſaw 'em, but are to be enamour'd by Hearſay, and die for 'em becauſe 'tis the Faſhion. The Lady before us, after a Reign of three Years, was left out in Yeſterday's Nomination, which is the Subject of her preſent Contemplation; wherein ſhe appeals to her Glaſs, from

from the Injuſtice of the Electors. To be reveng'd on the Town, ſometimes ſhe is reſolv'd to marry a faithful Lover ſhe has long laugh'd at, and ſpend the Remainder of her Life in Devotion; but upon ſurveying her ſelf more narrowly, ſhe finds things are not come to that Extremity, and now intends to dreſs, and try the Fortune of her Features in all publick Places for one Year more, in order to revive her Pretenſions againſt the next Election. But we muſt not dwell ſo long on Particulars, if you would have an Idea of the Extent of my Command; you ſee my Followers in every Quarter of the City.

Yonder's a young Lady getting out of a Window, to run away with her Father's Footman; and at that Corner is a Lord attending with a Coach and Six, to ſteal a Manteau-maker's Journey-woman. The Gentleman you ſee in the Porch has made an Aſſignation to meet his Miſtreſs in that Place to Morrow Morning at ſeven, and in order to it took his Station there at ten laſt Night. Excuſe Interruption, ſaid the Scholar; pray tell me the Circumſtances of the Perſon yonder that lyes on his Back with his Hands lifted up, and his Head erected, like a Figure on a Tomb;

Tomb; he ſeems falling aſleep in an Act of Devotion. 'Tis the only Perſon I have ſeen well-employ'd; he is taken up much better than in theſe Vanities. Nothing leſs, anſwer'd the *Dæmon*; he lyes motionleſs, as you ſee, that a Plate of Black-Lead on his Forehead may have its due Effect in preſerving it ſmooth. His Hands are ty'd up, that they may be white in the Morning; and his Waſte brac'd in with an Iron-Bodice, to preſerve his Shape. In this extraordinary Poſture he is calling upon cruel *Belinda*, and amidſt a thouſand cutting Reflections on the ill Succeſs of his Paſſion, it is no ſmall Mortification to him, that by the Itching of the left Side of his Noſe, he finds he ſhall have a Pimple there before Morning.

But pray tell me, ſays *Cleofas*, the Hiſtory of that ſtudious Gentleman that ſtands in his Night-gown looking upon his Candle. He rubs his Head, as if it teem'd with ſome extraordinary Project. Hah! my old Friend *Leandro*, ſays the *Dæmon*, are you there? This Gentleman, ſays he, turning to *Cleofas*, about fifteen Years ago, fell in Love with a young Widow, who did not diſcourage his Addreſſes. He's a good-natur'd ſenſible Fellow, and fond to Death of his fair Idol; but

but at the ſame time ſo over-run with Modeſty that he can't find Courage enough to reveal his Paſſion, and ask her Conſent. She has given him a thouſand Opportunities of breaking it to her, and he has made as many Reſolutions of doing it the next time he ſees her, but they are no ſooner left together, but he falls into Confuſions and Palpations, looks like an Aſs, and wiſhes ſomebody would come into the Room to diſembarraſs him, and ſpoil an Opportunity that perhaps he has long'd for ſeveral Months before. She took him Yeſterday into the Fields. The Lover, who would have given half his Eſtate for ſo favourable an Occaſion, fell a praiſing the Proſpect, and after a great many Efforts to enter on the Grand Affair, reſolv'd to put it off to another time. His Paſſion began in the Year 1692, and in 1695 was in a fair way, had he preſs'd it; ever ſince that time he has been endeavouring to communicate his Heart, but it fails him, and 'tis very probable he may be paſs'd the Functions of Love before he has Courage enough to make it. This would have been a rare Fellow to have made Love before the Deluge, ſays *Cleofas*; a Man might then have languiſh'd an hundred Years for a Girl,

Girl, and afterwards, upon her Diſdain, have had two or three Centuries of Youth to rake in; but at preſent, Courtſhip, Marriage, and Conſummation are drawn into a Span. We muſt huddle up our Amours as ſoon as poſſible, if we intend to taſte the Sweets of 'em. But, ſaid *Aſmodeo*, commend me to that buſie Gentleman whom you ſee writing in a penſive Poſture. He is a paſſionate Lover, that is, an angry one: An honeſt Soul, that ſhews his Sincerity to his Miſtreſs, by never diſguiſing his Reſentments. This Morning he took the innocent Freedom of ſhaking her by the Shoulder, and calling her a dirty Baggage; upon which, after having deliberated whether he ought to hang himſelf, or beg her Pardon, he has juſt now finiſh'd a penitential Letter to her, wherein he ſubſcribes himſelf the Vileſt of Men, and moſt miſerable of Lovers.

Unhappy Wretch! let him go ſleep, if he can, ſaid the Scholar; but I grow ſick with looking upon Fools ſo like my ſelf. You'd oblige me more if you'd ſhow me the Weakneſs of the Enemy, and let me ſee, that with all theſe Diſadvantages, we are equal to the Sex we have to deal with. There is hardly one of them, ſaid the Devil, who does not deſtroy, by her Inſolence, the Paſſion ſhe raiſes by her Beauty.

Yonder's a Wife on her Bed faſt aſleep, that has given Orders to her Maid not to

let in her Husband, 'till ſhe has call'd her up to rattle him for making her ſit up ſo late: In that Tavern you may ſee the good Man calling for another Bottle, becauſe he's afraid of going home at ſo ill an Hour. There's a Merchant's Heireſs who languiſh'd for the Honour of being Noble, and is tranſported with the Pleaſure of taking Place of her old Acquaintance all Day, tho' every Night ſhe is kick'd out of Bed by her Lord for being born a Citt, and paying his Debts. A little farther you may ſee a private Gentleman that's marry'd to a Dutcheſs, but divorc'd for a Fortnight for offering to lay Hands on her Grace's Linnen, without mentioning her Title.

There's a Gaming Lady juſt come home from loſing 500 *l.* at *Ombre*; ſhe can't go to Bed 'till her Maid has brought her a Pack of Cards, and wakes her Husband to ſhew him how ſhe loſt the laſt Game; then falls into a Paſſion, goes raving to Bed, and rails at the good Man all Night for not getting a Place at Court.

If you had as good Ears as I, you would hear that Lady, who frisks to and fro in her Apartment with ſo much Uneaſineſs, cry Coxcomb, Fop, Clown, Novice, at every little Stop ſhe makes in her Walk. Her Miſery is, that according to Form, ſhe told a plain Fellow with a good Eſtate, who propos'd himſelf to her, ſhe wonder'd

wonder'd he could make her ſuch an Offer, and ſolemnly proteſted ſhe could never like him: The Swain believ'd her, and is gone to his Country Seat; upon which ſhe is now caſting about, by what means to explain to the Ruſtick the Nature of Gallantry, and make him underſtand, that a Man's Profeſſion of Love, and a Woman's Refuſal, in this refin'd Age, are equally meer Words.

But I obſerve a Lady, who of all I have ſeen, ſaid *Cleofas*, touches me with the greateſt Compaſſion; her ſtreaming Eyes, and diſhevel'd Hair, ſpeak a perfect *Magdalen*: What can be her Diſtreſs? who could be ſo barbarous to a Creature made up of ſo much Softneſs? That diſconſolate Dame, quoth *Aſmodeo*, was three Hours ago one of the greateſt Coquets in *Madrid*, and is breaking her Heart too late for want of knowing it time enough. She had long lov'd a Gentleman of Merit, but play'd with his Paſſion and her own by ſo many repeated Slights, that he grew tir'd of the Chaſe, and Yeſterday diſpos'd of himſelf to another. 'Tis for this Reaſon that ſhe abandons her ſelf this Night to Prayer and Harts-Horn, and intends to Morrow to ſhut her ſelf up in a Nunnery for ever. It would be endleſs to ſhow you the Vanities of the Sex; their Thoughts, Words and Actions, tend only to Show and Oſtentation, for which they ſacrifice their Liberty, and all the Pleaſures

of Life. Look at the ſumptuous Apartment in that Palace, and the wrought Bed which reaches up to the Roof of it: Don't you ſee in it an old Man juſt fallen aſleep, and by his Side a beautiful young Lady looking at a Picture in Miniature. The Avarice of her Mother tore her from the young Gallant, whoſe Figure ſhe is contemplating, to bury her in the Embrace of one ſhe loaths. And now all the Hopes ſhe has left is, to lay her old Man in his Winding-Sheet, and one Day or other come into the Arms of her firſt Love. At the next Houſe is a more diverting Sight: The Brute who ſtaggers into that Chamber is reeling to the Bed of that delicate Creature, whom her prudent Parent proſtituted to his Embraces. The beaſtly Sot was Rival to one of a very agreeable Character; their Fortunes were equal, but I dare ſay you'll laugh at the Merit which preferr'd this Worthy to the Choice of the provident Mother. You muſt know he had a Pidgeon-Houſe upon his Eſtate, which the other wanted. This turn'd the Ballance in his Favour, and determin'd the Fate of that unfortunate Lady. If you can ſhow us only unhappy Effects of this Paſſion, ſaid *Cleofas*, I muſt deſire you'd entertain me with another Set of Objects. Don't be diſcourag'd, anſwer'd the *Dæmon*, at the Proſpects I have laid before you.

you. There are in Nature pleaſing Amours and happy Marriages, but theſe are not to be look'd for in *Madrid*. To give you a Sight of happy Pairs, I ſhould tranſport you to Solitudes and Retirements, where Love is a Stranger to Art and Gallantry, and lives amidſt its own natural Sweets, Complacency, mutual Eſteem, and eternal Conſtancy; without being diverted by the falſe Appearances, which under the Colour of advancing its Enjoyments, vitiate the true Reliſh of 'em. 'Tis when we Spirits behold Mortals in this Condition, that we ſuffer our greateſt Pangs of Envy, and wiſh for Fleſh and Blood, to taſte the Gratifications beſtow'd upon 'em.

Of the Tombs.

ASmodeo, reſolv'd to ſhew *Don Cleofas* ſome new things, carry'd him to another Part of the City, and they fix'd on a lofty Church fill'd with magnificent Tombs. Let's here continue the Thred of our Obſervation, ſaid the Devil; and before we purſue our Reflections on the Living, let's for a few Moments diſturb the Repoſe of the Dead bury'd in this Church. Let's run thro' theſe Sepulchers, detect what they conceal, and ſee wherefore they were erected.

The firſt of thoſe eight Tombs, which you

you ſee on the right Hand, contains the Corps of a young Lover, who dy'd with Grief for not being able to carry the Prize at the Ring. In the ſecond is a Miſer, that ſtarv'd himſelf with Hunger; and in the third his Heir, who two Years after dy'd with exceſſive Eating and Drinking. In the fourth lyes a Father, which could not ſurvive the Rape of his only Daughter. In the next is a young Man, who threw himſelf into a Pleuriſie by taking cooling Phyſick. In that beyond him, are contain'd the ſad Remains of an Officer, which after having faithfully ſerv'd his Country, like another *Agamemnon*, at his Return from the Army found an *Ægiſthus* in his Houſe. The ſeventh covers an old Maiden Lady of Quality, ugly and poor, whom Grief and Envy conſum'd; and in the laſt reſts the Wife of an Officer of the Treaſury, who dy'd with Diſguſt for being oblig'd, in a narrow Street, to turn her Coach to make way for that of a Dutcheſs.

Who are they, ſaid the Scholar, in thoſe five Tombs on the left Hand? I'll tell you, anſwer'd the Devil: One of them contains the ridiculous Conjunction of an old Huſband, and a young Wife. The Husband, when he marry'd her, had Children by a former Venture, and was juſt ready to have ſign'd their Ruin, when an Apoplexy carry'd him off; and their Mother-in-Law, four

four and twenty Hours after, dy'd with Vexation, that he did not die two Days later. In the next lyes an old Canon, too ſoon hurry'd out of the World by making his Will when in perfect Health, and reading it to his Domeſticks, to whom, like a good-natur'd Maſter, he had bequeath'd ſeveral Legacies: His Cook, too impatient to ſtay for his, ſoon diſpatch'd him. Beyond this imprudent Canon lyes a beautiful Lady, ſacrific'd to the Suſpicions of her jealous Husband. In the fourth is a Bigot, who loſt his Life by walking in his Garden half an Hour without an Umbrella; and in the laſt is a devout Lady, that dy'd of the exceſſive Uſe of Phlebotomy, by way of Precaution.

In the midſt of all theſe ſtately Tombs, ſaid the Devil, there are ſeveral Perſons very plainly interr'd, and amongſt the reſt a *German*, who dy'd by drinking three Healths with Tobacco in his Glaſs, in a Debauch; a *Frenchman* which loſt his Life for preſenting (according to the Civility of his Nation) a Lady with Holy Water at her Entrance into the Church, as he was going out of it. There lyes a Player, that by ſlow Degrees conſum'd himſelf in envying thoſe of his Comerades, who kept their Coaches, whilſt he was oblig'd to go a-foot. There is an Actreſs, which over-heating her ſelf, in playing the Part of a Veſtal-Virgin, miſ-

miſcarry'd, and dy'd of it behind the Scenes; and next to her is interr'd a Dramatick Author, who ſuddenly dy'd of Envy, at the Pits clapping one of his Friend's Plays the firſt Day.

Signior *Aſmodeo*, ſaid the Scholar here, pardon me if I interrupt you to ask the Reaſon of thoſe piercing Cries which deaffen my Ears. They proceed, anſwer'd the Devil, from that fine Houſe on the left Hand; where this very Moment is acting one of the moſt melancholy Scenes that ever was repreſented on the Theatre of the World: Fix your Eyes on that deplorable Spectacle. Ah, why, reply'd *Don Cleofas*, does that Lady which tears her Hair, and ſtruggles in the Woman's Arms, appear ſo afflicted? Look in the oppoſite Apartment, return'd *Aſmodeo*, and you will ſee the Cauſe. Obſerve that Man laid out on that ſtately Bed; 'tis her Husband, he is juſt dead, and ſhe is inconſolable. Their Story is very moving, and deſerves to be written; I have a great Mind to tell it you: You will oblige me, ſaid the Scholar; I am not leſs ſenſible of Objects of Compaſſion, than diverted by thoſe of Ridicule. 'Tis ſomewhat long, reply'd the Devil, but too moving to be tireſome. He then began the Relation in theſe Terms.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

Of the Power of Friendſhip.

A STORY.

A Young Gentleman of *Toledo*, accompany'd by his *Valet de Chambre*, travell'd ſeveral long Days Journies from his native Country, to avoid the Conſequences of a tragical Adventure. He was two little Leagues from *Valencia*, when at the Entry of a Wood he met a Lady deſcending haſtily out of her Coach. No Vail cover'd her Face, in which Beauty ſhone in Perfection. This charming Lady ſeem'd ſo diſturb'd and diſtracted, that the Cavalier, concluding ſhe wanted Aſſiſtance, did not fail to tender her that of his Courage. Generous Unknown, ſaid the Lady, I won't refuſe your Offer; Heav'n ſeems to have ſent you hither to my Aſſiſtance, and to avert the Misfortune which I dread. Two Gentlemen are met upon an Appointment in this Wood; I this Minute ſaw them enter; I can tell you no more; but, if you pleaſe, follow me, and you ſhall know the whole. At the end of theſe Words ſhe flew into the Wood, and the *Toledan*, after leaving the Care of his Horſe

to his Man, made after her as faſt as he could.

They had ſcarce advanc'd an hundred Paces before they heard the claſhing of Swords, and ſoon diſcover'd two Men furiouſly engag'd. The *Toledan* ran to part them, which having done, partly by Force and partly by Entreaty, he ask'd them the Cauſe of their Quarrel. Brave Unknown, ſaid one of the two Cavaliers, my Name is *Don Fadrique de Mendoça*, and my Adverſary is *Don Alvaro Ponce*: We both love *Donna Theodora*, the Lady which you accompany: She has always ſlighted our Addreſſes, and notwithſtanding all the Tenderneſſes that Love could ſuggeſt to pleaſe her, the obdurate Fair would never treat us better. As for me, I deſign'd to continue her Slave in ſpight of her Indifference; but my Rival, inſtead of taking the ſame Reſolution, ſent me a Challenge. 'Tis true, interrupted *Don Alvaro*; I concluded that if I had no Rival, *Donna Theodora* might look on me; wherefore I endeavour'd to take away the Life of *Don Fadrique*, to rid my ſelf of a Man that oppos'd my Felicity. Gentlemen, then ſaid the *Toledan*, I don't approve your Duelling; 'tis an Affront to *Donna Theodora*: 'Twill ſoon be publiſh'd in *Valencia* that you have fought for her; and your Miſtreſs's

ſtreſs's Honour ought to be dearer to you than your own Repoſe and Lives. Beſides, what Advantage could the Vanquiſher reap by his Victory? After having expos'd his Miſtreſs's Reputation, could he expect ſhe would look on him with a favourable Eye? Ridiculous Stupidity! Take my Advice, make a more noble Effort on your ſelves, more worthy the Names that you bear: Conquer theſe furious Tranſports, and by an inviolable Oath engage your ſelves to ſubſcribe the Articles of Accommodation which I ſhall propoſe to you. Your Quarrel ſhall end without Bloodſhed. Hah! how? ſaid *Don Alvaro*. This Lady muſt declare, reply'd the *Toledan*, whether ſhe will chuſe *Don Fadrique* or you, and the unhappy Lover, far from arming againſt his Rival, muſt leave him the Field. I conſent, ſaid *Don Alvaro*, and ſwear by all that is moſt ſacred to acquieſce in her Choice, whether ſhe determine in Favour of me or my Rival; for even that Preference will be more ſupportable than the miſerable Uncertainty under which I now labour. And as for me, ſaid *Don Fadrique* in his Turn, I call Heav'n to Witneſs, that if the Divine Object which I adore does not pronounce in my Favour, I will remove my ſelf far diſtant

from her Charms, and if I cannot forget her, at leaſt will never ſee her more.

The *Toledan* then turning towards *Theodora*, Madam, ſaid he, 'tis your part to ſpeak; 'tis in your Power with one Word to diſarm theſe two Rivals; you need only declare him whoſe Conſtancy you pleaſe to reward. Sir, anſwer'd the Lady, ſearch for another Expedient to reconcile them: Why ſhould I be the Sacrifice of their Agreement? I really value *Don Fadrique* and *Don Alvaro*, but I don't love either of them; and it is unjuſt that to prevent the Stain which their Duelling might caſt upon my Honour, I ſhould be oblig'd to give thoſe Hopes which my Heart will never own. 'Tis too late to diſſemble, Madam, reply'd the *Toledan*; you muſt declare your ſelf. Both theſe Cavaliers are equally handſom, and I am certain you have more Inclination for one than the other. I refer my ſelf to the mortal Agony in which I ſaw you. You miſ-interpret that Fright, reply'd *Donna Theodora*; the Loſs of either of theſe Gentlemen would very ſenſibly touch me, and I ſhould never give over blaming my ſelf on that account, tho' I am only the innocent Cauſe; but if you ſaw me alarm'd, 'twas only to the Danger which threaten'd my Reputation that any Fear was owing.

Don Alvaro Ponce, who was naturally very fierce, at theſe Words loſt all Patience: 'Tis enough, ſaid he very warmly; ſince the Lady refuſes to end this Diſpute amicably, the Sword ſhall immediately decide it; upon which he aim'd a Paſs at *Don Fadrique*, who was prepar'd to receiv'd it. The Lady, rather affrighted by this Action, than determin'd by her Inclination, amaz'd cry'd out: Hold, Gentlemen, I will ſatisfie you; if there be no other way to end an Engagement in which my Honour is concern'd, I declare that I give the Preference to *Don Fadrique de Mendoça*.

She had no ſooner ended theſe Words, than the diſcarded *Ponce*, without uttering one Syllable, immediately looſen'd his Horſe which was faſten'd to a Tree, and retir'd, caſting very angry Looks at his Rival and Miſtreſs. The happy *Mendoça*, on the contrary, was o'erwhelm'd with Joy; ſometimes he fell on his Knees before *Donna Theodora*, at others he embrac'd the *Toledan*, and was utterly at a Loſs for Expreſſions ſtrong enough to repreſent the Sentiments of Gratitude with which he was throughly touch'd. In the mean time the Lady returning to her natural Temper, after the Departure of *Alvaro*, began to reflect how anxious it would prove to her

to ſuffer the Addreſſes of a Lover, whoſe Merit tho' ſhe really valu'd, yet withal for whom her Heart had never been prepoſſeſs'd with any the leaſt Tenderneſs. *Don Fadrique*, ſaid ſhe, I hope you won't abuſe the Preference which I have given you; you owe it to the Neceſſity to which I was reduc'd, to declare betwixt you and *Don Alvaro*. My Sentence is not owing to my valuing you much more than him, tho' I know very well he has not all the good Qualities which you have, and I ſhall but do you Juſtice by ſaying that you are the moſt compleat Gentleman in *Valencia*. I will farther own to you, that the Addreſſes of ſuch a Man as you might very well flatter a Woman's Vanity; but how honourable ſoever it may be to me, I muſt tell you, I look upon them with ſo little Reliſh, that you are really to be pity'd for loving me ſo tenderly as you appear to do. I will not yet deprive you of all Hopes of touching my Heart: My Indifference, perhaps, may be only the Effect of the yet remaining Grief which ſeiz'd me a Year ſince for the Loſs of *Don Andrea de Cifuentes*, my Husband. Tho' we did not live long together, and he was of an advanc'd Age, when my Parents, dazled with his Riches, oblig'd me to marry him, yet was I very much afflicted at his Death. I ſhall

bemoan

bemoan it all my Life; and indeed did he not deſerve my Sorrow? He was not like thoſe four and jealous old Men, which never being able to perſuade themſelves that a Woman may be diſcreet enough, to excuſe their Weakneſs, continually watch all her Motions, or entruſt that Charge to a *Duenna* devoted to their Tyranny. Alas, he had ſuch an entire Confidence in my Virtue, as even a young Husband, tho' ador'd, is ſcarce capable of. Beſides, his Complaiſance was endleſs; I dare venture to ſay, that his ſole Care was to prevent me in all things which I ſeem'd to deſire: Such was *Don Andrea de Cifuentes*; you may then, *Mendoça*, eaſily judge, that 'tis not eaſie to forget a Man of ſuch an agreeable Character. He is always preſent in my Thoughts, which does not a little contribute, doubtleſs, to turn them from fixing on whatever is done to pleaſe me.

Don Fadrique could not help interrupting *Donna Theodora* here. Ah! Madam, cry'd he, how happy am I to learn from your own Mouth, that your former deſpiſing my Addreſſes did not reſult from any Averſion to my Perſon. I hope that you will one Day yield to my Conſtancy. 'Twill not be my Fault if your Paſſion does not ſucceed, reply'd the Lady, ſince I allow you to viſit me, and ſome-

times mention your Love. Endeavour to make me reliſh your Endearments; uſe all your Arts to make me love you. I will never conceal from you any favourable Sentiments which I may have for you; but if, after all your Efforts, you can't compaſs your End, remember, *Mendoça*, that you will have no reaſon to blame me. *Don Fadrique* would have reply'd, but had not time, by reaſon the Lady took the *Toledan* by the Hand, and nimbly turn'd towards her Equipage. He looſen'd his Horſe, which was ty'd to a Tree, and leading him by the Bridle, follow'd *Donna Theodora*, who mounted her Chariot with as much Precipitation as ſhe had before deſcended from it, tho' the Reaſon was utterly different. The *Toledan* and he accompany'd her on Horſe-back to the Gates of *Valencia*, where they parted. She went to her own Houſe, and *Don Fadrique* carry'd the *Toledan* to his.

He made him ſit down, and after having very well entertain'd him, he ask'd him what particularly brought him to *Valencia*, and whether he thought of making a long Stay there. I ſhall continue here as little while as poſſible, anſwer'd the *Toledan*; I came this way only to go towards the Sea-ſide, to embark in the very firſt Veſſel which ſails from the Coaſt of *Spain*,

for

for I care not much in what Part of the World I finiſh the Courſe of an unfortunate Life, provided it be far diſtant from theſe fatal Climates. What do you tell me, reply'd *Don Fadrique* ſurpriz'd, what can have turn'd you againſt your Country, and made you hate what all Men naturally love? After what has happen'd, return'd the *Toledan*, my Country is odious to me, and I aim at nothing in the World but to quit it for ever. Ah, Sir, ſaid *Mendoça*, touch'd with compaſſionate Concern, how impatient I am to know your Misfortunes? If I can't relieve your Pains I will ſhare them with you. The Air of your Face has prepoſſeſs'd me in your Favour; your Deportment charms me, and I find my ſelf ſtrenuouſly intereſted in your Fortune.

'Tis the greateſt Conſolation which I am capable of receiving, *Don Fadrique*, anſwer'd the *Toledan*; and in ſome meaſure to acknowledge the Affection which you have diſcover'd for me, I muſt alſo tell you, that when I ſaw you with *Don Alvaro Ponce*, my Inclinations declar'd on your ſide. An internal Motion, which I was never before ſenſible of at the firſt ſight of any Perſon, made me fear leſt *Donna Theodora* ſhould prefer your Rival, and I was touch'd with Joy when ſhe determin'd

in

in your Favour. You have ſince ſo much ſtrengthen'd that firſt Impreſſion, that inſtead of hiding my Uneaſineſſes I earneſtly deſire to lay them before, and find a ſecret Pleaſure in the unboſoming my ſelf to you. Hearken then to the Relation of my Misfortunes.

Toledo is my native Place, and *Don Juan de Zarate* my Name; almoſt from my Infancy I have loſt thoſe which gave Life, ſo that I began betimes to enjoy an Annual Eſtate of four thouſand Ducats, which they left me. My Heart being at my own Diſpoſal, and believing my ſelf rich enough not to conſult any thing but my own Inclination in the Choice of a Wife, I married a Virgin perfectly beautiful, without delaying on account of the Meanneſs of her Fortune, or the Inequality of our Conditions. I was charm'd with my Felicity; and to give the greater Reliſh to the Pleaſure of poſſeſſing the Perſon which I lov'd, a few Days after my Marriage, I carry'd her to an Eſtate which I have ſome Leagues from *Toledo*.

We liv'd there in a charming Union, when the Duke of *Naxera*, whoſe Seat is near my Eſtate, came one Day, when he was hunting, to refreſh himſelf at my Houſe. He ſaw my Wife and fell in Love with her: I ſuſpected it at leaſt; but what fully convinc'd

vinc'd me of it, was, that he immediately made the moſt preſſing Inſtances in the World to obtain my Friendſhip, which he never before ſet any Value on. He introduc'd me to his hunting Acquaintance, forc'd me to accept of ſeveral Preſents, and made me ſeveral Offers of his Service. Being immediately alarm'd by his Paſſion, I intended to return to *Toledo* with my Wife; and doubtleſs that Thought was inſpir'd by Heav'n: For had I wholly depriv'd the Duke of all Opportunities of ſeeing her, I ſhould have avoided thoſe Misfortunes which have fall'n on me; but my confident Reliance on her Virtue ſecur'd me. I thought it impoſſible for a Woman which I marry'd without a Fortune, and rais'd from a low Condition, to be ſo ungrateful as to forget my Favours. Alas, what a wrong Judgment did I make! Ambition and Vanity, thoſe two Vices natural to the Sex, were her greateſt Faults.

As ſoon as the Duke got an Opportunity to diſcover his Sentiments, ſhe was ſecretly pleas'd at ſuch an important Conqueſt. The Paſſion of a Man adorn'd with the Title of his Excellence, tickled her Pride, and fill'd her Mind with extravagant Chimera's: Whence ſhe began to value him more and me leſs; and all that I had

had done for her, inſtead of exciting her Gratitude, ſerv'd only to render me contemptible in her Eyes. She look'd on me as a Husband unworthy of her Beauty, and fancy'd that if this Grandee, who was now conquer'd by her Charms, had ſeen her before her being a Wife, he had certainly marry'd her. Intoxicated by theſe fooliſh Imaginations, and ſeduc'd by ſeveral engaging Preſents, ſhe yielded to the Duke's private and preſſing Importunities.

They frequently wrote to each other, without my ever ſuſpecting their Correſpondence; but at laſt I was unhappy enough to be cur'd of that Blindneſs. One Day returning from hunting ſooner than uſual, I went into my Wife's Apartment, who did not expect me ſo ſoon. She had juſt receiv'd a Billet from the Duke, which ſhe was preparing to anſwer. She could not hide her Uneaſineſs from me. I trembled, and finding Pen, Ink and Paper ready on a Table, I concluded ſhe had betray'd me. I preſs'd her to ſhew me what ſhe was writing; which ſhe ſo abſolutely deny'd, that I was oblig'd to uſe ſome Violence to ſatisfie my jealous Curioſity; and notwithſtanding all her Reſiſtance, I tore from her Boſom a Letter containing theſe Words: *Shall I for ever languiſh in expectation of a ſecond*

ſecond Interview? How cruel are you, to give me the moſt charming Hopes, and thus long delay the fulfilling them! Don Juan *goes every Day a hunting, or to* Toledo; *ſhould we not make uſe of theſe Opportunities? Have more regard to the violent Flames which conſume me. Pity me, Madam; conſider that if it be a Pleaſure to obtain our Deſires, 'tis a Torment to wait long for the Enjoyment of 'em.*

I could not read out this Letter without the utmoſt Tranſports of Rage. I clapp'd my Hand on my Dagger, and at firſt was tempted to take the Life of that faithleſs Wife who had depriv'd me of my Honour; but conſidering that would be only to revenge my ſelf by halves, and that my Reſentment requir'd yet another Victim, I conquer'd my Rage, diſſembled, and ſaid to my Wife, with the leaſt diſturbance poſſible; Madam, you were to blame to hearken to the Duke; the Luſtre of his high Quality ought not to have dazled your Eyes; but young Women are fond of pompous Titles; I am willing to believe that this is all you've yet proceeded to, and that you have not yet done me the laſt Injury; wherefore I excuſe your Indiſcretion, provided you will return to your Duty, and becoming throughly ſenſible of my Tenderneſs, you will think of nothing more

more than to deſerve it. After theſe Words I retir'd to my Apartment, as well to leave her to recover her ſelf, as becauſe I wanted ſome Retirement to cool my Rage, which had ſufficiently enflam'd me. If I could not recover my Temper, I at leaſt put on a very eaſie Air for two Days; and on the third pretending Buſineſs of the laſt Conſequence to *Toledo*, I told my Wife, that I was oblig'd to leave her for ſome time, and entreated her to take care of her Honour during my Abſence.

I left her, but inſtead of going to *Toledo*, I privately return'd home at the beginning of the Night, and conceal'd my ſelf in the Chamber of a faithful Domeſtick, where I could ſee whoever enter'd my Houſe. I did not doubt the Duke's being inform'd of my Departure, and concluded he would not miſs the Opportunity. I hop'd to ſurprize them together, and promis'd my ſelf an entire Vengeance; but I was deceiv'd in my Expectation: For inſtead of finding my Houſe preparing for the Reception of a Lover, I ſaw on the contrary the Doors very cloſe ſhut at their time; and three Days paſſing without the Appearance of the Duke, or even any of his Servants, I perſuaded my ſelf that my Spouſe repented her Fault, and broke off all manner

manner of Communication with the Duke.

Prepoſſeſs'd with this Opinion, I loſt all deſire of Revenge, and yielding to the Motions of a Love, which angry Reſentment had ſuſpended, I flew to my Wife's Apartment, embrac'd her with tranſporting Raptures, and ſaid, Madam, I reſtore you all my Eſteem and Tenderneſs. I have not been at *Toledo:* I pretended that Journey only to try you. You ought to pardon a Snare laid by a Husband, whoſe Jealouſie was not groundleſs. I fear'd that your Mind, ſeduc'd by ſplendid Illuſions, was not capable of undeceiving it ſelf: But, thanks to Heav'n, you are ſenſible of your Error, and, I hope, nothing for the future will ever diſturb our good Agreement.

My Wife ſeem'd touch'd at theſe Words; and letting fall ſome Tears, How unhappy am I, ſaid ſhe, to have given you Reaſon to ſuſpect my Virtue! Tho' I have to the laſt Degree abhorr'd that Fault which ſo juſtly irritated you againſt me, my Eyes have in vain kept from cloſing theſe two Days to make way for my Tears; yet for all my Grief, and all my Remorſe, I ſhall never regain your intire Confidence in me. I reſtore it you, Madam, ſaid I, perfectly ſoftned by the Sorrow which ſhe expreſs'd;

I will no more remember what is paſt, ſince you ſo ſincerely repent. Accordingly from that very Moment I had the ſame Regard for her as before, and began again to taſte thoſe Pleaſures which had been ſo cruelly interrupted. The Reliſh of them was heighten'd; for my Wife, as tho' ſhe reſolv'd to efface out of my Mind all the Marks of the Injury ſhe had done me, was much more ſollicitous to pleaſe me than ever. I found her Careſſes more tender, and almoſt rejoyc'd at the Diſcontent which had occaſion'd this happy Change.

I then fell ill, and tho' my Diſeaſe was not dangerous, 'tis not to be imagin'd what Fears my Wife diſcover'd. She ſtaid all Day with me, and in the Night, I being in a ſeparate Apartment, ſhe conſtantly came two or three Times to ſatisfie her ſelf how I was. She ſeem'd extreamly ſollicitous to prevent all the Aſſiſtance I wanted, and her Life ſeem'd to be inſeparable from mine. On my ſide, I was ſo ſenſible of all the Marks of Tenderneſs which ſhe gave me, that I could not help teſtifying my Acknowledgement of them to her; and yet, *Mendoça*, they were not ſo ſincere as I imagin'd.

One Night, when I began to recover, my *Valet de Chambre* wak'd me: My Lord, ſaid he, very much confus'd, I am ſorry I am

am oblig'd to diſturb your Repoſe; but am too faithful to conceal what is now acting in your Houſe. The Duke of *Naxera* is with my Lady. I was ſo ſtupify'd at this News, that for ſome time I look'd on the Fellow, without being able to ſpeak. The more I thought of what he told me, the leſs I believ'd it. No, *Fabio*, cry'd I, 'tis impoſſible that my Wife ſhould be guilty of ſuch a horrid perfidious Crime! You are not ſure of what you ſay. My Lord, reply'd *Fabio*, would to God 'twas poſſible for me to doubt of it; but I am not deceiv'd by falſe Appearances. Ever ſince your Indiſpoſition, I have ſuſpected the Duke's being every Night introduc'd into my Lady's Apartment. I hid my ſelf to remove my Suſpicions, and am but too well convinc'd that they are juſt.

At theſe Words, I roſe diſtracted with Rage; took my Night-Gown and Sword, and made directly to my Wife's Apartment, accompany'd by *Fabio*, who lighted me.

At the Noiſe of our Entrance, the Duke which was ſate on the Bed, roſe, and catching a Piſtol from his Girdle fir'd at me; but with ſuch great Confuſion and Precipitation, that he miſs'd me. I then violently ruſh'd upon him, and run him into the Heart; after which I addreſs'd my ſelf to my Wife, who was rather dead than a-

live: And thou, ſaid I, infamous Wretch receive the Reward of all thy Falſhoods. At theſe Words I plung'd my Sword, yet reaking with her Lover's Blood, into her Breaſt. I condemn my Paſſion, *Don Fadrique*, and own I might have ſufficiently puniſh'd a perfidious Wife, without taking away her Life; but what Man could keep his Reaſon intire in ſuch a Conjuncture? Paint to your ſelf all the Demonſtrations of tender Love which this falſe Woman made; repreſent all the Circumſtances, the Enormity of the Treaſon, and judge whether a Husband, fir'd by a juſt Rage, ought not to be pardon'd her Death.

To conclude ſo tragical a Story in two Words; after having fully ſatiated my Vengeance, I dreſs'd my ſelf with utmoſt haſte, concluding that I had no time to loſe, that the Duke's Relations would hunt for me all over *Spain*, and that the Intereſt of my Family not being ſufficient to balance that of theirs, I ſhould never be ſafe 'till gotten into a Foreign Country: Wherefore I ſelected two of my beſt Horſes, and with all the Mony and Jewels I had, left my Houſe before Day, follow'd by the Servant which has ſo well approv'd his Fidelity. I choſe the Road to *Valencia*, deſigning to put my ſelf on Board the firſt Veſſel which ſhould Sail to *Italy*; and this Day paſſing near the

the Wood where you were, I met *Donna Theodora*, who entreated me to follow her, and endeavour to part you.

After the *Toledan* had done, *Don Fadrique* ſaid: *Don Juan*, your Revenge on the Duke of *Naxera* was juſt, don't therefore diſturb your ſelf at the Purſuit his Relations may make: You ſhall, if you pleaſe, ſtay with me, 'till an occaſion offers to Embark for *Italy*. My Uncle is Governor of *Valencia*, and you will be ſafer here than any where elſe, and will beſides be with a Man who deſires for the future to be engag'd to you by the ſtricteſt Ties of Friendſhip. *Don Juan* anſwer'd *Mendoça* in Terms full of Acknowledgement, and accepted the offer'd Refuge.

The Power of Sympathy is very ſurprizing, *Don Cleofas*, purſu'd *Aſmodeo*; theſe two young Cavaliers were touch'd with ſuch a mutual Affection for one another, that in a few Days it created a Friendſhip betwixt them, as intire as that of *Oreſtes* and *Pleiades*. Beſides the Equality of their Merit, there was ſuch a Harmony in their Humours, that whatever pleas'd *Don Fadrique*, the other could not diſlike. They both made up but one Character, and they were made to love one another. *Don Fadrique*, who above all was enchanted with the Deportment of his Friend, could not

forbear boaſting of it every Moment to *Theodora*.

They both frequently viſited that Lady, who continually look'd on *Mendoça*'s Addreſſes with Indifference; at which he was extreamly mortify'd, and complain'd of it to his Friend: Who told him, to comfort him That the moſt inſenſible Women ſuffer themſelves to be touch'd at laſt: That nothing was wanting to Lovers, but Patience enough to wait that favourable time: That he ſhould not be diſcourag'd: That his Lady, ſoon or late, would regard his Services. This Advice, tho' founded on Experience, did not encourage the faint-hearted *Mendoça*, who very much fear'd he ſhould never be able to pleaſe the Widow *Cifuentes*; and this Fear threw him into ſuch a languiſhing Condition, as excited Pity in *Don Juan*, who was ſoon after in a more deplorable State himſelf.

What Reaſon ſoever the *Toledan* had to be diſguſted againſt the Sex, after the horrible Falſity of his Wife, yet he could not help loving *Donna Theodora*; tho' he was ſo far from abandoning himſelf to a Paſſion which injur'd his Friend, that he only thought of ſtruggling againſt it; and fully perſuaded that he could not better conquer it, than by keeping at a Diſtance from thoſe Eyes which occaſion'd it, he reſolv'd never

never to ſee the Widow *Cifuentes* again. Accordingly, whenſoever *Mendoça* would have carry'd him with him, he always found ſome Pretext to excuſe it. But *Don Fradique* never made one Viſit to the Lady, that ſhe did not ask why *Don Juan* had left off coming thither. One Day when ſhe put that Queſtion, he anſwer'd ſmiling, that his Friend had his Reaſons. Hah! what Reaſons can he have to avoid me? ſaid *Don Theodora*. Madam, return'd *Mendoça*, when I deſir'd him to come along with me this Day, and expreſs'd ſome Surprize at his Refuſal, he told me in Confidence, what I am oblig'd to reveal to you to excuſe him; 'twas, that he had engag'd a Miſtreſs, and that not having long to ſtay in this City, his Moments were precious.

I can't be ſatisfy'd with this Excuſe, bluſhing reply'd the Widow *Cifuentes*; Lovers are not allow'd to abandon their Friends. *Don Fradrique* obſerving *Donna Theodora*'s changing Colour, thought it only owing to her Vanity, and believ'd that Spight to ſee her ſelf neglected, was the Cauſe of her Bluſhing: But his Conjecture was wrong. A more violent Impulſe than that of Vanity, occaſion'd the Motions which ſhe betray'd; but for fear of his diſcovering her Sentiments, ſhe

turn'd the Diſcourſe, and affected a Gayety during the reſt of their Converſation, which would have thrown the Blame on his Diſcernment, if he had not ſoon perceiv'd the Alteration.

As ſoon as the Widow *Cifuentes* was alone, ſhe turn'd extreamly thoughtful. She then felt the utmoſt Force of her Paſſion for *Don Juan*, and imagining her ſelf worſe recompenc'd than ſhe really was: How cruel and unjuſt, ſaid ſhe ſighing, is that Power which delights in inflaming diſagreeing Hearts; I don't love *Don Fadrique*, and he adores me, and I burn for *Don Juan*, whoſe Thoughts are taken up by another! Ah, *Mendoça*, no more reproach my Indifference; thy Friend has ſufficiently reveng'd it. At theſe Words, ſtruck with a quick Senſe of Grief and Jealouſie, ſhe dropp'd ſeveral Tears; but Hope, which aſſwages Lovers Pains, ſoon repreſented various flattering Images to her Mind. It ſuggeſted to her, that perhaps her Rival might not be dangerous: That *Don Juan* might be leſs ſeized by her Charms, than amus'd by her Favours, and that 'twas no hard Matter to get rid of ſuch feeble Ties. But to enable her to judge her ſelf what ſhe ought to believe of the *Toledan*, ſhe was reſolv'd to ſpeak with him in private. She ſent for him, he came, and

and when they were alone, *Donna Theodora* thus began.

I never thought that Love could make a well-bred Man forget the Complaiſance due to the Ladies; yet, *Don Juan*, ſince you have been in Love, you came no more near me; I think I have reaſon to complain of you: But I am yet willing to believe that 'tis not of your own accord that you fly me; perhaps your Lady may have forbid you ſeeing me. Confeſs it to me, *Don Juan*, and I will excuſe it. I know Lovers Actions are not free; they dare not diſobey their Miſtreſſes. Madam, anſwer'd the *Toledan*, I grant that my Conduct ought to ſurprize you; but let me beg of you not to put me to juſtifie it. Satisfie you ſelf with knowing that I have Reaſon to avoid you. What can that Reaſon be? reply'd *Donna Theodora*, not a little mov'd, I deſire you would tell it me. Well, Madam, reply'd *Don Juan*, you muſt be obey'd; but I ſhall not pity you, if you hear more than you deſire to know.

Don Fradique, adds he, has related to you the Adventure which oblig'd me to quit *Caſtile*. In my travelling to *Toledo*, with a Heart full of Reſentment againſt Women, I defy'd the whole Sex ever to ſurprize me. With this fierce Diſpoſition

I approach'd *Valencia*, I met you, and what perhaps no other Man has been able to do, I ſuſtain'd the firſt Sight of you without being mov'd. I even look'd on you again afterwards with Impunity; but alas, how dear I pay'd for a few reſolute Days! You at laſt conquer'd my Reſiſtance; your Beauty, Wit and Charms have exercis'd themſelves on a Rebel; in a Word, I have all the Love for you, which you are capable of inſpiring. This, Madam, is what keeps me from you. The Lady which you were told monopoliz'd my Thoughts, is but an imaginary one; and I only feign'd the making *Mendoça* my Confident, to prevent any Suſpicions I might raiſe in him, by my Refuſal to viſit you along with him.

This unexpected Diſcourſe fill'd *Donna Theodora* with ſuch an extraordinary Joy, that ſhe could not help diſcovering it. 'Tis indeed true ſhe did not concern her ſelf at all to hide it; but inſtead of arming her Eyes with ſome ſort of Severity, looking on the *Toledan* with a very tender Air, ſhe ſaid, You have told me your Secret, *Don Juan*, and I will alſo diſcover mine. Inſenſible of the Sighs of *Don Alvaro Ponce*, little mov'd at *Mendoça*'s Flames, I led an eaſie undiſturb'd Life, when Chance brought you near the Wood where we met. Notwith-

withſtanding the Confuſion I was in, I yet obſerv'd you offer'd me your Aſſiſtance with a very good Grace, and the way in which you parted the two furious Rivals rais'd in me an advantageous Opinion of your Valour and Addreſs. But the Means you propos'd to reconcile them diſpleas'd me. I could not without difficulty reſolve on the Choice of either of them. But not to conceal any thing from you, I believe you had then a ſmall Share in my Repugnance; for at the very Moment that my Mouth, forc'd by Neceſſity, nam'd *Don Fadrique*, I felt my Heart declare for the *unknown Cavalier*. From that Day, (which I may call happy, ſince you have own'd your Paſſion) your Merit augmented my Value for you.

From you, continu'd ſhe, I conceal no part of my Thoughts, but impart them to you with the ſame Frankneſs that I told *Mendoça* I did not love him. A Woman who has the Misfortune to conceive a Paſſion for a Perſon that can never love her, is in the right to reſtrain her ſelf, and at leaſt revenge her Weakneſs by an eternal Silence; but I take it for granted, that I may without Scruple diſcover an innocent Tenderneſs to a Man whoſe Intentions are lawful: Yes, I am in Raptures to find you love me, and for that Bleſſing render

Thanks

Thanks to Heav'n, which doubtleſs deſtin'd us for each other.

After theſe Words the Lady remain'd ſilent, to give *Don Juan* leave to ſpeak, and room to diſcover thoſe ſhining Tranſports of Joy and Gratitude with which ſhe believ'd ſhe had inſpir'd him; but inſtead of appearing enchanted with what he had heard, he was profoundly thoughtful and melancholy. What do I ſee, *Don Juan?* continu'd ſhe. When to make you a Fortune, which another would think worth enjoying, I forget the ſtrict Modeſty of my Sex, and ſhew you a Soul charmed with you, can you reſiſt the Joy ſuch an engaging Declaration ought to raiſe in you? You remain in a frozen Silence, nay I ſee even Grief in your Eyes: Ah, *Don Juan*, what ſtrange Effects have my Favours produc'd!

Alas! what other Effects, Madam, interrupting her with a melancholy Air, ſaid the *Toledan*, could they produce on a Heart like mine? The greater degrees of Paſſion you diſcover for me, ſo much the more miſerable I am. You are not ignorant what *Mendoça* has done for me, and know the ſacred Friendſhip in which we are mutually engag'd. Can I then found my Happineſs on the Ruins of his moſt charming Hopes? You are too nice, ſaid *Donna Theodora*,

odora, I never promis'd *Don Fadrique* any thing which can obſtruct my offering you my Faith without incurring his Cenſure, and your receiving it without Injuſtice. I own that the Thoughts of an unhappy Friend ought to give you ſome Uneaſineſs; but, *Don Juan*, can that counterbalance the happy Fate which attends you? Yes, Madam, reply'd he warmly; ſuch a Friend as *Mendoça* has more Power over me than you imagine. If you could conceive all the Tenderneſs and Force of our Friendſhip, what a miſerable Object of Pity would you find me! Should I thus treat *Don Fadrique*, who has hidden nothing from me? My Intereſts are become his, and the leaſt Concerns of mine never eſcape his vigilant Care; to ſay all in a Word, I ſhare his Soul with you. Alas! if you would have had me accepted your Favours, you ſhould have ſhewn them before I had enter'd into ſuch ſtrict Bonds of Friendſhip: Then, charm'd with the Happineſs of pleaſing you, I ſhould have look'd on *Mendoça* with no other Eyes than thoſe of a Rival; my Heart, guarded againſt the Affection he expreſs'd for me, would not have return'd it, and I ſhould not have had thoſe Obligations I have at preſent to him. But, Madam, 'tis now too late; I have receiv'd all the Services he could ren-

der

der me; I have follow'd the Inclination I had for him; Gratitude and Affection have ty'd me up ſo cloſe, and at laſt reduc'd me to the cruel Neceſſity of renouncing the glorious Fortune which you offer me.

Here *Donna Theodora*, whoſe Eyes were cover'd with Tears, dry'd them up with her Handkerchief. This diſturb'd the *Toledan*; he felt his Reſolution ſhaken and decaying; wherefore he ſaid, with a Voice continually interrupted with Sighs, Adieu, Madam, adieu; I muſt fly, to preſerve my Virtue; I cannot bear your Tears, they render you too formidable: I ſeparate my ſelf from you for ever, and deplore the Loſs of ſo many Charms which my inexorable Friendſhip forces me to ſacrifice. Theſe Words ended, he retir'd with the poor Remains of Conſtancy, which were not a little difficult to retain.

After his Departure the Widow *Cifuentes* was agitated by a thouſand confus'd Emotions. She was aſham'd of having declar'd her ſelf to a Man whom ſhe could not keep. Yet not being able to doubt but that he was violently ſeiz'd by the tender Paſſion, and that the Intereſt of his Friend alone was what made him refuſe the Hand ſhe offer'd, ſhe was ſo juſt as to admire ſo very rare an Inſtance of Friendſhip, inſtead of being offended at it. Notwithſtanding which

which ſhe could not avoid being afflicted at miſſing her deſir'd Succeſs, wherefore ſhe reſolv'd for the Country on the next Day to divert her Melancholy, or rather to augment it; for Solitude naturally tends rather to ſtrengthen than weaken Love.

Don Juan, on the other ſide, not finding *Mendoça* in his Apartment, lock'd himſelf up in his own, abandoning himſelf wholly to his Grief; for after what he had done for his Friend, he thought he might be allow'd at leaſt to ſigh. But *Don Fadrique* ſoon came to interrupt his Thoughtfulneſs; and concluding by his Face that he was indiſpos'd, he diſcover'd no ſmall Concern; ſo that *Don Juan*, to remove it, was forc'd to aſſure him he wanted nothing but Reſt. *Mendoça* inſtantly left him to his Repoſe, but with ſuch an afflicted Air, as more ſenſibly touch'd the *Toledan* with his Misfortune. O Heav'n, ſaid he to himſelf, why muſt the moſt tender Friendſhip in the World occaſion all the Miſery of my Life!

The following Day *Don Fadrique* was not yet riſen, when Word was brought him that *Donna Theodora* and her whole Family were gone to her Seat of *Villa Real*, from whence it was not probable they would ſoon return. This News leſs diſturb'd him on the Pains he knew he ſhould ſuffer

ſuffer by the Diſtance of his belov'd Object, than that her Departure was made a Secret to him. Without knowing what to think, he took it for an ill Preſage. He roſe to viſit his Friend, as well to talk with him concerning it, as to enquire after his Health. But having juſt got dreſs'd, *Don Juan* enter'd his Chamber, ſaying; I come my ſelf to remove the Uneaſineſs I gave you; I am very well to Day. That good News, anſwer'd *Mendoça*, a little conſoles me after the Ill I have receiv'd. The *Toledan* ask'd what that was, and *Don Fadrique*, after ſending away his Servants, ſaid, *Donna Theodora* is this Morning gone into the Country, where 'tis believ'd ſhe intends a long Stay. I am very much ſurpriz'd at it; why ſhould ſhe hide it from me? What think you of it, *Don Juan?* Have not I reaſon to be alarm'd at it?

The *Toledan* carefully avoided telling him his real Sentiments, and endeavour'd to perſuade him that *Donna Theodora* might go out of Town, without giving any reaſon for his Fears. But *Mendoça*, very little ſatisfy'd with the Reaſons which his Friend gave to hearten him, interrupted him: All this Diſcourſe, ſaid he, cannot remove the Jealouſie I have conceiv'd. Perhaps I may imprudently have done ſomething which may have diſpleas'd *Donna Theodora*, and

to

to puniſh it, ſhe leaves me without condeſcending ſo far as to let me know my Crime. However 'tis, I can't live in this uncertain Condition; *Don Juan*, let's go after her: I will go and get Horſes ready. I adviſe you, ſaid the *Toledan*, not to take any body with you: This Explanation of her Conduct ought to be without Witneſſes. *Don Juan* will not be accounted more than proper, reply'd *Don Fadrique*; *Donna Theodora* is not ignorant that you know all that paſſes in my Heart. She values you; and far from being an Obſtacle, you'll be aſſiſting in the appeaſing her in my Favour. No, *Don Fadrique*, reply'd he, my Preſence cannot be ſerviceable to you; I therefore conjure you to go alone. No, dear *Don Juan*, return'd *Mendoça*, we will go together, I expect this Complaiſance from your Friendſhip. How tyrannical is that! cry'd the *Toledan* with an Air of Grief; why do you exact from my Friendſhip what it ought not to grant you?

Theſe Words which *Don Fadrique* did not comprehend, and the warmth with which they were utter'd, ſtrangely ſurpriz'd him. He look'd very intently on his Friend. *Don Juan*, ſaid he, what is the Meaning of thoſe Words I have juſt heard? What horrid Suſpicion riſes in my Mind! Ah, you too much afflict me by your

your too great Conſtraint! Speak; what is the Cauſe of the Unwillingneſs to go along with me, which you expreſs'd? I would willingly hide it from you, anſwer'd the *Toledan*; but ſince you your ſelf force me to diſcover it, I muſt no longer conceal it. Let's us never more, *Don Fadrique*, applaud the Agreement betwixt our Affections; it is but too perfect. The Beauty which has wounded you, has not ſpar'd your Friend *Donna Theodora*—— You will then be my Rival! interrupted *Mendoça* turning pale. Ever ſince I diſcern'd my Love, return'd *Don Juan*, I have ſtruggled againſt it. I have continually avoided the ſight of the Widow *Cifuentes*, you know it, and your ſelf have blam'd me for it: I triumph'd at leaſt over my Paſſion, tho' I could not deſtroy it; but Yeſterday that Lady ſent to acquaint me, that ſhe deſir'd to ſpeak with me at her Houſe. I went; ſhe ask'd why I ſeem'd to avoid her. At laſt I was forc'd to diſcover the true Cauſe; believing that after that Declaration ſhe would approve my Intention of always flying the Sight of her; but by a fantaſtical Turn of my ill Stars: Shall I tell you? Yes, *Mendoça*, I muſt tell you, I found *Donna Theodora* paſſionately prepoſſeſs'd with a Paſſion for me.

Tho'

Tho' *Don Fadrique* was the beſt natur'd and moſt reaſonable Man in the World, he was ſeiz'd with a Fit of Rage at theſe Words; and here interrupting his Friend: Hold, *Don Juan*, ſaid he, rather pierce my Breaſt, than purſue this fatal Recital. You are not contented with owning your ſelf my Rival, but alſo inform me that ſhe loves you: Juſt Heav'n, what is it that you venture to impart to me! You put our Friendſhip to too ſevere a Trial. But why do I ſay our Friendſhip? you have long ſince violated it by encouraging the perfidious Sentiments you have now declar'd to me. How much was I miſtaken? I thought you Generous and Magnanimous, but find you a faithleſs Friend, ſince you can entertain a Paſſion which wounds me; I am ſinking under this unexpected Blow, which I feel the heavier for being given by a Hand—— In the Name of God, *Mendoça*, interrupted the *Toledan* in his turn, allow your ſelf a Moment's Patience; I am not a falſe Friend: Hear me, and you will repent calling me by that odious Name.

He then related what had paſs'd between the Widow *Cifuentes* and him; the tender owning of her Paſſion, and the Perſuaſions ſhe us'd to engage him to yield without ſcruple to his Love. He repeated

his Anſwer; and as he advanc'd in the Relation of what a firm Reſolution he diſcover'd, by the ſame Degrees *Don Fadrique* perceiv'd his Anger to wear off. At laſt, adds *Don Juan*, Friendſhip overcame Love, and I refus'd to give my Faith to *Donna Theodora*. She wept in angry Deſpite; but, great God, how inſupportable was the Grief which her Tears occaſion'd! I can never remember them without trembling afreſh at the Danger I ran. I began to believe my ſelf barbarous; and for ſome Moments, *Mendoça*, my Heart became unfaithful to you. I did not yet yield to my Weakneſs, but eſcap'd thoſe dangerous Tears by a haſty Flight. But 'tis not enough to have avoided this Danger, it ought to be fear'd for the future; I muſt haſten my Departure: I will no more expoſe my ſelf to *Theodora*'s Eyes. After all this, will *Don Fadrique* any more accuſe me of Ingratitude and Perfidiouſneſs?

No, reply'd *Mendoça*, embracing him, I return you all your Innocence; my Eyes are open, pardon the unjuſt Reproaches of a Lover who had loſt all his Hopes. Alas, ought I to think that *Donna Theodora* could ſee you long without loving you, and yielding to thoſe Charms whoſe Power I have my ſelf try'd? You are a

true

true Friend; I will no more charge my Miſery on any thing but Fortune; and far from hating you, I feel my Tenderneſs for you increaſe each Minute. Ah! you renounce the Poſſeſſion of *Donna Theodora!* You offer up to Friendſhip ſuch a great Sacrifice, and ſhould I not be touch'd with it! You can conquer your Love, and ſhall not I make an Effort to reſtrain mine! I ought to equal you in Generoſity: *Don Juan*, follow the Inclination which draws you; marry the Widow *Cifuentes*; let my Heart, if it will, ſigh. You preſs me in vain, reply'd the *Toledan*; I confeſs I have a violent Paſſion for her; but your Repoſe is dearer to me than my own Happineſs. Ought then, anſwer'd *Don Fadrique*, *Donna Theodora*'s Repoſe to be indifferent? Let's not flatter our ſelves; the Inclination ſhe has for you decides my Fate. Tho' you ſhould remove your ſelf, tho' to yield her to me you ſhould ſpend a deplorable Life in far diſtant Countries, I ſhould be never the better for it; ſince, as ſhe never yet was pleas'd with me, ſhe never will: Heav'n has reſerv'd that Glory for you alone; ſhe lov'd you from the firſt Moment ſhe ſaw you; ſhe has a natural Inclination for you: In a Word, ſhe cannot be happy without you. Accept then the Hand which ſhe offers, accompliſh her De-

ſires, and your own: Leave me to my ill Fortune, and don't make all three miſerable, when one may exhauſt all the Rigour of Deſtiny.

Aſmodeo was here oblig'd to interrupt his Diſcourſe to hearken to the Scholar, who ſaid, What you tell me is ſurprizing; are there really any People in the World of this extraordinary Character? I ſee no Friends in the World who don't quarrel, I don't ſay for ſuch Miſtreſſes as *Theodora*, but even for Coquetting Jilts. Can a Lover renounce the Object which he adores, and which loves him, to avoid rendring a Friend unhappy? I don't believe it poſſible in Nature, 'twill paſs no where but in a Romance. I agree with you, anſwer'd the Devil, that 'tis not very common; but 'tis not only to be found in Romances, but in the ſublime Nature of Man, and that ſince the Deluge, in which Compaſs I have known three Inſtances of it, beſides this. But to return to our Story.

The two Friends continu'd to ſacrifice their Paſſion, and the one reſolving not to yield in Point of Generoſity, their amorous Sentiments remain'd ſuſpended for ſome Days. They ceas'd to ſpeak of *Donna Theodora*, they durſt not mention her Name. But whilſt Friendſhip thus triumph'd

umph'd over Love in the City of *Valencia*; Love, as tho' he would revenge himſelf, reign'd at another Place with a tyrannick Sway, and forc'd an abſolute Obedience without the leaſt Reſiſtance.

Donna Theodora abandon'd her ſelf to that tender Paſſion at her Seat of *Villa Real*, ſituate near the Sea; ſhe inceſſantly thought of *Don Juan*, and could not but hope ſhe ſhould marry him, tho' ſhe had no reaſon to expect it, after the rigid Sentiments of Friendſhip for *Don Fadrique* which he diſcover'd.

One Day, after Sun-ſet, as ſhe was diverting her ſelf by walking on the Sea-ſide with one of her Women, ſhe perceiv'd a ſmall Shalop juſt got to Shore. At firſt ſight there ſeem'd to be on board ſeven or eight very ill-look'd Fellows; but after having look'd on them nearer, and obſerv'd them with more Attention, ſhe concluded that they had miſtaken Masks for Faces; accordingly they were really mask'd, and arm'd with Swords and Bayonets. She trembled at their frightful Aſpects, and from thence fearing that the Deſcent which they were going to make boaded no good, ſhe return'd haſtily to her Houſe. She look'd back from time to time to obſerve them, and perceiving that they were landed, and began to purſue her, ſhe ran as faſt

as ſhe could; but not being ſo nimble footed as *Athalanta*, and the mask'd Men being ſtrong and ſwift, they overtook her at her own Door, and there ſeiz'd her.

The Lady and her Woman ſhriek'd out ſo loud that they drew ſome Domeſticks thither, who alarm'd the whole Houſe, and all *Donna Theodora*'s Footmen ran thither arm'd with Forks and Clubs. Whilſt two of the luſtieſt of the mask'd Gang, after having ſeiz'd in their Arms the Miſtreſs and the Maid, carry'd them to the Shalop, mauger all their Reſiſtance, the Remainder made head againſt the Family, who began to preſs very hard upon them. The Fight was long; but at laſt the Maskers ſucceeded in their Enterprize, and regain'd their Shalop, fighting as they retreated. 'Twas now time they ſhould retire, for they were not embark'd before they ſaw coming from the *Valencia* Road four or five Cavaliers, who rode full Speed that way, and ſeem'd to come to the Relief of *Donna Theodora*. At this ſight they made ſo much haſte to get out to Sea, that all the Cavaliers Endeavours were in vain.

Theſe Cavaliers were *Don Fradrique* and *Don Juan*. The firſt of them had receiv'd a Letter, by which he was advis'd, that 'twas reported by good Hands that *Don Alvaro Ponce* was at the Iſle of *Majorca*;

jorca; that he had equipp'd a ſort of Tartane, and aſſiſted by twenty Men of deſperate Fortunes, he deſign'd to ſeize and carry off the Widow *Cifuentes*, the firſt time ſhe ſhould be at her Country Seat. On this News the *Toledan* and he, with their *Valets de Chambre*, inſtantly ſet out, to acquaint *Donna Theodora* with this News. At a good diſtance they obſerv'd a very great Number of People on the Seaſhore, who ſeem'd engag'd againſt one another; and not doubting but that it was as they fear'd, they ſpurr'd on their Horſes full ſpeed to oppoſe *Don Alvaro*'s Project. But whatever Haſte they could make, they arriv'd only ſoon enough to be Witneſſes of the Rape which they deſign'd to have prevented.

In the mean time *Alvaro Ponce*, truſting to the Succeſs of his audacious Attempt, made off from the Coaſt with his Prey; and his Shalop reach'd a ſmall arm'd Veſſel, which expected him out at Sea. 'Tis not poſſible to be ſenſible of a greater Sorrow than that which *Mendoça* and *Don Juan* felt. They pour'd out a thouſand Imprecations againſt the Raviſher, and fill'd the Air with Complaints as lamentable as vain. All the Domeſticks of *Donna Theodora*, animated by ſuch excellent Examples, did not ſpare their Tears. The

Shore resounded with mourning Cries; Rage, Despair and Desolation reign'd on the melancholy Strand; nor did the Rape of *Helen* occasion a greater Consternation in the *Spartan* Court.

CHAP. XIV.

Of the Broil betwixt a Tragick and Comick Author.

HERE the Scholar could not help interrupting the Devil: Signior *Asmodeo*, said he, tho' the Story you are telling is extreamly moving, yet I am not able to resist my earnest Desire to know the Meaning of what I there see. I discern two Men in their Shirts in a Chamber, pulling and tearing each other by the Hair, and several Men in their Night-Gowns endeavouring to part them. Those Persons whom you see fighting in their Shirts, answer'd the Devil, are two *French* Authors; and those who are parting them are two *Germans*, a *Dutchman*, and an *Italian*, all which are lodg'd in the same Inn, which is frequented by none but Foreigners.

One

One of theſe Authors writes Tragedies, and the other Comedies. The firſt, attracted by his Curioſity to ſee *Spain*, crouded himſelf into the *French* Ambaſſador's Retinue; and the other, diſcontented with his Circumſtances at *Paris*, came to *Madrid* in queſt of a better Fortune; and if theſe Authors Quarrel is really Comical, the Cauſe of it is much more ſo. The Tragick Poet is really a diverting Original, who has ſpoil'd his Genius by reading the Antients, which ſometimes makes great Fools, as well as great Men. To keep his Muſe in breath, he writes every Day. Not being able to ſleep this Night, he began a Play, whoſe Plot is taken from *Homer*'s *Iliad*. He has finiſh'd but one Scene; and his leaſt Fault being that of the reſt of the Poets, an impertinent Inclination to peſter other People with their Performances, he riſes, ſnatches up his Candle, and in his Shirt knocks very hard at the Chamber-Door of the Comick Author, then aſleep; but ſoon waking at the Noiſe, open'd the Door to the other, who ſaid, entring the Room like a Man poſſeſs'd, Fall down, my Friend, fall at my Feet, and adore a Genius which *Melpomene* has honour'd. I have juſt brought forth ſome Verſes—— But why do I ſay I have juſt done it? 'Tis *Apollo* himſelf which dictated them to me.

If

If I were at *Paris*, I would this Day read them from Houſe to Houſe, and I wait only for Day-light to charm Monſieur, the Ambaſſador, and all the *French* at *Madrid* with them. But before I ſhew them to any body, I will repeat them to you.

I thank you for the Preference, anſwer'd the Comick Author, with a powerful Yawn; but the worſt on't is, that you have choſen an unſeaſonable Time, when I am ſo very ſleepy, that I will not promiſe to hear all the Verſes you have to repeat without Nodding. Oh, I'll anſwer for that, reply'd the Tragick Author; tho' you were dead, the Scene which I have juſt now written would reſtore you to Life again. My Verſification is not a Rhapſody of ſtale common Thoughts and trivial Expreſſions, ſupported barely by Rime: 'Tis a noble Maſculine Poem, which moves the Heart, and ſtrikes the Intellect. I am none of thoſe Poetaſters, thoſe petty Authors who publiſh the wretched Trifles which reſult from their own barren Genius; but I have drawn mine from the grand Springs, and will venture a Wager that I have not put one Thought into my Tragedies, which is not in ſome *Greek* Author. I would not be underſtood to mean that I ſteal from the Antients; no; but by vertue of reading the *Sophocles's* and the *Euripides's*, the *Homers*

mers and the *Pindars*, I have render'd thoſe great Men ſo familiar to me, or rather my favourable Stars ſo perfectly inſpir'd me with their Genius at the Moment of my Birth, that if by an uncommon Misfortune we ſhould loſe the Remains of their Works which we now have, they would be found again in my Writings. You ſhall judge your ſelf. But hear my Tragedy. The Death of *Patroclus*. Scene the firſt. *Briſeis* and other of *Achilles*'s Captives appear tearing their Hair, and beating their Breaſts, to expreſs their Grief for the Death of *Patroclus*. Wholly unable to ſupport themſelves, being utterly diſpirited by Deſpair, they fall down on the Stage. This will be new and extreamly moving; *Phœnix*, *Achilles*'s Governor, is with them, and opens the *Drama* with theſe Verſes.

Priam *ſhall loſe his* Hector *and his* Troy;
Achilles *to revenge his Friend prepares:*
See glitt'ring thro' the Air on every ſide,
Pikes, Lances, Helmets, Cuiraſſes and Darts.
The rattling Hail in leſs abundance pours.
The Greeks *all ſwear t' appeaſe* Patroclus *Ghoſt.*
Fierce Agamemnon, *and divine* Camelus,
Old honour'd Neſtor, *equal to the Gods,*
Leontes, *dextrous at the manag'd Spear,*
Strong Diomede, *and Silver-tongu'd* Ulyſſes.

And

And ſee! Achilles *comes*—*Godlike he drives*
His Steeds immortal towards Troy's *proud Walls,*
And leaves the diſtanc'd Winds far off behind;
Then thus he ſhouting cries——*O vigorous Race,*
Podargus, Xanthus, Balius! *quick advance!*
And when with Spoil and Carnage we are tir'd,
Haſte to regain our Camp,—*but not without your Maſter.*
Fleet Xanthus *bows his Neck, and thus replies,*
For Juno *gave him Speech*—Achilles, *know,*
Your faithful Horſes ſhall your Will obey;
But your dark Hour of Fate is drawing near.
He ſpoke—*and now the winged Chariot flies,*
Th'exulting Greeks *behold, and ſhouting loud,*
With Sounds of Joy ſhake all th' adjacent Coaſt.
Dreſt in Vulcanian *Arms the Conqu'ring Prince*
Appears more glitt'ring than the Morning Star,
Or than the Sun commencing his Career,
When he moves on to bleſs the World with Day;
He flames like Fires which on ſome Mountain Top
Are made at Night by the rejoicing Swains.

I ſtop here, continu'd the Tragick Author, to give you a Moment's breathing-time; for if I ſhould repeat the whole Scene at once, the too great Multiplicity of ſhining Paſſages and ſublime Thoughts would overcome you. Obſerve the Beauty and Juſtice of that Compariſon; As bright as Fires made on the Top of a Mountain at Night. Every Body won't diſcern it; but you, who have Wit and juſt Senſe, you, I ſay, ought to be raviſh'd with it. I am, doubtleſs, anſwer'd the Comick Poet with a malicious Smile; nothing is ſo fine; and I hope you will not forget, in your Tragedy, the Care which *Thetis* took to drive away the Flies from *Patroclus*'s Body. I aſſure you, replies the Tragick Author, 'tis the moſt proper Incident in the whole Play to furniſh pompous Lines.

All my Works, added he, as you ſee, are ſtamp'd with the Image of venerable Antiquity; and when I read them, obſerve how they are applauded! I ſtop at every Verſe to receive their due Praiſes. I remember I one Day read a Tragedy in a Houſe at *Paris* where the Counteſs of *Vieillebrune* was, who has an admirable delicate and nice Taſte, and ſcalding Tears trickled down her Cheeks at the firſt Scene.

At theſe Words the Comick Author was ready to burſt with laughing: Ay, ſaid he, I very well remember that Counteſs is of that Humour; ſhe is a Woman who can't bear Comedy; ſhe has ſuch an utter Averſion for it, that ſhe runs out of the Box as ſoon as the Muſick has done, to vent all her Grief. Tragedy is her favourite Paſſion; let the Play be good or bad, provided there be unhappy Lovers in it, you are ſure of that Lady's Company; and to be free with you, if I wrote ſerious Poems, I ſhould be glad of other Applauders than her Ladyſhip. Oh, I have others alſo, ſaid the Tragick Poet, I have the Approbation of the Learned. I had rather have that of the Pit, return'd the Comick Author. Fie, fie, reply'd the other, I don't write for the Pit; I labour only for the Learned and the Court: I wiſh the Pit would do Juſtice; that Part of the Audience has no manner of Right to judge of my Poems, which are above their Juriſdiction: I wiſh it would content it ſelf with the Exerciſe of its Tyranny in judging Comedies, which is its Province. Comedies being but Trifles, wretched, feeble Productions of Wit——Not ſo faſt, good Sir, interrupted the other Author, ſtop a little, if you pleaſe: You don't think how you rave. You ſpeak contemptibly of Comedy!

medy! Do you believe a Comick Piece leſs difficult to write than a Tragedy? or that 'tis eaſier to make well-bred People laugh than cry? Undeceive your ſelf, and be aſſur'd that an ingenious Subject, which turns on the Manners of Men, does not coſt leſs Pains than the fineſt Heroick Piece.

Igad, ſaid the Tragick Poet with an Air of Railery, I am ſurpriz'd to hear you expreſs your ſelf thus: But, Monſieur *Calidas*, to avoid all Diſpute, I will for the future like your Works, tho' I have hitherto deſpis'd them. I don't value your Contempt, Monſier *Lorgicles*, haſtily return'd the Comick Author; and to anſwer your inſolent Airs, which you have alſo drawn from the grand Springs, I will now tell you, in my turn, what I think of your Works. The Verſes you have juſt recited are ridiculous, and the Thoughts, tho' taken out of *Homer*, are nevertheleſs flat. *Achilles* talks to his Horſes, and his Horſes anſwer him; that's a mean, low Image, as well as the Compariſon of the Fire the Peaſants make on a Mountain. To pillage the Antients in this manner, is not to do them any Honour; in your Works you confound the Beauties which Time formerly reſpected, with thoſe it has ſince deſtroy'd; and paint the Manners of former

former Ages, without accommodating your ſelf to the Delicacy of our own. Your *Greek* Authors indeed abound with admirable Beauties, but more Senſe and a better Taſte than you have is requiſite to make a happy Choice of what ought to be borrow'd from them. That is the Difference betwixt the great *Racine*, and thoſe who, like you, render themſelves ridiculous by keeping too ſcrupulouſly cloſe to the *Greek* Words.

Since your Genius is not ſufficiently elevated to diſcern the Beauties of my Poem, and to puniſh your Raſhneſs in preſuming to criticize on my Scene, you ſhall not hear a Line more of it. I have been too ſeverely puniſh'd, return'd *Calidas*, in hearing the Beginning. It becomes you indeed very well to deſpiſe my Comedies! Know then, that the very worſt I could ever write, will always appear far ſuperior to your beſt Pieces. Aſſure your ſelf, 'tis much eaſier to take a Flight, and ſoar on lofty Subjects, than to hit upon a delicate nice Raillery; and to prove that I am convinc'd of what I ſay, when I return to *France*, if I do not ſucceed in Comedy, I will deſcend to the writing of Tragedy.

For a Farce Scribler, interrupted the Grave Author, you have indeed a great deal of Vanity. For a moſt wretched Verſifier,

ſifier, ſaid the Comick Author, you have really an extravagant Opinion of your ſelf. You are an inſolent Fellow, reply'd *Longicles*; I tell you, diminutive Monſieur *Calidas*, if I was not in your Chamber, the Cataſtophre of this Adventure ſhould teach you how to reſpect the Buskin. Oh, let not that Conſideration with-hold you, great Monſieur *Longicles*, anſwer'd *Calidas*; if you have a mind to fight, I will engage you here as readily as any where elſe. At theſe Words they tore one another by the Throat and Hair, and both box'd very warmly, without ſparing each other. An *Italian*, who lay in the next Room, heard the whole Dialogue, and by the Noiſe of the Blows concluded they were fighting. He then roſe, and tho' an *Italian*, out of Compaſſion for them call'd up the Houſe. A *Dutchman* and two *Germans*, whom you ſee in Morning-Gowns, came along with the *Italian*, to part the Combatants.

This is a very pleaſant Fray, ſaid *Don Cleofas*; but by what I ſee, it is plain that the Tragick Authors in *France* think themſelves much more conſiderable Men than thoſe who write Comedy. Undoubtedly, anſwer'd *Aſmodeo*, the former ſuppoſe themſelves as much above the latter, as the Heroes of their Tragedies are above the Foot-

men in the Comick Plays. Upon what Pretence can they found their Arrogance? reply'd the Scholar; is it that 'tis more difficult to write a Tragedy than a Comedy? No, really, return'd the Devil; my Deciſion of the Queſtion is, that to form an excellent Plot for a Comedy does not require a leſs Effort of Genius, than to lay the fineſt Plan in the World for a Tragedy. But with regard to the working up the Play in the latter, the majeſtick Grandeur of the Subject ſupports it, and inſpires ſuch noble Thoughts, that the ſole Aſſiſtance of good Senſe is requiſite to finiſh ſuch Tragedies as are at preſent written in *France*: But to write Comedies with Succeſs at this time of Day, ſomething beſides good Senſe is requiſite. In a Word, lofty Subjects furniſh the Writer with almoſt all that is neceſſary, whilſt in mean Characters he is expected to provide all. According to this Deciſion, ſaid the Scholar, I conclude that Tragedy, by vertue of its Name, is above Comedy; but in requital, that Comick Authors are to be preferr'd before the Tragick. Let's end this Digreſſion, reply'd the Devil, and I will re-aſſume the Thread of my Story, which you interrupted.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

The Continuation and Concluſion of the Story of the Power of Friendſhip.

THO' *Donna Theodora*'s Servants could not hinder her being forc'd away, they yet courageouſly oppos'd it, and their Reſiſtance was fatal to ſome of *Alvaro*'s Men; amongſt others they wounded one ſo dangerouſly, that unable to follow his Comerades, he remain'd almoſt dead on the Sand.

This unfortunate Wretch was known to be one of *Alvaro*'s Footmen, and *Donna Theodora*'s Servants perceiving that he yet breath'd carry'd him to her Houſe, where they ſpar'd nothing that could contribute to the Recovery of his Spirits; and they gain'd their End, tho' the great Quantity of Blood which he had loſt render'd him extream feeble. To engage him to ſpeak, they promis'd to ſecure his Life, and not deliver him up to the Severity of Juſtice, provided he would tell where his Maſter deſign'd to carry *Donna Theodora*. Flatter'd by this Promiſe, tho' in his Condition there appear'd but ſmall Hopes of his ever taking the Benefit of it, he recollected

his little Remainder of Strength, and in a very feeble Tone confirm'd the Advice which *Don Fadrique* had before receiv'd; and added, that *Don Alvaro*'s Deſign was to carry the Widow *Cifuentes* to *Saſſari* in the Iſland of *Sardinia*, where he had a Relation whoſe Intereſt and Authority was very great, and who he knew would certainly protect him.

This Confeſſion ſomewhat abated the Deſpair of *Mendoça* and the *Toledan*. They left the wounded Man in the Houſe, where he dy'd ſome Hours after, and returning to *Valencia* conſulted what Meaſures to take. They reſolv'd to purſue their common Enemy to the Place of his Retreat. Accordingly they both embark'd very ſoon after at *Denia* for Port *Mahone*, not doubting their meeting with an Opportunity there of going to the Iſle of *Sardinia*. Their Hopes prov'd true, for they were no ſooner arriv'd at *Mahone*, than they were inform'd that a Veſſel freighted for *Cagliari* was juſt ready to Sail, and they took the Opportunity.

The Ship put off with the moſt favourable Wind they could deſire; but five or ſix Hours after they were perfectly becalm'd, and at Night the Wind turning directly contrary, they were oblig'd to ſteer from one ſide to the other, without hope

hope of its changing. They ſteer'd thus for three Days, and on the fourth, at two after Noon, they diſcover'd a Veſſel making all poſſible Sail to them. They at firſt took it for a Merchant-man, but obſerving that it came within Cannon-ſhot of them without ſhewing any Colours, they did not doubt but that it was a Pirate.

They were not deceiv'd, it was a *Tunis* Ship which ſuppos'd that the Chriſtians would yield without fighting; but when they perceiv'd that they clear'd their Ship and prepar'd their Guns, they concluded them in earneſt for fighting; wherefore they ſtopp'd, did the ſame, and prepar'd to engage. They began to fire, and the Chriſtians ſeem'd to have ſome Advantage; but an *Algerine*, larger and provided with more Guns than both the other, coming in the midſt of the Action, and taking the Part of the *Tunis* Ship, made full ſail to the *Spaniard*, and oblig'd him to ſuſtain the Fire of both Ships.

At this Sight the Chriſtians deſpairing, and reſolving not to continue an Engagement now become too unequal, gave over firing, when there appear'd on the Poop of the *Algerine* a Slave, who cry'd out to them in *Spaniſh*, that if they expected Quarter they muſt ſurrender to the *Algerine*. Theſe Words ended, a *Turk* diſ-

play'd the *Algerine* green Taffata Flag with Silver Half-Moons. The Chriſtians, conſidering that all Reſiſtance would be vain, no longer thought of defending themſelves, but yielded with all the Grief which the horrid Idea of Slavery could cauſe in Freemen; and the Maſter of the Veſſel, fearing a longer Delay might irritate the barbarous Conquerors, took the Colours from the Poop, threw himſelf into the Pinnace with ſome of the Sailors, and went on Board the *Algerine*; and that Pirate ſent a parcel of Soldiers to plunder the *Spaniſh* Ship, as he of *Tunis* likewiſe gave the ſame Order to ſome of his Crew, ſo that all the Paſſengers were in an inſtant diſarm'd and ſearch'd, and ſent on Board the *Algerine*, where the two Pirates divided their Prey by Lot.

It had been at leaſt a Conſolation for *Mendoça* and his Friend, to have both fall'n into the Hands of the ſame Pirate. Their Chains would have been lighter, if they could have join'd in the bearing them; but Fortune, reſolv'd they ſhould experience all her Severity, ſubjected *Don Fadrique* to the *Tunis* Robber, and *Don Juan* to the *Algerine*. Imagine the Deſpair that ſeiz'd theſe Friends when they ſaw they were going to part. They threw themſelves at the Pirate's Feet, and conjur'd him

him not to ſeparate them. But theſe Savage Villains, whoſe Barbarity is Proof againſt any Sight, could not be mov'd; but on the contrary, concluding theſe two Captives to be conſiderable Men, who could pay a large Ranſom, they reſolv'd to keep them, as they were, divided.

Mendoça and the *Toledan*, ſeeing they could not ſoften theſe mercileſs Wretches, caſt their Eyes on each other, and by their Looks expreſs'd the Exceſs of their Affliction. But when the whole Booty was divided, and the *Tunis* Pirate was going to return on Board his own Ship with his Slaves, the two Friends were ready to expire with Grief. *Mendoça* ran to the *Toledan*, and claſping him in his Arms, We muſt then, ſaid he, ſeparate; Oh terrible Neceſſity! Is it not enough that the audacious Villainy of a Raviſher remain unpuniſh'd, but we muſt be incapacitated to unite our Complaints and Sorrows? Ah! *Don Juan*, what have we done to Heav'n, that we muſt in ſuch a cruel manner experience its heavy Diſpleaſure? Ah, look no where elſe for the Cauſe of our Misfortunes, anſwer'd *Don Juan*, they ought only to be imputed to me; the Death of the two Perſons which I ſacrific'd, tho' excuſable in Mens Eyes, muſt undoubtedly have irritated Heav'n, which puniſhes

you for having engag'd in Friendſhip with a miſerable Wretch whom Juſtice purſues.

At theſe Words they both ſhower'd down Tears in great abundance, and ſigh'd with ſuch violence, that the other Slaves were not leſs touch'd with their Grief than their own Misfortune. But the *Tunis* Soldiers, yet more barbarous than their Maſter, obſerving that *Mendoça* did not haſte to the Veſſel, brutally ſnatch'd him out of the *Toledan*'s Arms, and forc'd him along with them, loading him with Blows. Adieu, dear Friend, cry'd he, I ſhall never ſee you more! *Donna Theodora* is not yet reveng'd; the Ills which I expect from theſe cruel Men will be the leaſt of the Sufferings of my Slavery. *Don Juan* could not anſwer theſe Words; the Treatment which he ſaw his Friend receive threw him into a Fit that render'd him ſpeechleſs. The Order of the Story requiring us to follow the *Toledan*, we will leave *Don Fadrique* on board the *Tunis* Ship.

The *Algerine* return'd to his Country, where being arriv'd, he carry'd the new Slaves to the *Baſha*, and thence to the publick Slave-Market. An Officer belonging to the Dey *Mezzomorto* bought *Don Juan* for his Maſter, and ſet him to work in the Gardens belonging to *Mezzomorto*'s

* *Haram.*

* *Haram.* Tho' this Employ muſt needs prove very painful to a Gentleman, yet the Solitude, which it requir'd, render'd it agreeable; for in his preſent Circumſtances nothing could more divert him than the Reflection on his Misfortunes; on which he inceſſantly employ'd his Thoughts, and was ſo far from endeavouring to diſlodge theſe moſt afflicting Images, that he ſeem'd to take Pleaſure in the Remembrance of them.

One Day, not perceiving the Dey, who was walking in the Garden, he ſung a melancholy Song as he was working; *Mezzomorto* ſtopp'd to liſten to it, and being very well pleas'd with the Voice, came up to him and ask'd him his Name. The *Toledan* told him 'twas *Alvaro*; for when he was ſold to the Dey, he thought fit to change his Name, purſuant to the Cuſtom of other Slaves, and hit upon that firſt, by reaſon the Rape of *Theodora* by *Alvaro Ponce* was continually in his Mind.

Mezzomorto, who underſtood *Spaniſh* indifferently well, put ſeveral Queſtions to him concerning the Cuſtoms of *Spain*, and particularly concerning the Meaſures the Men

* Haram *is the Name given to all private Perſons* Seraglio's; *none but that of the* Grand Seignior *being properly call'd the* Seraglio.

Men took to render themſelves agreeable to the Women: To all which *Don Juan* return'd ſuch Anſwers as very well ſatisfy'd the Dey

Alvaro, ſaid he to him, you ſeem not to want Senſe, and indeed I don't take you for a common Man; but whatever you are, you have the good Fortune to pleaſe me, and I will honour you ſo far as to make you my Confident. *Don Juan* at theſe Words proſtrated himſelf at the Dey's Feet, and after having taken up the loweſt Border of his Robe, with it touch'd his Eyes, Mouth and Head. To begin with giving you ſome Marks of it, reply'd *Mezzomorto*, I will tell you that I have the fineſt Women in *Europe* in my *Seraglio*; amongſt them I have one which is beyond all ſort of compariſon, and I don't believe that the *Grand Viſier*, or the *Grand Seignior* himſelf, is Poſſeſſor of a more perfect Beauty, tho' his Ships continually bring him Women from all Parts of the World. Her Face to me ſeems the Sun reflected; her Eyes *Venus*'s two Stars; each of her Eye-brows may paſs for *Sagittarius*'s Bow, and her Shape is as exact as that of the Roſe-tree in the Garden of *Eram:* You may ſee that I am enchanted. But this Miracle of Nature, tho' enrich'd with ſuch rare Beauty, gives her ſelf wholly up

up to a fatal Grief, which neither Time nor my Love can diſſipate; and tho' Fortune has ſubjected her to my Deſires, I have not yet ſatisfy'd them. I have conſtantly bridled them, and contrary to the common Cuſtom of Men in my Circumſtances, which aim no farther than ſenſual Pleaſures, I have endeavour'd to gain her Heart by ſuch a Complaiſance and profound Reſpect as the meaneſt *Muſulman* would be aſham'd of ever owning to a Chriſtian Slave; yet all my Tenderneſs only encreaſes her Melancholy, and her Obſtinacy begins at laſt to tire me. The Idea of Slavery is not graven in ſuch deep Tracks in others, and even thoſe were ſoon effac'd by my favourable Treatment of her. This tedious Grief fatigues my Patience; but before I yield to the violent Tranſports of Love, I muſt make one Effort more, in which I would uſe your Aſſiſtance; the Slave being a Chriſtian and of your Nation, may make you her Confident, and you may perſuade her better than any other. Advantageouſly repreſent to her my Quality and Riches; tell her that I will diſtinguiſh her from all my Slaves; engage her to conſider, if neceſſary, that ſhe may one Day become the Wife of *Mezzomorto*; and aſſure her that I ſhall have a greater Value for her than for

a *Sultana*, if her Highneſs ſhould pleaſe to tender me her ſelf.

Don Juan a ſecond time proſtrated himſelf at the Dey's Feet, and tho' not very well pleas'd with his Commiſſion, aſſur'd him that he would do his beſt to acquit himſelf in the Performance. 'Tis enough, reply'd *Mezzomorto*; leave your Work and follow me. I will order it that you ſhall ſpeak with this beautiful Slave alone; but have a care how you abuſe that Truſt, which if you do, your Raſhneſs ſhall be puniſh'd by Tortures unknown even to *Turks* themſelves: Endeavour to overcome your Melancholy, and know that your Liberty is annex'd to the End of my Sufferings. *Don Juan* left off working, and follow'd the Dey, who was gone before to diſpoſe the afflicted Captive to admit his Agent. She was with two old Slaves, who retir'd at his Approach. The charming Slave ſaluted him with profound Reſpect; but could not help trembling, for fear of what might happen to her, every Viſit he made. He perceiv'd it, and to diſſipate her Fears, Fair Captive, ſaid he, I come hither at preſent for no other reaſon than to tell you that I have a *Spaniard* amongſt my Slaves, which perhaps you may be glad to talk with; if you deſire to ſee him,

him, I will give you leave to ſpeak with him, and that alſo without any Witneſſes.

The beautiful Slave having diſcover'd that ſhe earneſtly deſir'd it; I will immediately ſend him to you, reply'd *Mezzomorto*, if his Diſcourſe can aſſuage your Griefs. Theſe Words ended, he order'd the two old Slaves which ſerv'd her another way, and afterwards himſelf quitted her Apartment, and meeting the *Toledan*, he whiſper'd to him, You may enter, and after you have talk'd with the fair Slave, come to my Apartment, and give me an Account of your Succeſs.

Don Juan enter'd the Chamber, and ſaluted the Slave, without fixing his Eyes on her; and ſhe receiv'd his Salutation, without looking very intently on him. But beginning to look on each other more earneſtly, they burſt out into Tears of Surprize and Joy. O God, ſaid the *Toledan*, approaching her, am I not deluded by a Phantome? Is it really *Donna Theodora* which I ſee? Ah, *Don Juan*, cry'd the Fair Slave, is it you that ſpeak to me? Yes, Madam, anſwer'd he, tenderly kiſſing one of her Hands, 'tis *Don Juan* himſelf. You may know me by the Tears which my Eyes, charm'd with the Happineſs of ſeeing you again, cannot reſtrain: At the Tranſports of Joy which your Preſence is only capable

capable of exciting, I have done murmurring at Fortune, ſince ſhe has reſtor'd you to my Wiſhes——But whither does my immoderate Joy hurry me? Alas! I forget that you are in Chains! What ſtrange Caprice of Fortune brought you hither? How did you eſcape *Don Alvaro*'s raſh Paſſion? Ah, what diſmal Alarms does that give me! And how much am I afraid that Heav'n has not ſufficiently protected your Virtue!

Heav'n, ſaid *Donna Theodora*, has reveng'd me of *Alvaro Ponce*. If I had time to tell you——you have enough, interrupted *Don Juan*. The Dey has permitted me to be with you, and what may ſurprize you, to talk with you alone. Let's make the beſt Uſe of theſe happy Moments, and pray acquaint me with all that has happen'd to you, from the time of your Seiſure, to this preſent. Ah, who told you that it was *Don Alvaro* that ſeiz'd me? I know it but too well, return'd *Don Juan*. Then he ſuccinctly related how he was inform'd of it, and how *Mendoça* and he embark'd in ſearch of the Raviſher, and were taken by Pyrates. After which *Donna Theodora* immediately began the Recital of her Adventures in theſe Words,

'Tis needleſs to tell you that I was extreamly ſurpriz'd to find my ſelf ſeiz'd by a Troop of mask'd Men. I ſwooned away

way in the Arms of him that carry'd me off, and when I got out of my Fit, which doubtleſs was very long, I found my ſelf alone with *Ines*, one of my Women, at Sea in a Cabin of a Veſſel under Sail. *Ines* exhorted me to Patience, and by her Diſcourſe gave me room to conclude that ſhe had a Correſpondence with my Raviſher; who then preſum'd to ſhew himſelf to me, and throwing himſelf at my Feet: Madam, ſaid he, pardon the way *Don Alvaro* has taken to poſſeſs you. You know what tender Addreſſes I made to you, and with what Conſtancy I diſputed your Heart with *Don Fadrique*, to the Time that you gave him the Preference. If my Paſſion for you had only been a common one, I had conquer'd it, and comforted my ſelf under the Misfortune; but I am deſtin'd to adore your Charms; and, ſcorn'd as I am, I cannot free my ſelf from their Power. But yet don't fear that my Love will offer any Violence. I did not make this Attempt on your Liberty, to affright your Virtue by baſe Means; no, all I pretend to in the Retirement whither I am conveying you, is, that an eternal and ſacred Knot may bind our Deſtinies.

He ſaid ſeveral other things which I cannot well remember, they tended to hint that he thought, in forcing me to mar-

ry

ry him, he did not tyranniſe; and that I ought rather to look upon him as a Paſſionate Lover, than an Inſolent Raviſher. Whilſt he ſpake, I did nothing but weep and deſpair: Wherefore, without loſing time in Endeavours to perſuade me, he left me. But at his Retiring, made a Sign to *Ines*, which I diſcern'd was his Order to her to reinforce with Addreſs thoſe Arguments, with which he deſign'd to dazle my Reaſon.

She acted her Part to the full: She ſuggeſted to me, that after the Noiſe of a Rape, I muſt of neceſſity be forc'd to accept *Don Alvaro*'s Offer, how great ſoever my Averſion for him might be. That my Reputation demanded this Sacrifice of my Heart. The laying me under the Neceſſity of ſuch a hideous Marriage, not being the Way to dry up my Tears, I remain'd inconſolable. *Ines* did not know what to ſay to me farther, when on a ſudden we heard a great Noiſe on the Deck, which engag'd all our Attention.

This was occaſion'd by the Surprize of *Don Alvaro*'s Men, at the ſight of a large Veſſel making all poſſible Sail towards us. Our Ship not being ſo good a Sailor as that, 'twas impoſſible for us to avoid it. He came up with us, and immediately we heard a crying To Wind-ward, to Wind-

ward.

ward. But *Alvaro Ponce* and his Men, chuſing rather to die than yield, ventur'd to diſpute their Liberty with the Enemy. The Action was very ſharp; I will not run into Particulars, but only acquaint you that *Don Alvaro* and all his Men were kill'd, after having fought with utmoſt Deſperacy. As for us, we were conducted into the great Ship which belong'd to *Mezzomorto*, and was commanded by *Aby Aly Oſman*, one of his Officers.

Aby Aly earneſtly look'd at me with Surprize, and knowing by my Dreſs that I was a *Spaniſh* Woman, he ſaid to me in the *Caſtilian* Tongue: Moderate your Grief for being fallen into Slavery, 'tis a Misfortune which was inevitable: But why do I call it a Misfortune! 'Tis an Advantage, for which you ought to applaud your happy Stars; you are too charming to be confin'd only to be obey'd by Chriſtians: Heav'n never form'd you for thoſe wretched Mortals: None but *Muſulmen* are worthy to enjoy you. I will, adds he, return to *Algier*. Tho' I have taken no other Prize, I am perſuaded that the Dey, my Maſter, will be pleas'd with this Expedition; nor can I fear his blaming my Impatience, to put into his Hands, a Beauty which will afford him ſuch delicious Pleaſures, and be the whole Ornament of his *Seraglio*.

At theſe Words, which diſcover'd what I had to expect, my Tears redoubled. *Aby Aly*, who look'd on the Reaſon of my Fright with another Eye than mine, only laugh'd, and made all the Sail he could towards *Algier*, whilſt I afflicted my ſelf beyond all Bounds of Moderation; ſometimes I directed my Sighs to Heav'n, and implor'd its Aſſiſtance; at others, I wiſh'd ſome Chriſtian Ships would attack us, or that the Waves would ſwallow us up; and after that I wiſh'd my Grief and Tears might render me ſo frightful, that the very Sight of me might ſtrike a Horror into the Dey. Vain Deſires, alas, reſulting from my alarm'd Modeſty! We arriv'd at the Port, I was conducted to the Palace, and ſhewn to *Mezzomorto*. I don't know what *Aby Aly* ſaid when he preſented me to his Maſter, nor what he anſwer'd, becauſe they ſpoke *Turkiſh*; but I fancy'd I could diſcover, by the Geſtures and Looks of the Dey, that I had the Misfortune to pleaſe him: And what he afterwards ſaid to me in *Spaniſh* perfected my Deſpair, by confirming me in that Opinion. I threw my ſelf in vain at his Feet, and promis'd whatever he pleas'd for my Ranſom: I largely tempted his Avarice by the Offer of all my Eſtate: But he told me that he valu'd me above all the Riches in the World.

He

He caus'd this Apartment, the moſt magnificent in all his Palace, to be prepar'd for me; and has left no Means unattempted to diſpel that Grief which overwhelm'd me; he brought me all the Slaves of both Sexes, that could either ſing or play on any Inſtrument; he remov'd *Ines*, believing ſhe only fed my Melancholy, and I am waited on by old Slaves, who inceſſantly inculcate to me their Maſter's Love, and all the Pleaſures reſerv'd for me.

But all that has been done to divert me ſerves only to augment my Sorrows; nothing can comfort me. Captive as I am, in this deteſtable Palace, which every Day reſounds with the Cries of oppreſs'd Innocence, I ſuffer leſs by the Loſs of my Liberty, than the Terror with which the Dey's odious Paſſion inſpires me. For tho' I have hitherto found no other Treatment from him than that of a complaiſant Lover, I am not leſs affrighted, and very much fear, leſt abandoning that Reſpect which perhaps has hitherto reſtrain'd him, he ſhould at laſt abuſe his Power. I am continually afflicted by theſe dreadful Reflections, and every Moment of my Life is a freſh Torment.

Donna Theodora could not end theſe Words without Showers of Tears, which ſtabb'd *Don Juan* to the Heart: 'Tis not

without Reaſon, Madam, ſaid he, that you form ſuch a horrible Idea of what may happen to you: I am as much terrify'd at it as you: The Dey's Reſpect is nearer its Declenſion than you imagine; this ſubmiſſive Lover will ſoon throw off his feign'd Complaiſance: I know it but too well, and know all the Danger you are in: But, continu'd he, changing his Tone, I will not tamely ſee it; Slave as I am, my Deſpair is to be fear'd. Before *Mezzomorto* ſhall force you, I will plunge into his Breaſt—Ah, *Don Juan*, interrupted *Donna Theodora*, what a dangerous Project are you venturing at? Ah, be extreamly careful that you never put it in Execution. What prodigious Cruelties, great God, will be the Conſequences of this Death! Will the *Turks* leave it unreveng'd? Oh! the moſt dreadful Torments——I cannot think of them without trembling. Beſides, is it not to expoſe your ſelf to an unneceſſary Danger? Can you, by killing the Dey, reſtore my Liberty? Alas, perhaps I may be ſold to ſome villainous Wretch, that may have leſs Regard for me than *Mezzomorto* has. O Heav'n! you ought to ſhew your Juſtice: You know the Dey's brutal Deſires, you forbid me the Uſe of Poiſon and Sword; it therefore belongs to you to prevent a Crime which offends you.

Yes,

Yes, Madam, reply'd *Don Juan*, Heaven will prevent it: I perceive that it inſpires me; what at preſent occurs to my Mind, is doubtleſs ſuggeſted to me from thence. The Dey gave me leave to ſee you, for no other Reaſon than to encline you to yield to his Paſſion: I am charg'd to give him an Account of our Converſation; but I muſt deceive him: I will then tell him that you are not inconſolable; that his generous Conduct, with regard to you, begins to aſſwage your Griefs; and that, if he continues in the ſame Meaſures, he ought to hope for whatever he wiſhes. Accordingly, when he comes to ſee you again, I wiſh he might find you leſs melancholy than ordinary, and feign your being in ſome meaſure pleas'd with his Diſcourſe.

Oh horrid Conſtraint! interrupted *Donna Theodora*; how can a frank and ſincere Soul betray it ſelf to that degree? and what Advantage will reſult from ſuch a painful Diſſimulation? The Dey, anſwer'd he, will pleaſe himſelf with this Alteration, and reſolve to gain you wholly by Complaiſance. In the interim I will endeavour your Liberty: The Task, I own, is difficult; but I am acquainted with a Slave, whoſe great Addreſs and Induſtry may not be unſerviceable to us. I leave you, continu'd he; the Affair requires Di-

ligence, and we ſhall ſee one another again. I go now to the Dey, whoſe impetuous Flame I will endeavour to amuſe by falſe Intelligence; and you, Madam, muſt prepare to receive him. Diſſemble; force your Nature: Tho' his Preſence offend your Eyes, yet diſarm them of Severity and Hatred. Prevail on your Mouth, which only opens it ſelf daily to bewail your Misfortunes, to learn a flattering Tone; and don't fear ſhewing too much Favour. You muſt promiſe every thing, in order to grant nothing. 'Tis enough, reply'd *Donna Theodora*; I will follow all your Directions, ſince the fatal Evil which threatens me impoſes on me this cruel Neceſſity. Go, *Don Juan*, imploy all your Cares in putting an End to my Slavery. 'Twill be a great Addition to the Pleaſure of Liberty, to owe it to you.

The *Toledan*, purſuant to his Orders, waited on *Mezzomorto*, who ſaid with utmoſt Concern, Well, *Alvaro*, what News do you bring me from the fair Slave? have you diſpos'd her to hearken to me? If you tell me that I ought not to flatter my ſelf with the Hopes of ever ſubduing her cruel Grief, I ſwear by the Head of the *Grand Seignior*, my Maſter, that I will this Day ſeize by Force what ſhe has hitherto refuſed to yield to my Complaiſance. Sir, anſwer'd

ſwer'd *Don Juan*, that inviolable Oath is needleſs; you will not be forc'd to make uſe of Violence to ſatisfie your Love. The Slave is a young Lady who never yet lov'd; ſhe is ſo proud that ſhe has rejected the Addreſſes of the greateſt Men in *Spain*; ſhe liv'd like a Sovereign Princeſs in her own Country, and is a Captive here. A haughty Mind long reſents the great Difference betwixt theſe Conditions; yet, Sir, this proud *Spaniſh* Lady will by degrees grow familiar with Slavery, and I dare venture to tell you that already her Chains begin to be lighter. The great Deference you have always ſhew'd her, and the reſpectful Cares which ſhe did not expect from you, have ſomewhat abated her Sorrows, and do by little and little tame her Pride. Sooth this favourable Diſpoſition, and compleat the Conqueſt of this fair Slave by freſh Marks of Reſpect, and you will ſoon find her yield to your Deſires, and loſe the Love of Liberty in your Arms.

Your Words raviſh me, reply'd the Dey: The Hopes which you have given me are ſufficient to engage me to do any thing. Yes, I will reſtrain my impatient Deſires, to ſatisfie them the better. But don't deceive me; or art thou not thy ſelf deceiv'd? I'll immediately go talk with her, and ſee whether I can diſcover in her Eyes thoſe

flattering Appearances which you have obſerv'd. Theſe Words ended, he went to *Donna Theodora*; and *Don Juan* return'd to the Garden, where he met the Gard'ner, who was the dextrous Slave whoſe Induſtry he promis'd to uſe to ſet the Widow *Cifuentes* at Liberty.

The Gard'ner, whoſe Name was *Franciſco*, was of *Navarre*. He knew *Algier* perfectly well, having ſerv'd ſeveral Patrons before he liv'd with the Dey. Friend *Franciſco*, ſaid *Don Juan* approaching him, I am extreamly afflicted at what I have ſeen: There is in this Palace a young Lady of the firſt Quality in *Valencia*, ſhe has entreated *Mezzomorto* to ſet his own Price on her Ranſom; but he will not part with her, becauſe he is in Love with her. Alas, why does that trouble you ſo much? ſaid *Franciſco*. Becauſe I am of the ſame City, reply'd the *Toledan*; her Relations and mine are intimate Friends, and I am no ways able to contribute to her Deliverance. Tho' 'tis no very eaſie thing, reply'd *Franciſco*, I dare engage to accompliſh it, if this Lady's Relations will be pleaſed to pay very well for this piece of Service. Don't doubt it, in the leaſt, return'd *Don Juan*; I will be reſponſible for their Acknowledgments, but more eſpecially for her own Gratitude. Her Name

is

is *Donna Theodora*; ſhe is the Widow of a Man which has left her a very great Eſtate, and ſhe is as Generous as Rich. I am a *Spaniſh* Gentleman, and my Word ought to ſatisfie you. Well, reply'd the Gard'ner, I will depend on your Promiſes, and go look for a Runagate *Catalan* of my Acquaintance, and propoſe it to him—— What do you ſay? interrupted the *Toledan*, very much ſurpriz'd; Can you rely on a Wretch, who has not been aſham'd to abandon his Religion for—— Tho' a Runagate, interrupted *Franciſco* in his turn, he is yet an honeſt Man, who deſerves rather to be pity'd than hated; and if his Crime can admit of any Excuſe, I ſhould indeed be willing to think him excuſable: I'll tell you his Story in two Words.

He is a Native of *Barcelona*, and a Chyrurgion by Profeſſion: Perceiving that he did not ſucceed in his Practice, in his Native Place, he reſolv'd to ſettle at *Cartagena*, hoping that he might thrive better by removing. He embark'd then for *Cartagena* with his Mother, but they met an *Algerine* Pirate, who took and brought them hither. They were ſold, his Mother to a *Moor*, and he to a *Turk*, who us'd him ſo very ill that he turn'd *Mahometan* to end his cruel Slavery, as alſo to procure

procure the Liberty of his Mother, who was very rigorouſly treated by the *Moor*, her Patron. Then entering himſelf in the *Baſſa*'s Pay, he made ſeveral Voyages, and got four hundred Pataçoons, part of which he employ'd in the Ranſom of his Mother, and to improve it he intended to rob on the Sea for his own Account.

He became a Captain, and bought a ſmall Veſſel without a Deck, and with ſome *Turkiſh* Soldiers, who willingly join'd with him, he went to cruiſe between *Cartagena* and *Alicant*, and return'd laden with Booty. He went out again, and his Voyage ſucceeded ſo well, that at laſt he fitted out a large Veſſel, with which he took ſeveral conſiderable Prizes; but his good Fortune failing him, he one Day attack'd an *Engliſh* Frigot, who ſo ſhatter'd his Ship, that he could ſcarce regain the Port of *Algier*; and as the People of this Country judge of the Merit of the Pirates, by the Succeſs of their Enterpriſes, this Runagate began to be deſpis'd by the *Turks*; and growing very uneaſie and melancholy, he ſold his Ship and retir'd to a Houſe out of Town, where ever ſince he has liv'd on the Eſtate he has left, with his Mother and ſeveral Slaves. I frequently viſit him, for we liv'd together with the ſame Patron, and are very great Friends.

He

He has diſclos'd to me his moſt ſecret Thoughts, and within theſe three Days he told me, with Tears in his Eyes, that he could never be eaſie, after he was ſo unhappy as to deny his Faith; that to appeaſe the Remorſe which inceſſantly rack'd his Mind, he was ſometimes inclin'd to quit the Turban, and hazard being burnt alive, to repair, by a publick Acknowledgment of his Repentance, the Scandal he had caſt on the Chriſtians.

This is the Runagate to which I deſign to addreſs my ſelf, continu'd *Franciſco*; ſuch a Man as this you ought not to ſuſpect. Under Pretence of going to the * *Bagne*, I will go to his Houſe, and ſuggeſt to him, that inſtead of conſuming himſelf with Grief for withdrawing himſelf from the Boſom of the Church, he ought to think of means of returning to it: That to execute this Deſign, he need only equip a Ship on pretence that weary of an idle Life, he would return to his old trade of Cruiſing, and with this Ship we will gain the Coaſt of *Valencia*, where *Donna Theodora* ſhould give him enough to paſs the reſt of his Days agreeably at *Barcelona*.

Yes,

* *That is, the Place where the Slaves meet.*

Yes, dear *Franciſco*, cry'd *Don Juan*, tranſported with the Hopes which the *Navarre* Slave gave him, you may promiſe the Runagate every thing; you and he ſhall be ſure to be rewarded. But do you believe this Project really practicable in the Manner you have form'd it? It may meet with ſome Difficulties which I don't foreſee, reply'd *Franciſco*, but the Runagate and I will remove them. *Alvaro*, added he, as he was leaving him, I have a very good Opinion of our Enterpriſe, and hope at my Return to bring you good News.

'Twas not without Anxiety that *Don Juan* waited for *Franciſco*, who return'd in three or four Hours. I have talk'd with the Runagate, ſaid he, and propos'd our Deſign to him, and after mature Deliberation, we have agreed that he ſhall buy a ſmall Ship ready fitted to go out, and it being allow'd to make uſe of Slaves for Sailors, he ſhall Man the Veſſel with his own; that, to prevent Suſpicion, he ſhould engage twelve *Turkiſh* Soldiers, as tho' he really intended to go out to Cruiſe; but that two Days before that which he ſhould aſſign for his Departure, he ſhould embark in the Night with his Slaves, weigh Anchor without any Noiſe, and come to fetch us on Board with his Skiff, from a little Door of this Garden near the Sea. This is the

Plan

Plan of our Enterpriſe; you may inform the Captive Lady of this, and aſſure her, that within fifteen Days at fartheſt, ſhe ſhall be freed from her Slavery.

How inexpreſſible was *Don Juan's* Joy, to have ſuch a comfortable Aſſurance to carry to off *Donna Theodora*! To obtain Permiſſion to ſee her, he the next Day ſearch'd for *Mezzomorto*, and having found him: Pardon me, my Lord, ſaid he, if I preſume to ask you how you found the beautiful Slave. Are you better ſatisfy'd—— I am charm'd, interrupted they Dey. Her Eyes did not turn away from my tendereſt Addreſſes; her Diſcourſe, which always before conſiſted only of endleſs Reflections on her Condition, were not intermix'd with any Complaints; but ſhe even ſeem'd to liſten to mine with an obliging Attention. 'Tis to your Endeavours, *Alvaro*, that I owe this Change. I ſee you know your own Country Women; I will have you talk with her again. Finiſh what you have ſo happily begun; exhauſt all your Wit and Addreſs to haſten my Felicity, and I will then break your Chains; and I ſwear by the Soul of our great Prophet, that I will ſend you home to your own Country ſo richly laden with Preſents, that the Chriſtians when they ſee thee ſhall not believe thou return'ſt from a Slavery.

The

The *Toledan* did not fail to flatter *Mezzomorto*'s Error; he feign'd himſelf extreamly ſenſible of his Promiſes, and under pretence of haſtening the Accompliſhment of the Dey's Joys, he haſten'd to ſee the Fair Slave, whom he found alone in her Apartment, the old Women which attended her being employ'd elſewhere.

He told her what the *Navarre* Slave and the Runagate had contriv'd, on the Credit of the Promiſes which he made them. 'Twas no ſmall Conſolation for *Donna Theodora*, to hear that ſuch proper Meaſures were taken for her Deliverance. Is it poſſible, ſaid ſhe, in the Exceſs of her Joy, that I may hope to ſee *Valencia*, my dear Country, again? How tranſporting will the Bliſs be, after ſo many Fears and Dangers, to live at Eaſe with you? Ah, *Don Juan*, how charming is that Thought! Will you ſhare that Pleaſure with me? Do you think, that in delivering me from the Dey, 'tis your Wife which you tear from him?

Alas, anſwer'd *Don Juan*, with a profound Sigh, thoſe endearing Words would charm me, if the Remembrance of an unhappy Friend did not throw in a Bitterneſs which ſpoils all the Sweetneſs? Pardon me, Madam, that Nicety, and confeſs alſo that *Mendoça* deſerves your Pity; 'tis for

for your ſake that he went from *Valencia*, and loſt his Liberty. I can aſſure you that at *Tunis*, where perhaps Slaves may be worſe treated than here, he is leſs loaded with the Weight of his Chains, than the Deſpair of ever revenging your Sufferings. He doubtleſs deſerves a better Fate, interrupted *Donna Theodora*; I take Heav'n to witneſs that I am throughly ſenſible of all that he has done for me. I ſhare with him the Sufferings which I have caus'd; but by the cruel Malignity of the Stars, my Heart can never be the Price of his Services.

This Converſation was interrupted by the Arrival of the two old Women who waited on *Donna Theodora*, when *Don Juan* turn'd the Diſcourſe, and acting the Dey's Confident: Yes, charming Slave, ſaid he to the Widow *Cifuentes*, you have depriv'd him of Liberty, who keeps you in Chains. *Mezzomorto*, your Maſter and mine, the moſt engaging, and moſt amiable of all the *Turks*, is very well pleas'd with you: Continue to treat him favourably, and you will ſoon ſee an End of your Griefs. At the End of theſe laſt Words he left *Donna Theodora*, who did not comprehend their true Senſe.

Affairs remain'd during eight Days in this Poſture at the Dey's Palace, whilſt the Runagate *Catalan* bought a ſmall Veſſel almoſt

almoſt wholly fitted for Sailing, and prepar'd for his Departure. But ſix Days before he was ready to put to Sea, *Don Juan* met with what very much alarm'd his Fears.

Mezzomorto ſent for him, and being enter'd his Cloſet: *Alvaro*, ſaid he, you are free: You may return to *Spain* whenever you pleaſe; and the Preſents which I promis'd you are ready. I ſaw the fair Slave to Day, and oh, how vaſtly different does ſhe appear from the ſame Perſon whoſe Griefs have given me ſo much Pain! The ſenſe of her Captivity every Day wears off. I found her ſo Charming, that I have this Moment reſolv'd to marry her. She ſhall be my Wife within the Space of two Days.

At theſe Words the *Toledan* chang'd Colour, and notwithſtanding all the Reſtraint he laid on himſelf, could not hide his Diſturbance and Surprize from the Dey, who ask'd him the Cauſe of that Diſorder. My Lord, anſwer'd *Don Juan*, all in Confuſion, I am doubtleſs very much amaz'd, to think that one of the greateſt Lords of the *Ottoman* Empire ſhould ſo debaſe himſelf as to marry a Slave. I very well know 'tis not unpreſidented amongſt you; but for the illuſtrious *Mezzomorto*, who may pretend to the Daughter of the principal Officers of the Port,——I allow what you

you ſay, interrupted the Dey, I might at the ſame time aſpire to the *Grand Viſier*'s Daughter, and flatter my ſelf with the Hopes of ſucceeding my Father-in-Law; but I have an immenſe Eſtate, and am not very Ambitious. I prefer the Eaſe and Pleaſures which I enjoy here in my *Viſier-ſhip*, to that dangerous Honour; to which we are no ſooner rais'd, than the Fear of the *Sultans*, and the Jealouſie of thoſe near them, who envy us, precipitates us into the loweſt Abyſs of Miſery. Beſides, I love my Slave, and her Beauty qualifies her to deſerve the Dignity, to which my Affection invites her.

But, adds he, in order to deſerve the Honours I deſign her, ſhe muſt change her Religion. Do you believe that any ridiculous Prejudices will prevail on her to deſpiſe my Offers? No, my Lord, return'd the *Toledan*; I am perſuaded that ſhe will ſacrifice all to ſuch a high Elevation. But give me leave to tell you, that you ought not to marry her ſo haſtily; do nothing raſhly; 'tis not to be doubted, but that the Thoughts of abandoning the Religion ſuck'd in with her Mother's Milk will ſtartle her at firſt. Give her then time to conſider of it; when ſhe repreſents to her ſelf, that inſtead of diſhonouring and confining her under a Guard amongſt the reſt

of your Captives, you join her to your ſelf by ſuch a glorious Marriage, her Gratitude and Vanity will by little and little remove her Scruples. Defer therefore the Execution of your Deſign for eight Days only. I yield to your Reaſon, interrupted the Dey; tho' I am ſo impatient to enjoy the fair Slave, I will yet wait eight Days. Go immediately to her, and diſpoſe her to accompliſh my Deſires at the Expiration of that time. I deſire that the ſame *Alvaro*, which has ſo faithfully diſcharg'd himſelf with regard to her, have the Honour to offer her my matrimonial Faith.

Don Juan flew to the Apartment of *Donna Theodora*, and inform'd her what paſs'd betwixt *Mezzomorto* and him, that ſhe might regulate her ſelf by it. He alſo told her, that the Runagate's Ship would be ready in ſix Days; but ſhe telling him that ſhe was in great Pain to know how ſhe ſhould get out of her Apartment, ſince all the Doors of the Chambers, thro' which ſhe was oblig'd to paſs to reach the Stairs, were cloſe ſhut; You ought not to give your ſelf much Trouble on that account, Madam, ſaid *Don Juan*; one of your Cloſet Windows opens into the Garden, and from thence you may deſcend by a Ladder which I will provide you. Accordingly, the ſix Days being expir'd, *Franciſco* advertis'd

vertis'd the *Toledan*, that the Runagate was preparing to depart the next Night; which you very well think was expected with great Impatience. The time came at laſt, and what render'd it yet more lucky was that it grew very dark. When the Moment deſtin'd for the Execution of their Enterprize came, *Don Juan* rais'd the Ladder to *Donna Theodora*'s Cloſet Window, who no ſooner ſaw it, than ſhe deſcended on it with utmoſt Concern and Haſte, and then lean'd on the falſe *Alvaro*, who conducted her to the little Garden-Door, which open'd on the Sea. They made all poſſible Haſte, and before-hand ſeem'd to taſte the Pleaſures of being freed from Slavery; but Fortune, between whom and Lovers there is not always a perfect Agreement, rais'd a more cruel Misfortune than all thoſe which they had hitherto ſuffer'd, and which they could not foreſee.

They were gotten out of the Garden, and haſtening to the Sea-ſide to reach the Boat, which waited for them, when a Man, whom they took for one of their Crew, and which they did not in the leaſt miſtruſt, came directly to *Don Juan* with a naked Sword, and running him into the Breaſt: Perfidious *Alvaro Ponce*, cry'd he, 'tis thus that *Don Fadrique de Mendoça* is oblig'd to puniſh a villainous Raviſher. You don't

deſerve that I ſhould attack you like a Man of Honour.

Don Juan could not reſiſt the Force of the Puſh, which threw him down; and at the ſame time *Donna Theodora*, whom he ſupported, ſeiz'd at once with Amazement, Grief, and the Fright, ſwooned away on the other ſide. Ah! *Mendoça*, ſaid the *Toledan*, what have you done? 'Tis *Don Juan* that you have wounded! Juſt Heav'n, reply'd *Don Fadrique*, is it poſſible that I ſhould aſſaſſinate my beſt Friend? I forgive you my Death, return'd *Don Juan*; Fate alone is to be blam'd, or rather he deſign'd thus to put an End to my Miſeries. Yes, my dear *Mendoça*, I die contented, ſince I put into your Hands *Donna Theodora*, who can aſſure you that my Friendſhip for you has never been violated. Too generous Friend, ſaid *Don Fadrique*, ſeiz'd with a violent Deſpair, you ſhall not die alone; the ſame Sword which has been plung'd into your Breaſt ſhall puniſh your Murtherer. Tho' my Miſtake may excuſe my Crime, it cannot comfort me. At theſe Words he turn'd the Point of his Sword to his Breaſt, run it up to the Hilt, and fell upon *Don Juan*, who fainted away, leſs enfeebled by his loſt Blood, than the Surprize of his Friend's Diſtraction.

Fran-

Franciſco and the Runagate, who were but ten Paces off, and who had their Reaſons which detain'd them from running to the Aſſiſtance of the Slave *Alvaro*, were extreamly aſtoniſh'd to hear *Don Fadrique's* Words, and to ſee his laſt Action. They then found their Miſtake, and that the wounded Men were two Friends, and not mortal Enemies, as they thought. They then ran to their Aſſiſtance; but finding them ſenſeleſs, as well as *Donna Theodora*, who yet remain'd in her Swoon, they were at a loſs what Meaſures to take. *Franciſco* was of Opinion that they ſhould content themſelves by carrying off the Lady, and leave the Gentlemen on the Shoar, where, according to all Appearances, they would immediately die, if they were not yet dead. But the Runagate was not of that Opinion: He concluded they ought not to be left; that their Wounds might perhaps not be mortal, and that he could dreſs them on Board, where he had all the Inſtruments of his former Trade, which he had not yet forgotten.

Franciſco fell in with his Opinion, and very well knowing of what Importance it was to be expeditious, the Runagate and he, by the Aſſiſtance of ſome Slaves, carry'd into their Skiff the unhappy Widow

Cifuentes, and her two Lovers, yet more unfortunate than ſhe; and in a very few Minutes reach'd their Ship. As ſoon as they were all gotten on Board, ſome of them ſpread their Sails, whilſt others on their Knees on the Deck implor'd the Aſſiſtance of Heav'n, by the moſt fervent Petitions which the Fear of being purſu'd by *Mezzomorto*'s Ships could inſpire.

The Runagate, after having charg'd with the Management of the Ship a *French* Slave, who underſtood it perfectly well, apply'd himſelf firſt to *Donna Theodora*, whom he recover'd out of her Swoon, and then took ſuch ſucceſsful Care of *Don Fadrique* and the *Toledan*, that they alſo recover'd their Sences. The Widow *Cifuentes*, who fainted away at the Sight of *Don Juan*'s being wounded, was very much ſurpriz'd to find *Mendoça* there; and tho' at the Sight of him ſhe really believ'd that he had fallen on his own Sword, for Grief of having wounded his Friend, yet ſhe could not look on him otherwiſe than the Murtherer of the Man ſhe lov'd.

'Twas certainly the moſt moving Scene in the World, to ſee theſe three Perſons return'd to themſelves; and the Condition out of which they had been recover'd, tho' a Reſemblance of Death, did not more deſerve

ſerve Pity. *Donna Theodora* earneſtly look'd on *Don Juan*, with Eyes in which were painted, in lively Colours, all the Emotions of a Soul overwhelm'd with Grief and Deſpair. And the two Friends fix'd on her their dying Eyes, feebly uttering the moſt profound Sighs.

After having for ſome time kept a Silence equally tender and unhappy, *Don Fadrique* thus broke it, by addreſſing him to the Widow *Cifuentes*: Madam, ſaid he, before I die, I have yet the Satisfaction to ſee you deliver'd out of Slavery; would to Heav'n that you were indebted for your Liberty to me: But it has appointed that you ſhould owe that Obligation to the Man which you love. I love that Rival too well to murmur at it, and wiſh that the Wound which I have been ſo unhappy as to give him, may not prevent the full Enjoyment of your grateful Acknowledgements. The Lady made no Anſwer to theſe Words, but far from being then ſenſible of the melancholy Fate of *Don Fadrique*, ſhe was only influenced by the Averſion to him, which the preſent Condition of the *Toledan* had inſpir'd.

In the mean time the Chirurgeon prepar'd to examine and probe the Wounds. He began with that of *Don Juan*, and did

not find it dangerous, by reaſon the Paſs had only glanc'd below the left Breaſt, and had not touch'd any of the nobler Vital Parts. This Report of the Chirurgeon very much abated *Donna Theodora*'s Affliction, and equally rejoyc'd *Don Fadrique*; who turning his Head towards that Lady, I am ſatisfy'd, ſaid he; I leave this Life without Regret, ſince my Friend is out of Danger: I ſhall not then die laden with your Hate.

Theſe Words were utter'd with ſuch a moving Air, that *Theodora* was touch'd by them; and as her Fear for *Don Juan* grew over, ſhe ceas'd to hate *Don Fadrique*, and no longer look'd on him otherwiſe than on a Man which deſerv'd her Pity: Ah, *Mendoça*, cry'd ſhe, influenc'd by a generous Tranſport, let your Wound be dreſs'd, 'tis not perhaps more dangerous than that of your Friend. Oh, yield to our Cure of your Life; and if I cannot make you happy, at leaſt I will not beſtow that Felicity on another; but out of Compaſſion and Tenderneſs for you, I will with-hold the Hand which I deſign'd to give *Don Juan*, and offer to you the ſame Sacrifice which he has made you: Content to reign in both your Hearts, I will live with you in ſuch a Manner that he whom I don't love

love ſhall have no Reaſon to complain of the other.

Don Fadrique was going to reply, but the Chirurgeon, afraid that Speaking might prejudice him, oblig'd him to Silence, and ſearch'd his Wound, which he judg'd mortal, by reaſon the Sword had pierc'd the upper Part of his Lungs, as he concluded from his exceſſive Flux of Blood, the Conſequence of which was very much to be fear'd. As ſoon as he had dreſs'd the Gentlemen he caus'd 'em to be carry'd to his own Cabin, to repoſe them on two Beds, one next the other, and conducted *Donna Theodora* thither, whoſe Preſence he thought would not be prejudicial to them.

Notwithſtanding all this Care *Mendoça* fell into a Feaver, and towards Night the Flux of Blood augmented. The Chirurgeon then told him he was incurable, and inform'd him that if he had any thing to ſay to his Friend, or *Donna Theodora*, he had no Time to loſe. This News ſtrangely afflicted the *Toledan*; but *Don Fadrique* receiv'd it with Indifference. He ſent for the Widow *Cifuentes*, who came to him in a Condition much eaſier to be imagin'd than deſcrib'd.

Her

Her Face was cover'd with Tears which ſhower'd down with ſo much Violence that they diſturb'd *Mendoça*. Madam, ſaid he, I am unworthy thoſe precious Tears that you ſhed? Reſtrain them, I beg, for a Moment: I ask the ſame of you, dear *Don Juan*, adds he, obſerving the inſupportable Grief which his Friend ſhew'd. I know that this Separation muſt very ſenſibly afflict you, I am too well acquainted with your Friendſhip to doubt it; but I beſeech both of you to ſtay 'till my Death, and reſerve theſe Tears to honour it with ſo many Marks of Tenderneſs and Pity; ſuſpend your Grief 'till then, ſince that touches me more than the Loſs of my Life. I muſt acquaint you through what Meanders of Fate I was conducted to this fatal Shore, where I have tainted my ſelf with my Friend's and my own Blood. You muſt be in Pain to know how I could take *Don Juan* for *Don Alvaro*, but I will immediately inform you, if the ſmall Remainder of Life will allow me to make that melancholy Diſcovery.

Some Hours after the Ship in which I was had quitted that where I left *Don Juan*, we met a *French* Privateer, which attack'd and took the *Tunis* Ship, and ſet us on Shore at *Alicant*. I was no ſooner at Liberty

Liberty than I thought of ranſoming *Don Juan*, to which end I went to *Valencia* and rais'd Mony; and on Advice that at *Barcelona* there were ſeveral Monks of the Order for Redemption of Slaves ready to ſet out for *Algier*, I reſolv'd not to loſe this Occaſion. But before I left *Valencia*, I entreated *Don Franciſco de Mendoça*, my Uncle, to uſe all his Intereſt at the Court of *Spain* to obtain a Pardon for my Friend, becauſe my Deſign was to bring him back with me, and re-eſtabliſh him in his Eſtate, which was confiſcated after the Death of the Duke of *Naxera*. I went then to *Barcelona*, where I ſtaid not above eight Days before I embark'd with the Monks of the Redemption.

As ſoon as we were arriv'd at *Algier*, I went to the Places frequented by Slaves; but having run thro' all of them, I did not find what I ſearch'd for. After this I in vain recollected the Faces of the Paſſengers taken with *Don Juan*, and confronted the Lines of their Features which I could recall to mind, with thoſe Faces that offer'd themſelves to my View; but I could not find any Perſon whom I remember'd to have ſeen. Not being contented with this, I ask'd all the *Spaniſh* Slaves I met whether they could inform me of a Cava-

Cavalier of their Nation which anſwer'd the Deſcription I gave them of you, and taken at ſuch a time. Some told me he muſt be ſet at Work in a Country Houſe, and others that perhaps he might be one of the twelve Chriſtian Slaves who were lately impal'd for beating the *Mahometans*; and this was all the Fruit of my Enquiries.

Yet one Day I perceiv'd a young Man looking very earneſtly at me, whom I remember'd to be a Youth that formerly ſerv'd my Uncle. He concluded, at the Sight of me, that I was not a Slave; wherefore approaching me he ſaid, My Lord, may I preſume to ask whether you have yet any Remainder of Concern for *Donna Theodora?* When I anſwer'd him Yes: Since 'tis ſo, reply'd he, give your ſelf the Trouble of accompanying me, and you ſhall ſoon hear of her. I went along with him, and he brought me to his Patron, who is the Runagate *Catalan* to whom this Ship belongs. He talk'd long with him alone; after which the Runagate came to me, and inform'd me that his Slave had juſt told him my Name; and ſince he aſſures me, added he, that we may depend on your Diſcretion, I will diſcover to you where a Lady is whoſe Fate you are concern'd

cern'd for. *Donna Theodora* is a Slave to the Dey, who will not take any Ranſom for her, becauſe he loves her.

The Grief which I ſhew'd at this News mov'd the Runagate: Comfort your ſelf, ſaid he, Signior *Mendoça*; I can aſſure you *Mezzomorto* has not yet offer'd any Violence to that Lady, and ſince you are in Love with her, I will make no difficulty of entruſting you with a Secret which 'tis your Intereſt to conceal. The Dey's Gard'ner is a Slave born at *Navarre*, of my Acquaintance; he has told me that in his Maſter's Palace is a Lady of *Valencia*, call'd *Donna Theodora*, who offers a very conſiderable Reward to any Perſon that ſhall free her from Slavery. I have undertaken this Deliverance, and am equipping a Veſſel which will be ready in few Days, and under Pretext of Cruizing I will make to the Coaſt of *Spain*, where I will reſtore this Lady to her Relations. But how, ſaid I, will you get her out of the *Seraglio?* Two of *Mezzomorto*'s Slaves, anſwer'd he, have undertaken this Task. He of *Navarre*, whom I have mention'd to you, and another of *Valencia*, as I am told; but I have not yet ſeen the laſt, tho' by the Character I have heard of him, he ſeems to be a Man of Quality.

I ask'd the Runagate, with ſome Concern, if he did not know the latter Slave's Name; 'Tis *Alvaro*, reply'd he, and that is all I know of him. And all that I deſire to know, cry'd I, in a Tranſport; 'tis my Rival! And without asking any farther Queſtions concerning that Slave, or informing my ſelf whether he was taken with *Donna Theodora*, I did not doubt but that this *Alvaro* was *Alvaro Ponce* himſelf.

I gave a horrible Character of him to the Runagate, whom I entreated to engage in my Reſentment. Aſſiſt, ſaid I, both my Hate and my Love. Help me to revenge my ſelf on my Enemy, and put an End to *Donna Theodora*'s Captivity; you ſhall not then have only what ſhe promiſes, but I will ſuperadd particular Marks of my Gratitude. The Runagate returning no Anſwer, but ſeeming thoughtful, I concluded that he was conſidering whether he ſhould accompliſh my Deſires; wherefore, to determine him, I preſented him with a very fine Diamant Ring which I had on my Finger; but he refus'd it, ſaying, My Lord, do you believe that I diſtruſt your Promiſes, or that they are not ſufficient to engage me to ſerve a Gentleman of your Family? If you ſaw me conſidering,

ſidering, I was only thinking which Way to ſatisfie you; which will ſoon be: You need only accompany me on the Night choſen for our Departure, when you may ſee your Enemy; and after you have reveng'd your ſelf, you ſhall, if you pleaſe, take his Place, and join with us in conducting *Donna Theodora* to *Valencia*.

Theſe Words too much flatter'd my angry Reſentment not to raviſh me; I thank'd the Runagate for his Zeal for my Service, forc'd him to accept my Diamant Ring, and left him very impatient to ſee *Don Alvaro* fall by my Hands. Yet this Impatience did not hinder my Search after *Don Juan*; but deſpairing to hear any News of him, I left Mony for his Ranſom in the Hands of an *Italian* Merchant, nam'd *Franciſco Capati*, who lives at *Algier*, and undertook his Ranſom if he could ever find him.

At laſt the Night appointed for our Departure and my Revenge came, when I went to the Runagate, who led me to that Part of the Sea ſhore behind *Mezzomorto*'s Gardens. We ſtopp'd at a little Door that ſoon open'd, where came out a Man that made directly to us, which was the *Navarre* Slave. He ask'd the Runagate in what Poſture our Affairs were: My Veſ-

ſel,

ſel, anſwer'd he, has this Minute left the Port, and I expect the Boat here. Accordingly he had no ſooner ſpoke than the Skiff appear'd. I will then, ſaid the *Navarre* Slave, go tell *Alvaro* that he may bring the Lady; at which Words he return'd into the Garden, and ſome Minutes after came up to us, and pointing with his Finger to a Man and Woman which were coming along: Thoſe who follow me, ſaid he, are *Alvaro* and *Donna Theodora*. At this Sight, enrag'd to the laſt degree, I drew my Sword, run to the unfortunate *Alvaro*, and perſuaded that it was my hateful Rival which I was approaching, I wounded that faithful Friend, whoſe uncertain Deſtiny was the Cauſe of all my Diſturbance. But Thanks to Heav'n, continu'd he, in a ſofter Tone, my Miſtake will neither coſt him his Life, nor the eternal Tears of *Donna Theodora*.

Ah, *Mendoça*, interrupted the Lady, you injure my Affliction; I ſhall never comfort my ſelf for the Loſs of you; for tho' I ſhould ev'n marry your Friend, 'twould be only uniting our Griefs: Your Love, your Friendſhip and your Misfortunes would be the whole Subject of our Diſcourſe. 'Tis too much, Madam, reply'd *Don Fadrique*; I am not worthy your ſo long

long Mourning for me. Allow, I conjure you, *Don Juan* to marry you, after he ſhall have reveng'd you of *Alvaro Ponce*. *Don Alvaro* is no more, reply'd the Widow *Cifuentes*; the ſame Day that he ſeiz'd me, he was kill'd by the Pirate which took me.

Madam, ſaid *Mendoça*, this News gives me Pleaſure: My Friend will the ſooner be happy; follow without reſtraint the Guidance of your mutual Paſſion. I ſee with Joy the Moment approaching, which will remove the Obſtacle your Compaſſion and his Generoſity hath rais'd, to prevent your mutual Happineſs. May all your Days be ſpent in a Repoſe and Union, which the Jealouſie of Fortune dare not diſturb. Adieu, Madam, adieu, *Don Juan*; vouchſafe both of you ſometimes to remember a Man, who never lov'd any Body ſo well as you.

The Lady and the *Toledan*, inſtead of anſwering, redoubling their Tears; *Don Fradique*, who perceiv'd it, and found himſelf very ill; thus continu'd: I grow too tender; Death has already ſurrounded me, and I forget to ſupplicate the Divine Goodneſs, to pardon my having ſhortned a Life, which it alone ought to have diſpos'd of. At the End of theſe

Words he lifted up his Eyes to Heav'n, with all the Signs of a ſincere Repentance, and the Flux of Blood immediately occaſion'd a Suffocation, which carry'd him off.

Then *Don Juan*, hurry'd by his Deſpair, tore off his Plaiſters, and would have render'd his Wounds incurable; but *Franciſco* and the Runagate threw themſelves on him, and oppos'd his Diſtraction; and *Donna Theodora*, terribly affrighted at this furious Tranſport, aſſiſted them both in diverting *Don Juan* from his Deſign. She addreſs'd to him with ſuch a moving Air, that returning to himſelf, he ſuffer'd his Wound to be again bound up; and at laſt the Intereſt of a Lover, by ſlow Degrees, abated the Rage of a Friend. But if he recover'd his Reaſon, it ſerv'd only to prevent the diſtracted Effects of his Grief, and not to diminiſh the Senſe of it.

The Runagate, who amongſt other things he had brought out of *Spain*, had ſome excellent *Arabian* Balſam, and precious Perfumes, embalm'd *Mendoça*'s Body at the Inſtance of the Lady and *Don Juan*, who aſſur'd him, that at *Valencia* they would perform all the Honours of his Sepulture. Both of them did not give over

over Sighs and Tears during the whole time of their being at Sea; but the reſt of thoſe on Board were more chearful, and the Wind being favourable, they were not long before they diſcover'd the Coaſts of *Spain*.

At that Sight all the Slaves yielded themſelves up to Joy; and when the Veſſel was happily arriv'd at the Port of *Denia*, every one had their Share of it. The Widow *Cifuentes* and the *Toledan* ſent a Courier to *Valencia* with Letters for the Governor, and *Donna Theodora*'s Family. The News of that Lady's Return was receiv'd with all poſſible Expreſſions of Joy, by all her Relations; but *Don Franciſco de Mendoça* was extreamly afflicted at the Loſs of his Nephew, which he diſcover'd when he accompany'd the Widow *Cifuentes*'s Relations to *Denia*, where he deſir'd to ſee the Corps of the unfortunate *Don Fadrique*. The good old Man then melted into Tears, and utter'd ſuch lamentable Complaints, as ſenſibly touch'd all the Spectators. He enquir'd by what Adventure his Nephew fell: I will tell you, my Lord, ſaid the *Toledan*; far from blotting it out of my Memory, I take a melancholy Pleaſure in continually calling him

to Mind, and feeding my Sorrows. He then related to him the ſad Accident; and the Recital of his Story drawing freſh Tears from him, redoubled thoſe of *Don Franciſco*. As for *Donna Theodora*, her Relations expreſs'd their great Joy to ſee her again, and felicitated her on the miraculous Manner of her Delivery from the Tyranny of *Mezzomorto*.

After a perfect Relation of all Particulars, *Don Fadrique*'s Corps was put into a Coach, and carry'd to *Valencia*, but not bury'd there; becauſe *Don Franciſco de Mendoça* being going to live at *Madrid*, reſolv'd to have his Nephew's Body carry'd to that City. While all manner of Preparations were making for their Journey, the Widow *Cifuentes* loaded with Riches *Franciſco* and the Runagate which follow'd them. *Franciſco* went to *Navarre*, and the Runagate immediately return'd to *Denia*, where he had left his Mother, ſold his Ship, and went to *Barcelona*, where he return'd to the Chriſtian Religion, and lives there very handſomly at this preſent time. In the mean while alſo *Don Franciſco* receiv'd a Packet from the Court, wherein was *Don Juan*'s Pardon; which the King, notwithſtanding the great Value he had for the

the Houſe of *Naxera*, could not refuſe the *Mendoça*'s, who all join'd in ſolliciting it. This News was the more agreeable to the *Toledan*, becauſe it procur'd him the Liberty of accompanying the Corps of his Friend, which he durſt not have done without it.

At laſt they all ſet forwards, accompany'd with a great Number of Perſons of Quality; and as ſoon as they arriv'd at *Madrid*, they bury'd the Corps of *Don Fadrique* in a Church, where *Don Juan* and *Donna Theodora* rais'd a noble Monument over his Grave. They did not ſtay there; but they kept themſelves in Mourning for their Friend for the Space of a whole Year, to eternize their Grief, and his Friendſhip; and after having given ſuch ſignal Marks of their Tenderneſs for *Mendoça*, they marry'd; but by an inconceivable Effect of the Power of Friendſhip, *Don Juan* long retain'd his Melancholy for his Friend, which nothing was able to remove. *Don Fadrique*, his dear Friend, *Don Fadrique*, was always preſent in his Thoughts; he ſaw him every Night in his Dreams, at which he moſt times utter'd the deepeſt Sighs. But yet his Reaſon began to diſpel theſe melancholy Views; and *Donna Theodora*'s

Charms, with which he was captivated, triumph'd, by little and little, over the ſad Remembrance of his Friend. To conclude; at laſt *Don Juan* liv'd happily, and very contentedly; but a few Days paſt he fell from his Horſe, as he was Hunting, and hurt his Head; the Wound grew to an Impoſtume, ſo that the Phyſicians could not ſave him, and ſome Hours ſince he dy'd in the Arms of *Donna Theodora*, who is that Lady which the Women in vain endeavour to aſſiſt. She has a violent Feaver, is delirious, and is haſting after her Husband; ſo that both of them will ſoon be carry'd to *Mendoça*'s Tomb, where with him they will expect the End of that World in which they have ſuffer'd ſo many Miſeries.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

Of DREAMS.

WHEN *Aſmodeo* had ended his Story, *Don Cleofas* ſaid to him, This is a very fine Image of Friendſhip, but 'tis rare to find two Men love one another like *Don Juan* and *Don Fadrique*; and I believe 'twill be more difficult to meet with two Ladies ſo good Friends, as generouſly to make a reciprocal Sacrifice of their Lovers to each other. Without doubt, ſays the Devil, 'tis what has not been yet, and never will be ſeen in this World: Women are not ſo complaiſant to one another. Suppoſe two Ladies love each other in an uſual degree, their Friendſhip may be tender and ſincere, and they may even forbear ſpeaking ill of one another in Abſence; ſuch good Friends may they be, and that, I aſſure you, is a great deal: Yet if you meet with them, and incline more to the one than the other, Rage preſently ſeizes the fair One that is ſlighted, not that ſhe loves you, but ſhe would be preferr'd. This is the Nature of all Women; they are too jealous one of another to be capable of Friendſhip.

As to *Donna Theodora*, ſays the Scholar, I am charm'd with her Character: A Wife to die of Grief at the Death of her Husband! A Wonder's fallen out in our Days. 'Tis certainly wonderful, reply'd the Devil: There was a Lawyer bury'd two Months ago, whoſe Widow was not at all like his we are ſpeak-

ing of. The Man of the Robe being in the Agonies of the Death, his Wife all in Tears gave way to the Perſuaſions of her Family, and ſuffer'd her ſelf to be carry'd out of the Houſe to avoid ſo ſad a Spectacle: But before ſhe went, the good Woman call'd her Chamber-maid; *Beatrice*, ſaid ſhe, as ſoon as my dear Husband is dead go carry the ill News to *Don Carlos*, and tell him I am ſo troubled at it that I will not ſee him this two Days.

The Story of *Donna Theodora*, ſays *Don Cleofas*, has taken up a little too much Time. 'Tis almoſt broad Day; I begin to ſee People in the Streets; I am afraid they may ſpy us out on this Church. If the Rabble ſhould once have a view of your Lordſhip's Figure, they will never have done ſhouting. Fear nothing, reply'd the Devil, I'll warrant they ſhall not ſee us; I have the ſame Power as the Poets Gods, and as *Jupiter* hid himſelf in a Cloud on Mount *Ida*, from the Eyes of the Univerſe, that they might not ſee him Careſs his dear Conſort *Juno*, ſo I will raiſe a Miſt that the Sight of Man ſhall not be able to penetrate; however we will ſee him, and all his Ways, thro' it. No ſooner ſaid but done; a thick Vapour immediately encompaſs'd them; yet the Scholar ſaw thro' it as eaſily as if it had been a Sieve. Now, continu'd the *Dæmon*, I will give you a Pleaſure that you have not met with before. You ſee abundance of Perſons, Men and Women, aſleep, and I'll tell you what they dream of. Stay,

Stay, if you pleaſe, ſays *Don Cleofas* interrupting him; pray what's the meaning that thoſe Ladies in yonder little Tenament are up ſo ſoon; what makes 'em riſe ſo early? They were never a-bed, reply'd the Devil, they have been making merry all Night long. There has been an Aſſembly; they have been ſinging *Caudalas*, a moſt admirable Conſort. A Scholar of *Alcala* compos'd the Muſick, and the Words were made by a Man of Quality, who makes Verſes for his own Pleaſure, and others Pain. The Symphony conſiſted of a Bagpipe and a Spinet, and what is ſtill more extraordinary, a young Girl ſung the Baſe, and an old Quiriſter the Tenor. Very pleaſant indeed, cry'd *Don Cleofas*, ready to burſt with laughing; if I had been one of their Aſſembly, I ſhould not have help'd making a Jeſt of their ridiculous Conſort. Sure thoſe that heard it did not think it fine. No certainly, reply'd *Aſmodeo*, there were ſome among 'em who every now and then threw in a malicious Jeſt, that put the Muſick very much out of Countenance: But enough of this; let's come to our Dreams, and we'll begin with that great Houſe there on the right Hand. The Maſter of it, whom you ſee ſleeping in thoſe rich Lodgings, is a liberal and debauch'd Count; he's dreaming that he's at the Play, that he hears a young Actreſs ſing, and is conquer'd by the Voice of this *Syren*. In the next Apartment lies the Counteſs, his Wife, a great Reader of Romances. Her Head is full

full of Knight Errantry, and Deeds of Chevalry. She's in very pleaſant Dreams; ſhe fancies her ſelf this Minute to be Empreſs of *Trebizond*; that ſhe is accus'd of Adultery, and all the Knights who offer themſelves to vindicate her Innocence, are overcome by her Accuſers.

In the next Houſe to this lives a Marquiſs, who is in Love with a famous Coquet: He dreams that he has borrow'd a conſiderable Sum of Mony to make her a Preſent; and his Steward, who lyes in that little Chamber there, a Story higher, that he is growing Rich as his Maſter grows Poor: You ſee People do not always dream extravagantly.

The Scholar interrupting him ſaid, I would very feign know what Spark that is who is aſleep with his Muſtacho's in Papers, like Ladies Favourites. 'Tis a Country Gentleman, reply'd *Aſmodeo*, a Viſcount of *Arragon*, Proud and Vain; his Soul is this very Moment ſwimming in Joy, for he dreams that he's with a great Lord of the Court, who gives him a Place. If I am not deceiv'd, ſaid *Don Cleofas*, I ſee a young Man in the ſame Houſe, who laughs in his Sleep. The Devil reply'd, No, Sir, you are not deceiv'd, 'tis a Batchelor who is alſo in a very agreeable Dream; he fancies that an old Man of his Acquaintance has marry'd a young and handſome Wife. But juſt by I ſee three Men who are in very mortifying Dreams; the firſt is a Chymiſt, who dreams that a Marquiſs has

a Guardian appointed him, and he has begun to extract away his Patrimony. The two others are Brothers, and Doctors; one dreams that there is a Law made forbidding any one to give a Phyſician a Fee unleſs the Patient is cur'd: And his Brother, that there's an Order publiſh'd requiring all Doctors to go into Mourning for all the Patients that dye in their Hands. Would to God, quoth the Scholar, this laſt Order was true, and every Doctor was oblig'd to go to the Funeral of his Patients, as the Lieutenant Criminal in *France* is bound to be preſent at the Execution of the Malefactor he has condemn'd. The Compariſon is juſt, reply'd the Devil, all the Difference is, that the latter may be ſaid to ſee his Sentence put in Execution, whereas the other has already executed his.

Here *Don Cleofas* interrupted the *Dæmon*, crying, See, ſee, who's that Gentleman there that rubs his Eyes, and gets up haſtily? 'Tis a Courtier, reply'd the Devil; a terrible Dream has awak'd him: He dreamt the Firſt Miniſter had look'd coldly on him. I ſee another Courtier, who wakes in as great a Fright; he dreamt that he was carry'd on a ſudden to the Top of a high Mountain by two other Courtiers, and that they flung him from the Top to the Bottom.

Look upon that Houſe at the Corner of that Street: There lives an Attorney; ſee, he's a-bed with his Wife, in a Chamber hung with old Tapeſtry-Hangings with antique Figures:

gures: He dreams that he's going to pay a Viſit to one of his Clients in the Alms-houſe, and give him a Charity out of his own Pocket; and his Wife, that her Husband has turn'd a young Clerk, of whom he was jealous, out of his Houſe.

I hear ſome body ſnore, ſays the Scholar, and believe 'tis that fat Fellow there in the little Room on the left Hand of us. The very ſame, reply'd *Aſmodeo*; 'tis a Prebend dreaming he's ſaying his Prayers. Next to him is a Mercer, who ſells very dear Bargains to People of Quality, but all upon Truſt; he has above 10000 Crowns owing him: He dreams his Debtors are bringing him his Mony; and his Creditors are dreaming that he's on the point of breaking.

In the Houſe next to the Mercer lives a famous Bookſeller; he Printed a Book that went off very well a little while ago. When he bought it, he promis'd to give the Author fifty Piſtoles on a ſecond Edition; and he dreams now of Reprinting it without giving him any Notice of it. Ah! does he ſo? ſays *Cleofas*; I don't doubt but this Dream will prove one of the trueſt that ever he had in his Life. I am acquainted with thoſe worthy Gentlemen, the Bookſellers; they make no manner of Conſcience of cheating their Authors. The *Dæmon* anſwer'd, Very true; but you ſhould ſpeak what you know of thoſe worthy Gentlemen the Authors too. Upon my Word, they have no more Conſcience than the Bookſellers. In

In another Houſe continu'd he, I ſee a timorous reſpectful Lover, who is juſt awake. He is in Love with a brisk young Widow, and dream'd that he had her in the Middle of a Wood, where he ſaid abundance of ſoft Things to her, and ſhe to him: As, *Ah! there's no reſiſting you; I ſhould yield to you, if I was not on my Guard againſt all Mankind; they are ſo falſe, I dare not truſt them upon their Words, I am for Actions. What Actions, Madam,* reply'd the Lover, *do you require of me? Muſt I undertake the twelve Labours of* Hercules *to ſhew my Love? No, no,* Don Nicaſio, ſays the Lady, *I don't demand any ſuch thing of you, I only*——and then he awake. Pray, ſays the Scholar, tell me, why the Man, who is aſleep in yonder dark-colour'd Bed, talks to himſelf as if he was poſſeſs'd. The Devil anſwer'd, Oh! that's a notable Licentiate, who is in a Dream, that puts him in a terrible Agitation; 'tis no leſs than that he's in a Diſpute, and maintaining the Immortality of the Soul againſt an old Phyſician. Near the Licentiate lives a Player, dreaming that he's talking Inſolently to an Author, who is all the while Complimenting him. In yon Inn I obſerve two Men, whoſe Dreams I muſt by no means omit. One of them is an *Italian* of the Academy *de la Cruſca*; he Dreams that he's reading a bad Poem, he has written to ſome of the Society, who mightily commend it out

of

of Ignorance or Flattery: The other is a Gentleman of *Eſtramadura*, nam'd *Don Ballazar Fan Farrerirco*, who is come Poſt to Court, to demand a Reward for having kill'd a *Portugueſe* with a Blunderbuſs; he Dreams that they have given him a Viceroyſhip, and yet he is not ſatisfy'd.

Over-againſt this Inn lives a Notary; you ſee him and his Wife lying in two little Beds. In this very inſtant they are dreaming Things quite different; the Husband, that he's rubbing over an old muſty Deed; and, Madam, his Wife, that ſhe's at a Mercer's buying a new rich Gown, with ready Mony, at the ſame Price that a Dutcheſs refus'd it upon Tick.

Aſmodeo was about continuing his Obſervations, but he was ſuddenly taken with a *Friſſon*, which hinder'd him; the Scholar ask'd why he ſhook ſo: Ah! reply'd the *Dæmon*, Signior *Don Cleofas*, I am undone. The Conjurer, who kept me in the Bottle, has found out that I am flown; he calls me, he threatens me, he conjures ſo forcibly that all Hell rings with it. I muſt obey him, I will carry you back to your Apartment, and then fly to the wretched Garret from whence you brought me. In ending theſe Words he embrac'd the Scholar, took him up, wafted him to his Chamber, and vaniſh'd.

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